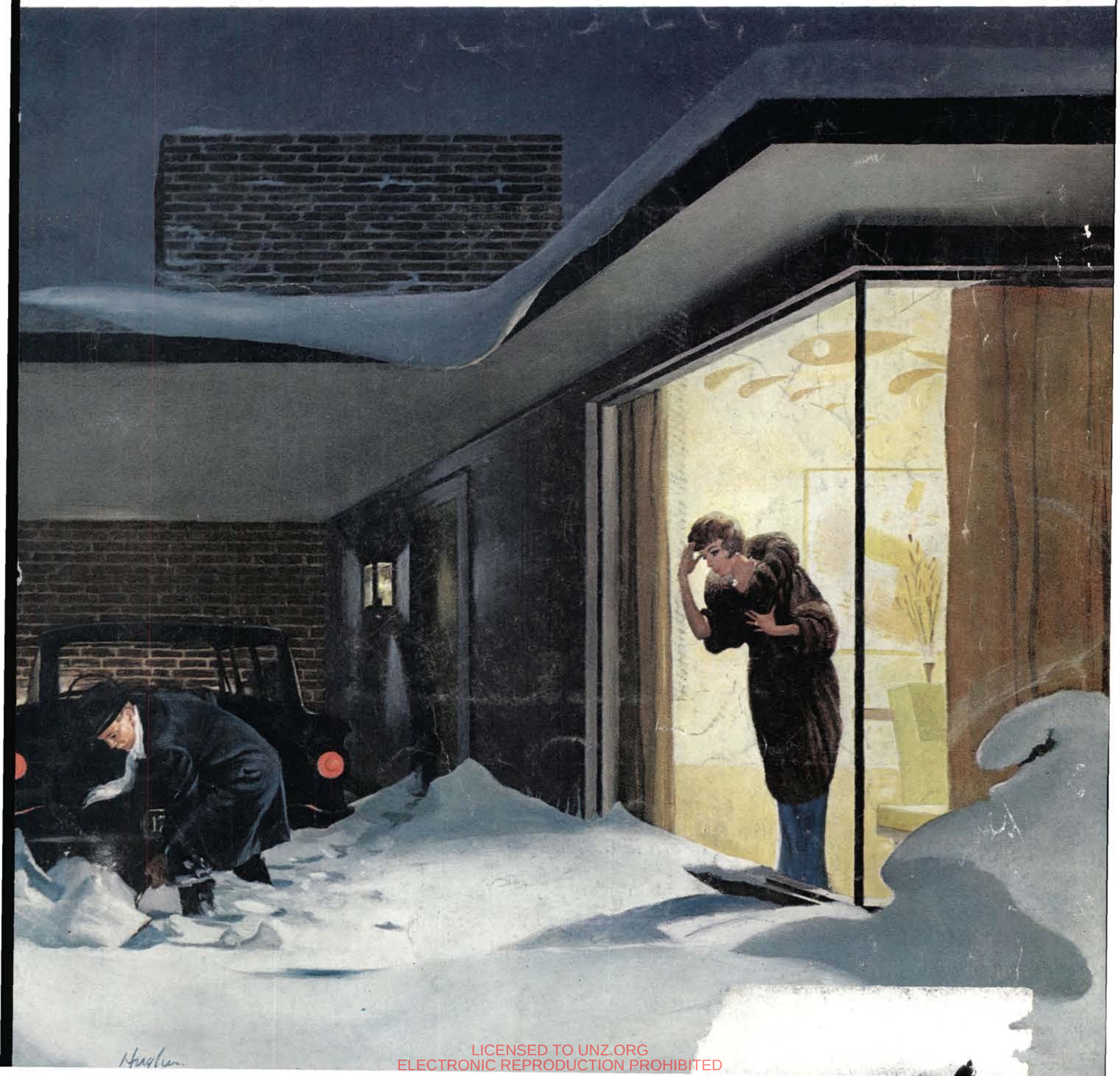
Alcoholism: Housewife's "Secret Sickness"

ALSO: Articles By STEWART ALSOP, PAUL HORGAN and BOB FELLER

The Saturday Evening POST

Jan. 27, 1962

20¢



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Our Pulitzer-Prize Authors. PAUL HORGAN won the 1955 Pulitzer Prize in history (and also the Bancroft Prize) for his book *Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History*, which *The New York Times* praised for its "bounty of life and beauty." In the same vein he writes in this issue about his favorite state: a land of high mountains, swift streams, broad mesas and brilliant skies (NEW MEXICO, page 15). FRED SPARKS, whose international reporting for *The Chicago Daily News* brought him a Pulitzer Prize in 1951, speaks out on an issue that is purely domestic (WHO SAYS CHILDREN ARE HUMAN?, page 12). "Since 1951 I've been on the hop for newspaper syndicates and magazines in Asia, Europe, and the Middle East. Although still in my mid-forties, I've been covering wars and revolutions so long that young reporters insist I was at the Second Children's Crusade—and got to dislike kiddies at that time." DON MURRAY bagged his Pulitzer in 1954 for his editorials in *The Boston Herald.* Now a free-lance writer, Murray turns his attention on page 80 to a frighteningly widespread disease among women: alcoholism (THE HOUSEWIFE'S SECRET SICKNESS).

"Rapid Robert" Feller (left) in his peak year, 1946. At right: Catcher Frank Hayes.

The Trouble With the Hall of Fame (page 49). BOB FELLER, who in 1946 set the modern major-league record for one season with 348 strike-outs in 371 innings, picks some bones with the selection procedures of the Baseball Hall of Fame, which has passed over such great players as Red Ruffing, Luke Appling and Satchel Paige. Feller himself has a good chance of election this year. "Feller's speed . . . is his greatest asset," commented *Who's Who in the Major Leagues* in 1939, when Bob was still only twenty. "It's hard to hit 'em when you can't see 'em. A little more control and he should be among the pitching immortals." Batting average for that prophecy: 1.000.

Alsop (left) on the scene: In helicopter at Iron Curtain's edge.

The West Is Courting Disaster (page 28) is the last of three articles in which *Post* Editor STEWART ALSOP analyzes the East-West struggle over Berlin. Here he warns that the Western alliance must provide "a sufficient proportion of fighting men to protect itself" or Khrushchev can break its will, and without war.

Of the Three Writers who have short stories in this issue, two are making their first appearance in our pages. MADELINE MEYERCORD's UNLOCK YOUR HEART (page 40) concerns a resourceful lady named Mrs. Weston and her hats. We inquired about Mrs. Meyercord's hats. "I have shelves of them, since I belong to a generation that met boredom, irritability and despair with a trip to buy a hat. My daughters simply change the color of their hair." Mrs. Meyercord, widowed for eight years, has been writing off and on all her life, but never professionally until now. She's been kept busy bringing up seven children. WINIFRED WILLIS has been writing stories—and getting them published—for thirty years, but A SON DIES (page 74) is her first in *The Post.* "The experience of two friends of mine, a Negro couple, first suggested the story to me," says Miss Willis, who is white. The kind of tragedy dealt with in A SON DIES actually happened to WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN. His second son (of three) was killed fighting in Korea. Chamberlain is a veteran of our pages: Since 1939 he has written five serials and six novelettes for us, and his story on page 22 is his fifty-eighth in *The Post.*

The Cover. Snow and rain and gloom of night may not stay couriers from their appointed rounds, but there's a good chance that the elements may keep the W. Suburban Joneses from the Nonesuch League's Charity Ball. Mrs. Jones seems to fear that she won't be able to display her Dior gown after all. Is Mr. Jones reflecting that the money she put into the dress should have gone toward an enclosed garage to cut down on his labors? One safe surmise: their house may have a machine for almost any job, but it hasn't a single gadget that can control the weather.

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LETTERS

CHRISTIAN DISUNITY

Dear Sirs:

The article, CAN CHRISTIANS UNITE?, by John A. O'Brien [Dec. 23–30] was as subtle a piece of Vatican propaganda as has been promulgated. . . . Mere integration does not probe to the core of the problem. Men in a multitude of denominations can be more united by the common bond of experience in the spirit of Christ than through the power politics of any superchurch structure.

REV. ROBERT A. REIDER
Tamaqua, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

When I paid for my subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post* for three years in advance, I had no idea it would turn out to be a Catholic propaganda magazine. Even the fiction stories end with some character going to mass, or the priest or nuns becoming heroes or heroines.

The crowning article is CAN CHRISTIANS UNITE?—written by a Catholic priest. I can write a first-class story on *why* Bible-loving, born-again Christians will never unite with an image-making, idol-worshiping church, which substitutes the Pope for Jesus Christ. Would you print it? Maybe your great number of Protestant subscribers would like something new for a change. We resent being brainwashed.

ANNIE L. GUILLIOT
Ocean Springs, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor O'Brien has come forth with the most timely, articulate, unbiased appeal for the uniformity of Christians I have ever come across. Every Christian should read this.

MRS. JOHN J. WEISSE
La Crosse, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I get a real kick out of the sheep-headed Protestants, especially the clergy. They fall hook, line and sinker for the sweet talk of a Roman Catholic priest. Talk of bigotry toward Roman Catholicism, I never heard of a more bigoted article than that. . . . Talk of unity. The Pope knows of only one kind of unity, the Roman Catholic kind. . . . We reject the thought that the Roman Catholic Church is the one and only true church left on earth. No, my friends, when the day comes that the Pope is willing to toss out his sacraments, purgatory, saints, liturgy, pomp, ceremony, confessions, and so on, and get down on his knees and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, then I can see unity.

REV. LEO HILL, *Pastor*
Southside Baptist Church
La Crosse, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I am appalled by your publication of the article advocating the union of churches! Have you forgotten that one church in power always means persecution of those who hold differing views? And what would union mean except one church, and why union except for power? Can you force religious ideas into one mold, as the Communists are trying to force their political ideas on all people? Is this the kind of power the churches need? . . . Christ was not speaking of united churches, but of united followers. There is a world of difference!

JULIA F. HILLIARD
Bullhead City, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

A monolithic Christian society under the World Council of Churches (W.C.C.), controlled by Messrs. Blake, Lord, Lichtenberger, Pike, Gill, Dahlberg and others, would be no less foreboding than Khrushchev's Russia. The recent conference of the W.C.C. in New Delhi, India, served as a trial balloon and eventual spawning ground for the monstrosity proposed by Dr. O'Brien. . . .

For God's sake, wake up America!

JOHN D. SIEGLE
Yorktown, Va.

TEEN DANCING DEFENDED

Dear Sirs:

When I read the indignant letters [Dec. 9] written (obviously) by paunchy balding-type people in regards to your Nov. 4 cover, I laughed out loud. . . . Take it from a teen-ager who knows how to do both [types of dancing], the "idiotic antics" of the rock-'n'-rollers call for supremely more co-ordination, teamwork, skill and sense of rhythm than walking backward and forward across the floor and in an occasional circle with your partner. Besides they're better exercise and more fun!

GWEN ENGLAND (age 16)
McCall, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

I respectfully submit that those who object compare the dances of today with those of the '20's, such as the Castle Walk, Turkey Trot, Big Apple, Black Bottom, Charleston and the Shimmy. If they do this, they can easily

deduce that today's numbers are no more foolish than the dances of yesteryear.

ANTHONY KELSEY (age 15)
Bronxville, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If our dancing is so terribly disgusting, perhaps the writers of those three hypocritical letters could tell me why all America (even the crust of society) has begun to "twist"—a dance originated by the younger generation.

BEVERLY JACKS (age 17)
La Jolla, Calif.

• *More than 150 other young readers fired off similar protests to the letters we printed.—ED.*

BIG BEAT BEEFS

Dear Sirs:

Your article, EGGHEADS WITH A BIG BEAT [by Edward Linn, Dec. 16], makes me ill. That Lou Gottlieb character is the strangest of the three, I believe. His remark that there is "nothing wrong with *God Bless America* except that it embarrasses you," is disgusting. If he thinks that the one-world song titled

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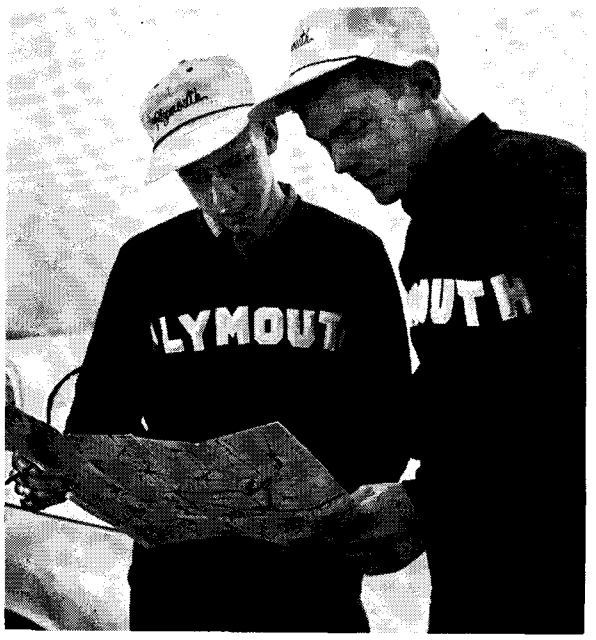

Mapping out a day's run are Gerald Moser, 18, of Spring Lake, Mich., and Karl Kirsch, 17, of Huntington Woods, Mich. Neither of them had driven on a long trip before.

Plymouth to Plymouth to Plymouth to Plymouth

Teen-agers get 21.85 miles per gallon, averaging 50 miles per hour for 2414 miles

Results are in from one of the most unusual economy runs ever conducted.

There were two contestants. The first was a 1961 Plymouth Savoy "6," identical to the one that topped its class in the last Mobilgas Economy Run. The other was a 1962 Plymouth Savoy "6" that had never competed before. Champion vs. Challenger!

Route: Plymouth, Michigan, to Plymouth, Indiana, to Plymouth, Pennsylvania, to Plymouth, Massachusetts, and return. 2414 miles in all. 2414 miles of typical turnpike and downtown traffic. Rain, fog, sleet much of the way. Average speed: 50.1 miles per hour.

The drivers? Not two "pros," as you'd expect, but two teen-agers from Michigan.

Results: the 1962 Plymouth averaged 21.85 mpg. The 1961 Plymouth averaged 19.71 mpg. That figures out to 10.8% better gas mileage—40 extra miles per tankful—for the new Champ, the 1962 Plymouth. (Modest Plymouth engineers had expected only a 7% improvement.)

The moral? See your Plymouth dealer. Look at Plymouth's completely new styling. Sample Plymouth's performance in a demonstration drive. Then *price* the family-size Plymouth you want. Your Plymouth dealer will get you started on an economy drive that will last for years!

Pausing at the site of historic Plymouth Rock in Plymouth, Mass., Karl and Gerald wave before starting home. To cancel out differences in driving ability, they alternated every half day in driving the 1962 Plymouth (left) and the 1961 Plymouth (right). The boys obeyed all traffic regulations.

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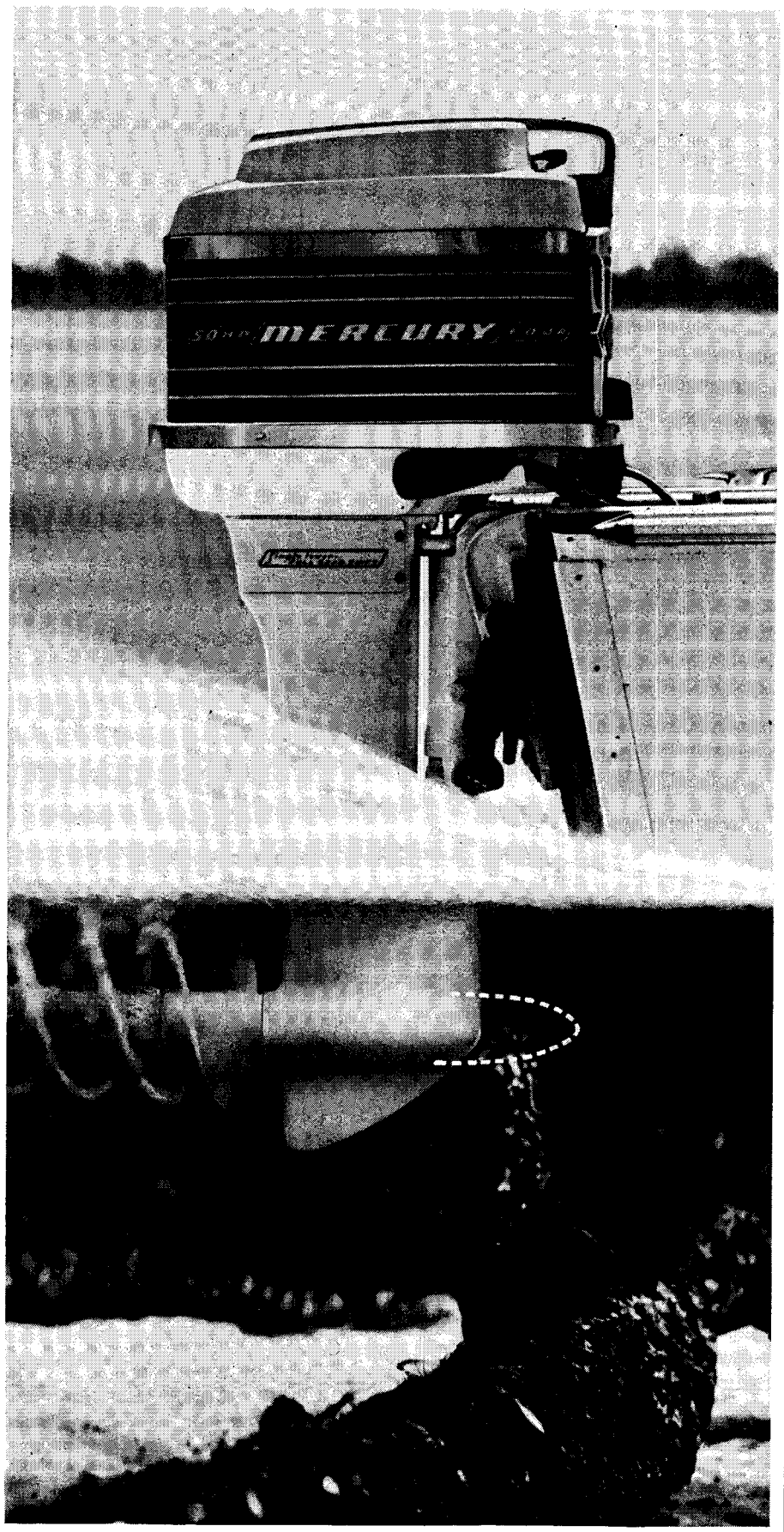

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Ever take a fish's-eye view of a Mercury? It may give you a new slant on the differences between outboards.

The Merc four- and six-cylinder motors have a streamlined one-piece lower unit that glides over unseen obstacles. There's no protruding nose to snag on weeds, logs, or trotlines.

And, speaking of lower units, did you know that a driving propeller creates a vacuum behind its hub? It does. And, this propeller vacuum cuts down mph and mpg.

Not so with Merc. Merc's exhaust fires out the center of the prop, destroying the drag, burying the noise and fumes. (We call it "Jet-Prop.")

No snag, no drag with Mercury. Just more RUN for your money!

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LETTERS

The Hammer Song is superior to *God Bless America*, I feel there is something seriously wrong with his thinking.

MRS. B. J. RHODES
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Edward Linn mentions Hank Williams as an "illiterate Nashville poet," a statement I, and I'm sure his many thousands of fans, resent very much. Hank, an Alabama farm boy, may not have had much of an education as compared to the Limeliters' standards. But to say that Hank couldn't read or write is downright disgusting.

He could not read or write music, but a man who could sit down and write the lyrics to some of the greatest songs ever written in the country- and western-music field is not illiterate. He had a rare, God-given talent, which he used during his brief lifetime to entertain and capture the hearts of millions throughout the world. His natural sense of rhythm and lyric poetry were something that could not be gotten in a school of higher learning, but had to come from the heart.

DONALD HERMAN
Indiantown, Fla.

GOOD COLOR BOOK

Dear Sirs:

A little while after your Dec. 2 issue arrived, I sprained my ankle and had to stay home from school. With nothing to do, I was restless until my mother handed me *The Saturday Evening Post* and told me to color all the pictures in POST SCRIPTS. I had been asking for a color book, but found out that these pictures were much more fun to color than any color book I ever colored. Thank you for putting the section in your magazine. Don't take it out, I might get sick again.

JEFF ROUNDS (*age 9*)
Clermont, Iowa

P.S. My dad says you people are missing a good thing if you don't promote this angle.

• *Thanks for the tip, Jeff.—ED.*

PRAIRIE PARK VIEWS

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial A PRAIRIE NATIONAL PARK FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS [by Ben Hibbs, Dec. 9] was wonderful. Anyone who was born and raised in Kansas can appreciate the limitless sweep of the prairies. I hope the proposed Prairie National Park project goes through, but there is a lot of opposition against it.

SCOTT WEAR
Wichita, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

I am not opposed to national parks and recreation areas. But I am opposed to the system the Federal Government uses in obtaining the property in these areas. I do not think it is right to take property from anyone without their permission. . . . The cattlemen in the Flint Hills depend on the grass for their living.

NELSON L. PRINGLE
Yates Center, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

I know the beautiful Flint Hills area and I hope the park plans will go through—peaceably. But I also know the ranchers there are no different from the ranchers here in North Dakota or elsewhere. I know the heartaches and the joys and the long, hard hours spent to obtain and hold that little kingdom where each man proudly feels he reigns supreme. . . . Let us hope there can be more understanding such as shown by Secretary of the Interior Udall [on his trip to the park site last December].

EMIL T. CONLEY
Monango, N. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial raised doubts with me. I have enjoyed visiting many of the beautiful national parks. However, I feel Prairie National Park would never enter this category. The rolling green hills pictured don't look like that under the parching summer and fall sun, or

the winter snows. . . . Let's leave the area to the ranchers—that will insure its authenticity.

SUSAN R. ASLIN
Livermore, Calif.

PLEASING EYEFUL?

Dear Sirs:

In your Dec. 9 issue you received criticism of an illustration by Coby Whitmore for THE GIRL WITH A SHINER [by Steve McNeil, Nov. 4]. I do not see anything obscene in this painting. I'm sure most of your readers have minds above the plane of vulgarity.

LOUIS E. LESSEL
Bogalusa, La.

Dear Sirs:

I note that one letter writer is disgusted and nauseated by what he describes as "the prone, nearly nude female figure. . . ." I think you should let him know that while the figure is obviously female and nearly nude, it is definitely not prone but supine. It is my personal opinion that this is a much more attractive position.

JAMES M. ADAMS
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

If we want to get a view of such a "pleasing eyeful," let us go to our beaches and swimming pools, not open our favorite magazine.

P. L. HOURNBUCKLE
Carlsbad, N. Mex.

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Reading across pages, then down:

3–Burt Glinn; Wide World. • 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21–Farrell Grehan. • 22, 23–James Bama. • 24–Robert Huntzinger. • 25–Philippe Halsman. • 26–Arthur Shay. • 27–Tim Kantor. • 28, 29, 31–Burt Glinn. • 32, 33–Robert Huntzinger. • 34–Bill Shrout; Jim Burns. 36–Bill Shrout. • 40, 41–Joe de Mers. • 49–Larry Keighley. • 52–Three from United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. • 57–Irv Bahrt. • 64–20th Century Fox. • 65, 66–Sabine Weiss. • 74, 75–Art Kane. • 81, 83–Ben Rose.

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"How to achieve conviction and a point of view in troubled times"

Adlai E. Stevenson

Adlai E. Stevenson, United States Representative to the United Nations
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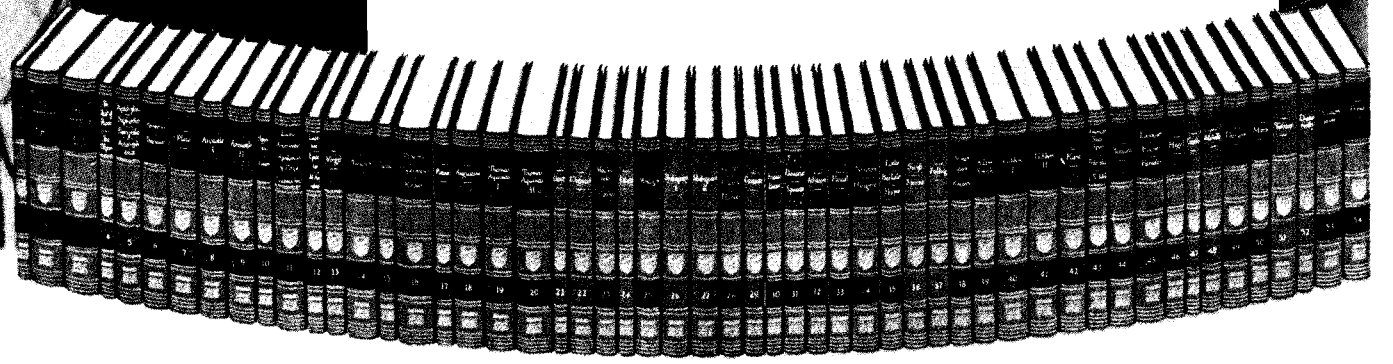

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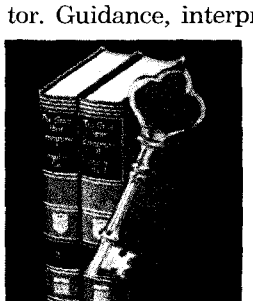

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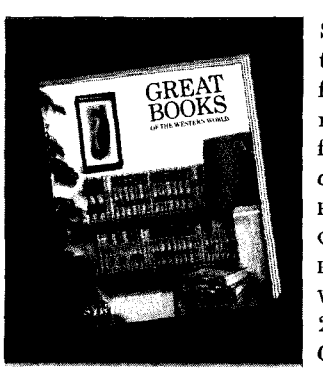

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For 1962 Galaxie quietly announces a new standard of quality. Silence has always been an important test of how well, how sol how conscientiously a car is built—and Galaxie is silent as a se

It is built this way to give you more pleasure now—and for a l long time into the future. Seals are tight, tolerances are fine, c ances are amazingly precise. Vital body parts are specially treate

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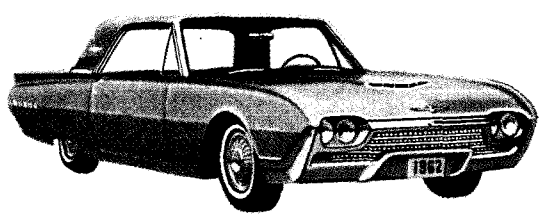
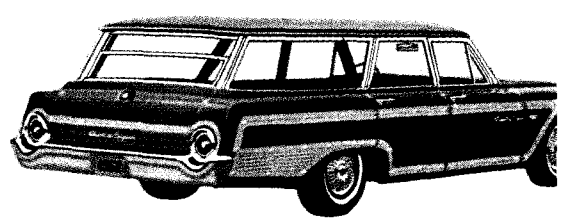


Thunderbird—unique in all the world. This is the car that goes beyond the others—in style, in performance, in 4-passenger luxury.



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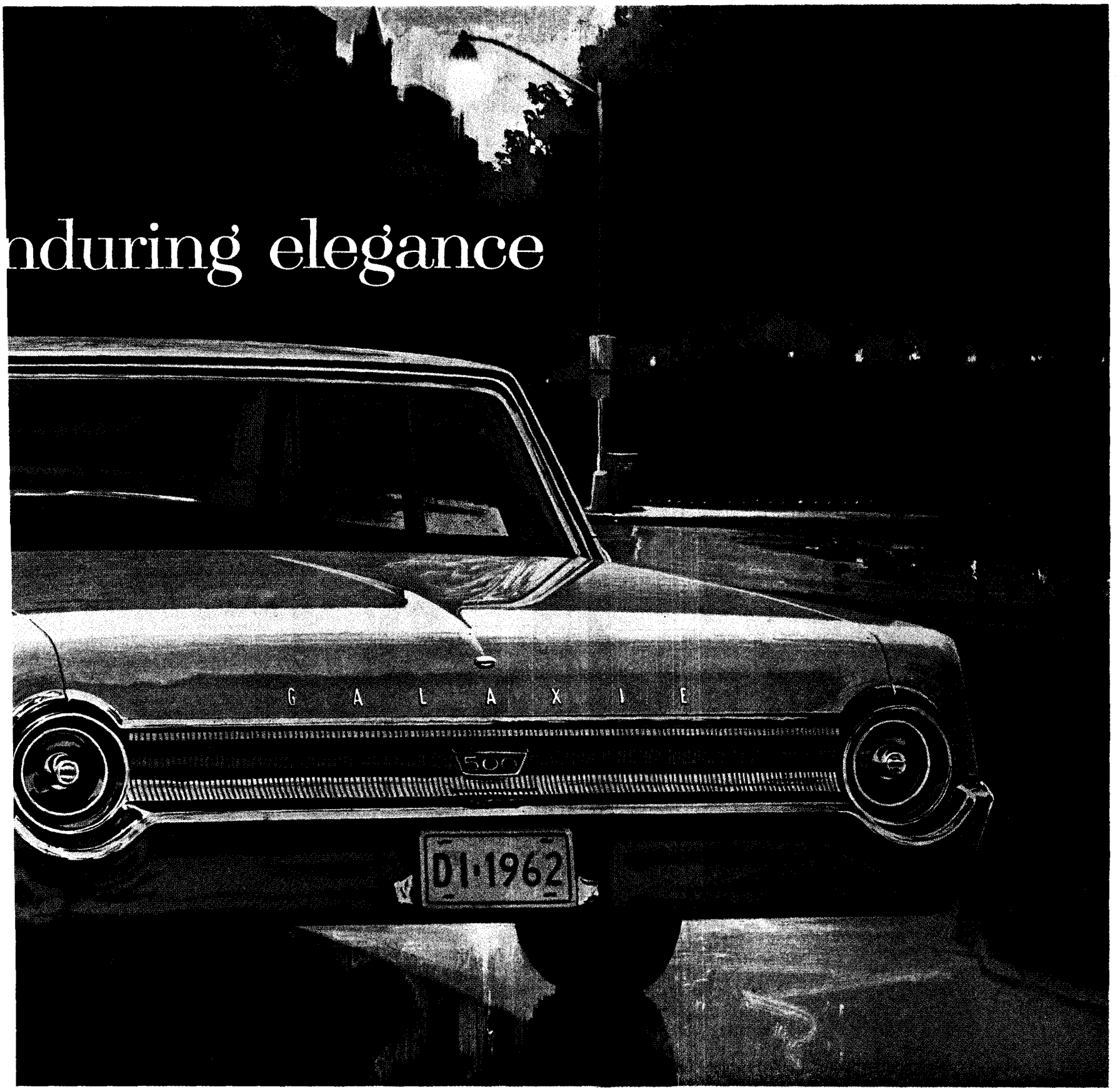

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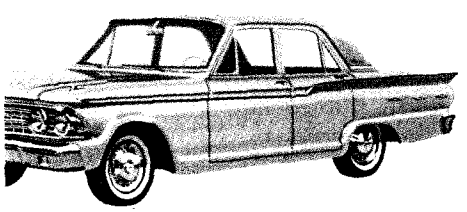

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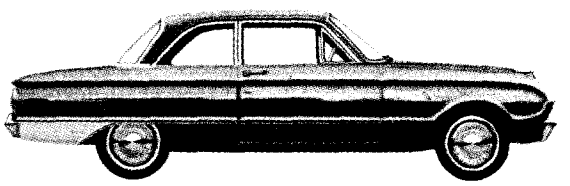

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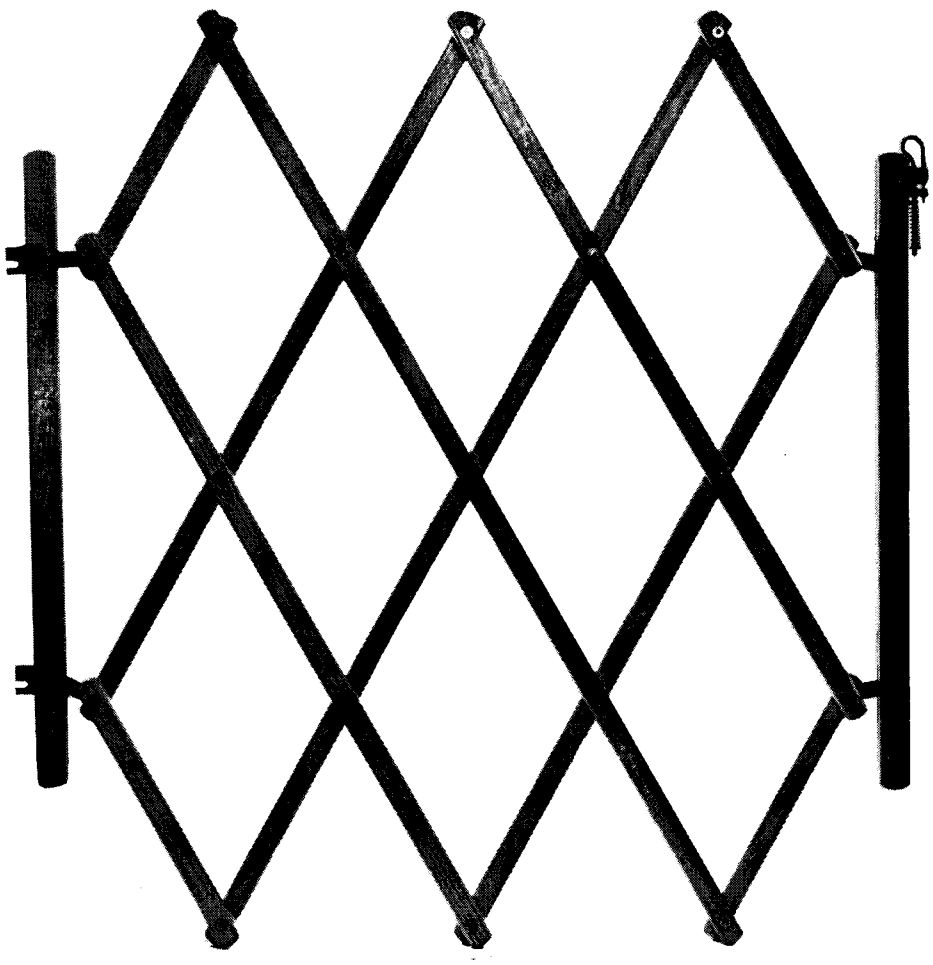
SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

WHO SAYS CHILDREN ARE HUMAN?

BY FRED SPARKS



As a bachelor who believes children should be seen, preferably through bulletproof glass, and not heard at all, I'm distressed by reports that the President's daughter Caroline, aged four, and Bobby Kennedy's children—he seems to have thirty-one—run free in the White House. Sugary press dispatches indicate that the young Kennedys have infiltrated state dinners and played tag around visiting ambassadors from Pakistan, Peru, Saudi Arabia and the United Automobile Workers.

Marble games played in the Blue Room stagger foreign plenipotentiaries and old-school gentlemen. Allied governments must be concerned about a great power whose moppets hopscotch in the Chief Executive's office. I'm concerned. If an egg should slip into Chancellor Adenauer's Homburg, or a spitball catch General de Gaulle on his nose, what would happen to NATO? As a taxpayer who has never deducted tonsils and adenoids, I protest. I don't want *my* White House rivaling Disneyland. I don't want Vice President Johnson used for third base.

While Mr. Kennedy establishes dangerous precedents by opening New Frontiers for his children, America suffers from an unprecedented six-per-minute baby explosion. *The New York Times* cites this "steep and almost unmanageable rise in population—up 1,446,443," as the major domestic development during the Administration's first six months. I don't blame the President; he needs bipartisan support against the human-wave attack. What I personally need is a childproof shelter before the Class of 1961 mobilizes.

Few sanctuaries remain for those who want to escape children. Decent restaurants used to exclude children except for Saturday lunches during Christmas holidays. Then they were concealed behind potted palms. Today veteran chefs who apprenticed by mixing béarnaise sauce are straining farina. Wine stewards warm baby bottles. A maître d'hôtel, sainted by gourmets, is said to have sailed for France when a nine-year-old ignited the crepes suzette.

In a seafood restaurant I recently watched two high-chair occupants lap up a ghastly green mash that a starving timber wolf would have rejected. Then they massaged their scalps with the concoction. Childsick, I demanded my check and left without touching my six-dollar rainbow trout.

I certainly don't expect a growing child to consume navy-bean soup, cheese pizza, chicken-in-a-basket and a marshmallow-fudge sundae without staining his cheek. But why the table manners of Romulus and Remus?

I blame "progressive" psychologists, psychiatrists, pediatricians and Mrs. Roosevelt, all of whom have undermined adult authority by promoting two debilitating theories:

1. *Treat 'children as equals.* Solicit your four-year-old's opinion on Algeria. Let him review your income-tax report. Encourage him to join the Book-of-the-Month Club.

2. *Reason with children, never punish.* If you whomp the baby once he may develop a persecution complex, flunk math, design millinery or run for the Senate on a third-party ticket.

As a recent dinner guest I saw these theories put into practice. We were hard at the spaghetti *marinara* when an eight-year-old crawled under the table and settled between my legs.

My host, in a sickening Sunday-school voice began to reason with him: "Howzit down there, Johnny? Like to join us?"

Johnny snapped, "Why?"

Spaghetti turned to boiled cactus in my mouth as Johnny's mother cooed and explained, "You'd love what we're hearing up here."

"Why?"

"Well, Mr. Sparks is just back from Japan. . . ."

"Why?"

During this Academy Award-winning dialogue, Johnny fiddled with my shoelaces. "I must make a telephone call," I said, rising. Then I fell flat on my face like a felled redwood. My laces had been tied together.

Parents of undisciplined children who cause bodily harm can be sued. But what's the price of humiliation? Consider what one department-store Santa endured the day before Christmas. A feather on an Indian war bonnet was jammed up his right nostril. An ear lobe was bitten. An eye was poked. And three times he was wetted.

Consider my hardships on a recent flight to Hollywood with a TV script to sell. I hoped to make corrections en route, but I was sandwiched between two women with squirming lap babies. While the mothers snoozed the child by the aisle kicked the manuscript off my lap. The child by the window caught one sheet and chewed up forty seconds of dialogue. After I had reassembled the pages, "aisle" grabbed for it; so did "window." They had a jolly taffy pull. "Aisle" smeared a soggy chocolate cooky on the lovers' rendezvous. We encountered turbulence over Utah and "window" was ill on the murder scene.

I believe that the best-intentioned child is a booby trap. Fortunately my ability to detect dangerous children compares favorably with that of a veteran exterminator who enters a house, sniffs twice, then says, "Mice." I recall with relish a visit to the Bronx Zoo's elephant house. A sign on one cage said: DO NOT FEED RAJAH. HE EXPECTORATES. I stepped back when my radar warned of a stubborn child tugging a weary mother. Ignoring her feeble protests, he pitched peanuts to the elephant. Rajah chewed a bagful before spewing them all over the child and nearby spectators.

The status of adults as second-class citizens is emphasized in movie houses. Flying squadrons of seven-foot ushers are ready to throttle into silence any mature citizen talking above a whisper. But no usher moved during a showing of *Spartacus* when small fry drummed their shoes on the back of my seat, crinkled 86,000 candy wrappers and screamed for the Romans to crucify more slaves.

Kids defy the laws everywhere. In violation of fire ordinances they clog my walkup's stairway landings with tricycles, scooters, hockey sticks and hoops. There's no enforcement because City Hall fears a children's crusade. Hardened Tammany jobholders shushed when a mob of striking longshoremen advanced, brandishing cargo hooks. But they still tremble in recalling the day twenty-five mothers, picketing with babies dressed as Uncle Sam, protested the proposed site of a municipal incinerator.

I learned how mothers can breathe men when I edited a newspaper

Though wary of children, Pulitzer prize-winner Fred Sparks has faced lesser perils, as a front-lines correspondent in such hot spots as Korea, Indochina and Suez. Sparks, who describes himself as "the last of the journeyman journalists," lives in Hawaii—a bachelor.

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Beautiful Child Picture Contest. Lobbying mothers brought their spruced-up candidates to my office for personal inspection, often subjecting me to poetry recitals.

Fortunately, Alexander Graham Bell can't hear the baby babble jamming his invention. I remember phoning a Chicago editor at his home, station-to-station from Paris, to offer a series on a fast-breaking news story. It was not the editor who answered my call with "Hurro?"

"Oh! Is daddy home?"

"My daddy?"

"Yes. Your daddy."

"Who you?"

"*Please* get daddy. I'm calling from Paris."

"This Unca Perry?"

"No! Get daddy."

"I sing rabbit song. *Little white rabbit . . .*"

"Hello?" (*The editor's voice at last.*) "I'm sorry. Hortense is on the extension."

To hold down already massive toll charges, I started my pitch. But ——

"*Little white rabbit . . .*"

"Hortense, dearie, let us talk."

"*. . . in da meadow . . .*"

"Hold it, old man."

Before the editor could pry his daughter off the extension I heard three more "rabbit" choruses.

One afternoon I was reading in the New York City Library on Fifth Avenue when a mother parked her daughter at my table and left for her shopping. The little girl was quickly absorbed in a picture history. I sighed. We'd co-exist.

After several silent minutes there was a barely audible *pop*. I looked up into a repulsive dirigible of bubble gum. Reading was impossible with this obscene thing three feet away, expanding, deflating.

"Take it out," I whispered. "Gum is not allowed."

She seemed deaf, engrossed in a detailed sketch of an Indian massacre. "Take it out," I whined, blood pressure rising. Another wretched *pop*. I erupted, "Take it out!" A stern and grim-faced attendant arrived like a squad car and told me, "We demand silence, please."

Europe still denies equality at bassinette levels. Backsides are for spanking. One result is that European cities don't have to screen park lamps against rocks, slingshots and air guns. A winter stroller can pass any continental nursery without fearing a barrage of snowballs.

Unfortunately, American kids travel. Daddies taking children may pay later; U. S. prestige pays now. Last year they threw rocks into the Taj Mahal's sacred pools, shrieked "Hi-ho, Silver" at camels by the Pyramids, sailed paper aircraft from the Leaning Tower, made twenty-one attempts to draw mustaches on the Venus di Milo and who knows what else.

A Paris-Ritz manager complained, "Our oldest room-service waiter recently required a sedative. A 'cowboy' lassoed him while he was rolling breakfast down a corridor, and took two *croissants*. Politely I asked the mother, a large woman of Texas, to prevent a Wild West show on Place Vendôme. She exploded! 'My husband fought for you in the 467th Motor Transport,' she snarled; 'this is the thanks we get.'"

What our children wear touring is further scandal. Most favor dungarees designed for changing truck tires, shirts with tails out, and massive sweaters as loose as Turkish bath towels. Only the Mayo Clinic could tell boys from girls.

I've been cowardly, fleeing buses when packs of children board, attending midnight movies, planning to spend Halloween in Nairobi to avoid trick-or-treat. But this worm is about to turn into a boa constrictor. I plan a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Adults Who Want Children—Like Typhoid—Kept Distant.

Charter members will be kindergarten teachers, Popsicle salesmen, truant officers. playground porters and cat lovers. We'll picket Congress, banners proclaiming our faith: SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD. DOWN WITH BUBBLE GUM. CHECK CHILDREN LIKE HATS. TEACH BABY SITTERS JUDO. BAR CAROLINE FROM CABINET MEETINGS. We'll lobby for legislation charging new Americans a stiff admission fee and sending surplus babies—like surplus corn or wheat—to far-off Afghanistan.

The Pure Food and Drug Act will be invoked against inserting bite-sized kiddy souvenirs in popcorn and cereal. While spooning up cold cereal the other morning my teeth ricocheted off an intercontinental ballistic missile.

To fight airlines carrying lap babies free I'll carry aboard my lap secretary, twenty-two. When they demand her ticket I'll refuse to pay and become a historic test case. Naked babies disgust me. Next time I see one on the beach I'll strip. As they carry me off, wrapped in lifeguards' sweaters, I'll chant, "We want equal rights with two-year-olds."

In short, I'll stand idly by no longer while my country lowers the Stars and Stripes and runs up the diaper.

THE END

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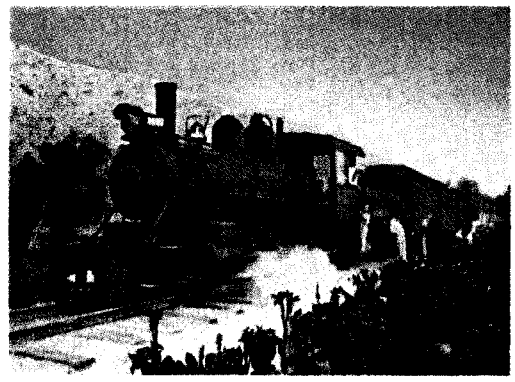
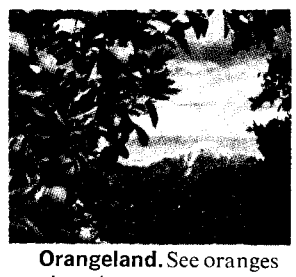
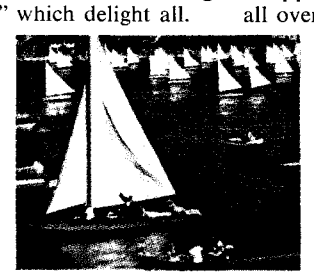


Entertainmentland. Old time trains are among the many unusual "rides" which delight all.

Shoppingland. Fine stores are all over Southern California.



Orangeland. See oranges ripen in our vast groves.



Sportland. You'll enjoy all kinds of sports in winter.

Glamourland. See the crossroads of "show biz."

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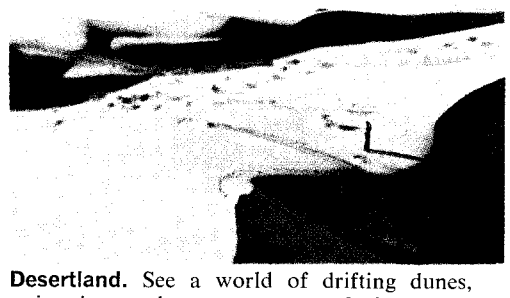

Desertland. See a world of drifting dunes, swimming pools at green oases, Joshua trees.

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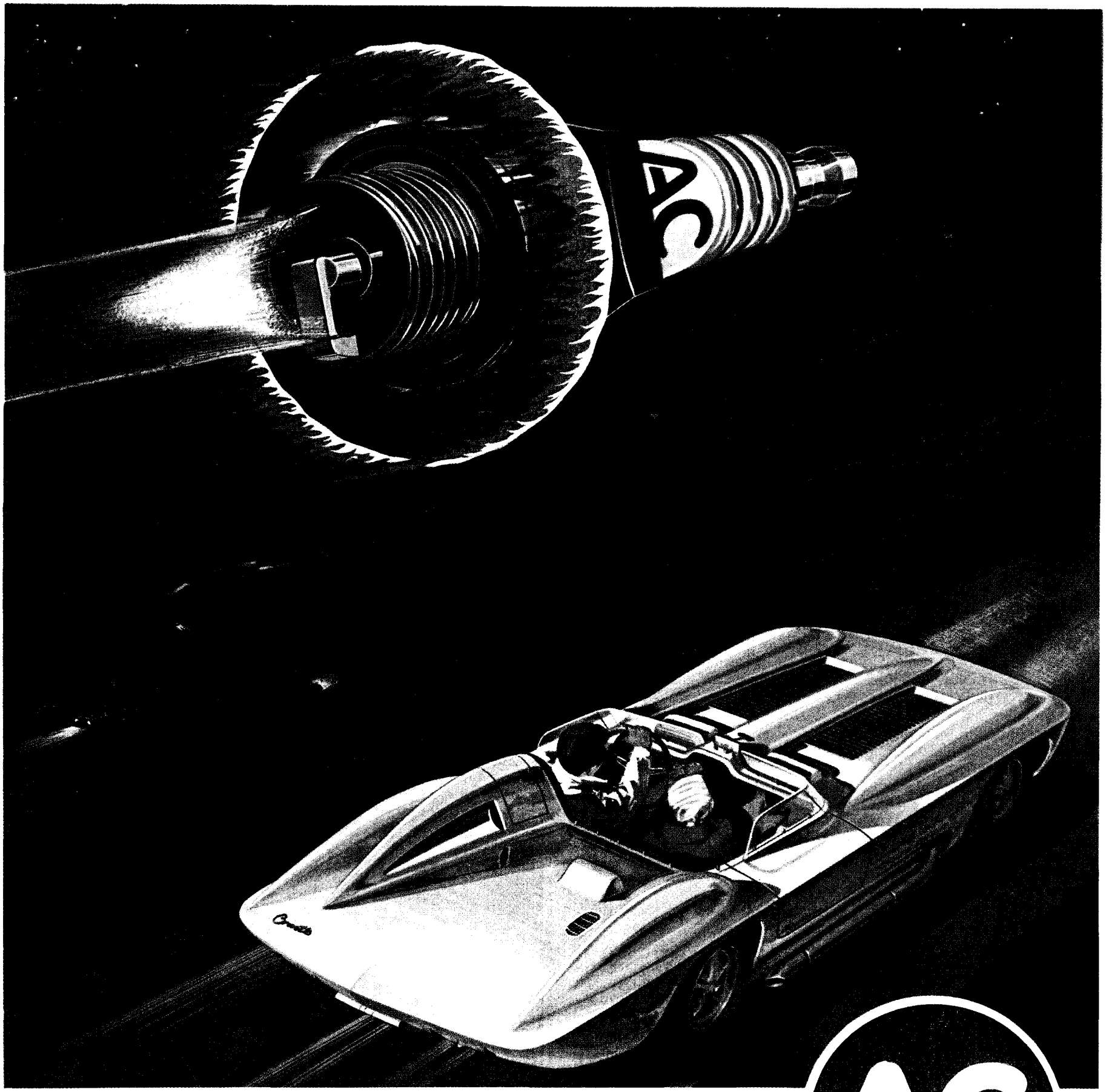

The Corvette Stingray: 92-inch wheelbase, 175 inches over-all; fuel-injection V-8 engine, 283 cubic inches displacement; 10:1 compression ratio, 315 horsepower at 6200 revolutions per minute.

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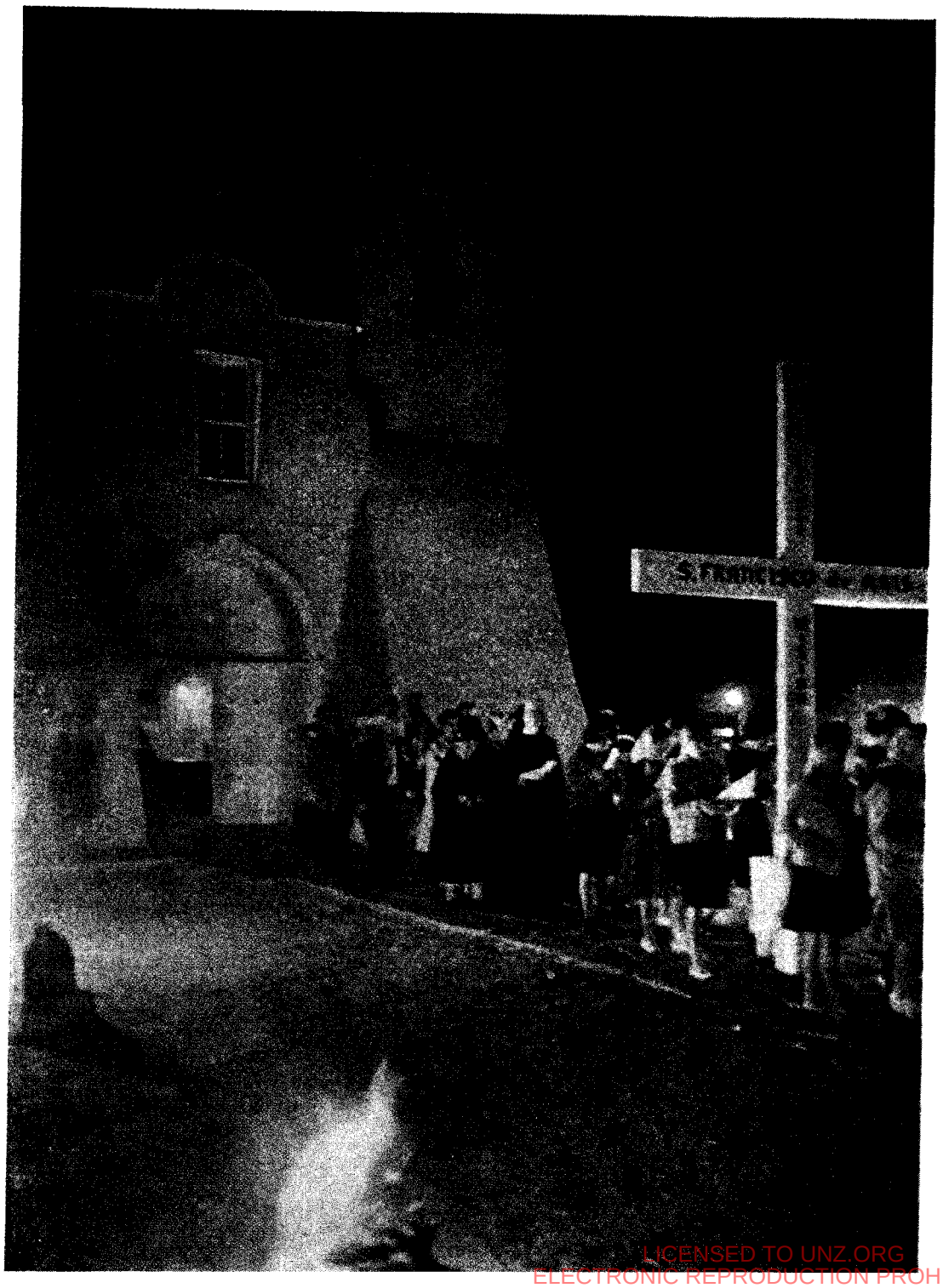
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

By PAUL HORGAN

NEW MEXICO

In this colorful state under the Southwestern sun, a proud Spanish-Indian culture continues in the midst of rising technical centers of national defense.

Ranchos de Taos, October 3: annual procession in honor of Saint Francis of Assisi.



Let me enter the subject by way of nostalgia, which will give us feeling and fact together. For the first thing to say about New Mexico in this day is how dramatically its society and its preoccupations have changed in less than half a century.

When I was a boy in Albuquerque—my family moved there in 1915 from Buffalo, New York—the city's population was somewhere between 10,000 and 15,000, and the principal industries were the shops of the Santa Fe Railway and the network of sanatoriums for tuberculous patients. The city—then as now the largest in New Mexico—was bounded at one end by the Rio Grande and at the other by the University of New Mexico. The university stood on the edge of the great mesaland which reached away forever empty—so it seemed to an Eastern boy—to the Sandia Mountains.

Between town and mountains was a great vacant desert where pits of rattlesnakes could be found and an occasional hut of a homesteader, and that was all. It was to a boy an intimate and accessible wilderness which gave physical challenge to his sense of fun and daring, and to his imagination offered a vision of what a whole environment of historical action must have been like—in this case, the Great Plains and their crossing.

The Rio Grande was another earth feature to make the youthful imagination grow. It too gave a wilderness sense, even though it ran near the adobe "Old Town" which Spanish colonists had built in the eighteenth century. I remember a wide riverbed and a shallow run of chocolate water and vast slow bends and banks clouded with willows, Russian olive and cottonwood. Glade and grove made green private retreats for reading, dozing, or talking alive boyhood's firm and exact idea of the future.

Albuquerque itself was a scattered complex of low inoffensive houses along streets, mostly unpaved, at the ends of which the desert abruptly began. Newcomers complained of the seasonal sandstorms—and they still do. All local difficulties were humorously blamed on either the altitude (about 5000 feet) or the freight rates (high). The great events of the day were the arrivals of the Santa Fe's *California Limited.* People went to the station to see the *Limited* (No. 3 westbound, No. 4 eastbound) and watch for illustrious Hollywood passengers coming and going. On a good day there would be a glimpse of Douglas Fairbanks or Mary Pickford, or Harold Lloyd, or Lillian Gish.

Albuquerque today is a city of about a quarter of a million people—a solid mass of streets and dwellings now spreading from far across the Rio Grande to the end of the desert mesa. Above town the University on its near hill used to mark the city limits eastward. Now the city extends seven miles farther, to the mouth of Tijeras Canyon, the gateway to the Sandia Mountains.

No longer merely a way station between coasts, Albuquerque is a metropolis of the Southwest. With explosive force, the city is

Photographs by Farrell Grehan

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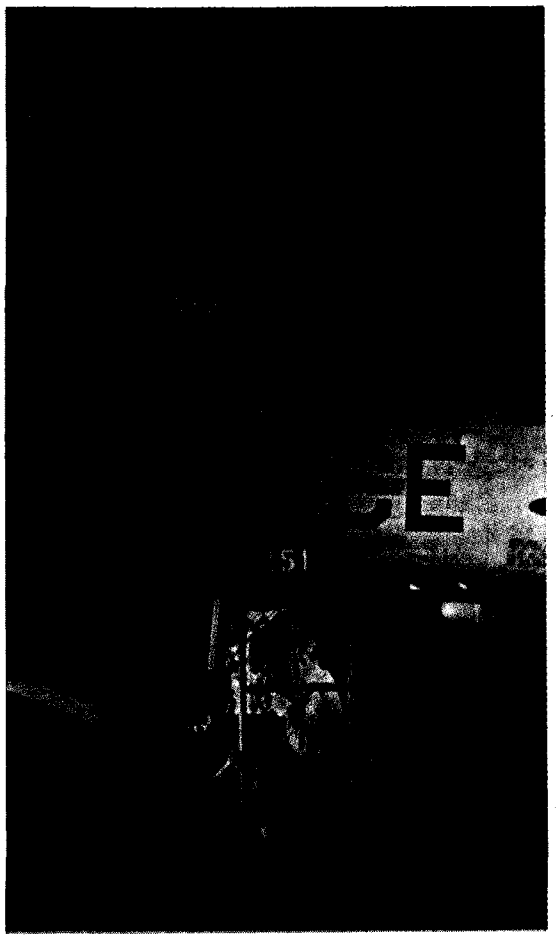
"Great air bases brought in whole new populations . . ."



Clovis, Cannon Air Base. Much of the desert of New Mexico is a proving ground for nuclear and aeronautical experiments.

still expanding in response to several ignitions—general population growth throughout the country, sudden industrial development, huge governmental research activity which came to New Mexico for advantages of climate and isolation, the American taste for migration, and a lively and expanding year-round tourist business.

Such local growth reflects the fact that the state's population has almost doubled from 531,000 in 1940 to 951,023 in 1960. Of these people, about a quarter of a million are of Spanish-American descent and about 60,000 are Indians

If New Mexico is no longer known primarily as a haven for invalids, neither is it a quaint out-of-reach specimen of the "real old West" preserved in the amber of its sunlight. The real West has been replaced even here by the infantile version of it, accepted by the whole American public from a generation of makers of popular books, films and TV shows. Now when people go West to "go Western," they do so in the image of what the entertainment world and the garment industry have taught them to buy.

Railroads and invalids are displaced as the leading industries. Minerals now lead the industrial index of New Mexico with, in 1960, a gross production worth $648,000,000. In the production of uranium, potash and perlite, New Mexico stands first among the fifty states, and ranks high among those producing natural gas, pumice, manganese, copper, gold and silver. The U.S. Government comes next as contributor to New Mexican prosperity, with a 1960 payroll of $269,000,000. Two out of every 100 New Mexicans are employed by the Federal Government. Tourism fills third place in New Mexico's income index. Tourists in 1960 spent approximately $216,620,000 in the state. Agriculture ranks fourth, with revenue well over $200,000,000 in 1960. New Mexico's principal crops and commodities are cotton lint, hay, wheat, sorghum grain, dairy products, cattle and sheep. In 1960, ranches across the state—some stretching for hundreds of thousands of acres—accounted for 1,174,000 head of cattle, other than domestic animals, and 1,181,000 head of sheep. Nowadays you can see cowboys in jeeps or on horseback doing ranch chores along major highways leading to new uranium mills.

It is generally agreed that the new character of New Mexico came upon her during and after World War II. Because of her clear skies and vast spaces, the state was an ideal training ground for the wartime Air Force. Great air bases sprang up and brought in whole new populations infusing New Mexico with an alien style of living. When the war was over, thousands who had come to New Mexico on temporary duty returned to establish homes in a land they had learned to love for its informal ways, noble mountains or plains and far vistas.

Correspondingly, when the Government needed remote areas for top-secret technological research—the whole complex of nuclear fission and its applications—New Mexico was chosen. Whole deserts were put off limits and mountain ranges were tunneled, and abrupt islands of mesa land were enclosed by high wire fencing. New residents came to these establishments and brought a sudden rise in scientific literacy to a land previously marked by the comfortable life of ranchers, small-business men in small cities, and a handful of writers and artists.

The land that produced the nuclear bomb was explored by sixteenth-century Spaniards pushing northward from Mexico, through country where no water could be found for ninety miles. This arid vastness lay east of mountains which barred it from the Rio Grande, and reached from south to north in the center of New Mexico. The Spaniards called the land Jornada del Muerto—the Dead Man's March. Four centuries later the first atomic bomb was exploded there, and now the Dead Man's March forms part of the missile-testing range of the White Sands Proving Ground, not far from Alamogordo.

In her historical character, New Mexico draws upon the cultures of three peoples. Of these, the first were Indians—the sedentary Pueblos, and the nomadic raiders from the Apache, Comanche, Navajo and other nations. More than the others, the Pueblos have resisted change.

To see them today in their adobe towns, most of which cluster along the Rio Grande in northern and central New Mexico, is to see a fair approximation of their prehistoric life. But change comes even to the Pueblos, for now you can see neon lights, tractors, gas pumps, radio and television antennas in many a Pueblo town. The Navajos, too, have entered the swift-moving century of their conquerors, as proprietors of great deposits of uranium, oil and natural gas discovered on their lands after World War II.

New Mexico's second culture was that of the Spaniards who took the land from the Indians in the sixteenth century and put upon it something of the style of Mediterranean Europe. Parts of Santa Fe today retain—by direction of city ordinance—a modern architectural style which recalls the early buildings of the Spaniards and their Mexican successors. In a nation which places great value on the new, the quick and the convenient, Santa Fe visitors take a wistful pleasure in seeing how an earlier age built slowly, grew patiently, and discovered how to live from the environment.

Spain held New Mexico until 1821 when it was lost to the Mexicans in their campaign for independence. The political change did little to disturb traditional New Mexican ways—and some of these can be seen today, for the Spaniards left a lovely litany of the saints in their place names, and merely by traveling over the state, visitors to New Mexico are put in mind of the persistent style of the Latin temperament. New Mexico's mingling of cultures is best observed at Santa Fe, where Indians, Spanish-Americans and ordinary Americans can be seen at any time in the same glance.

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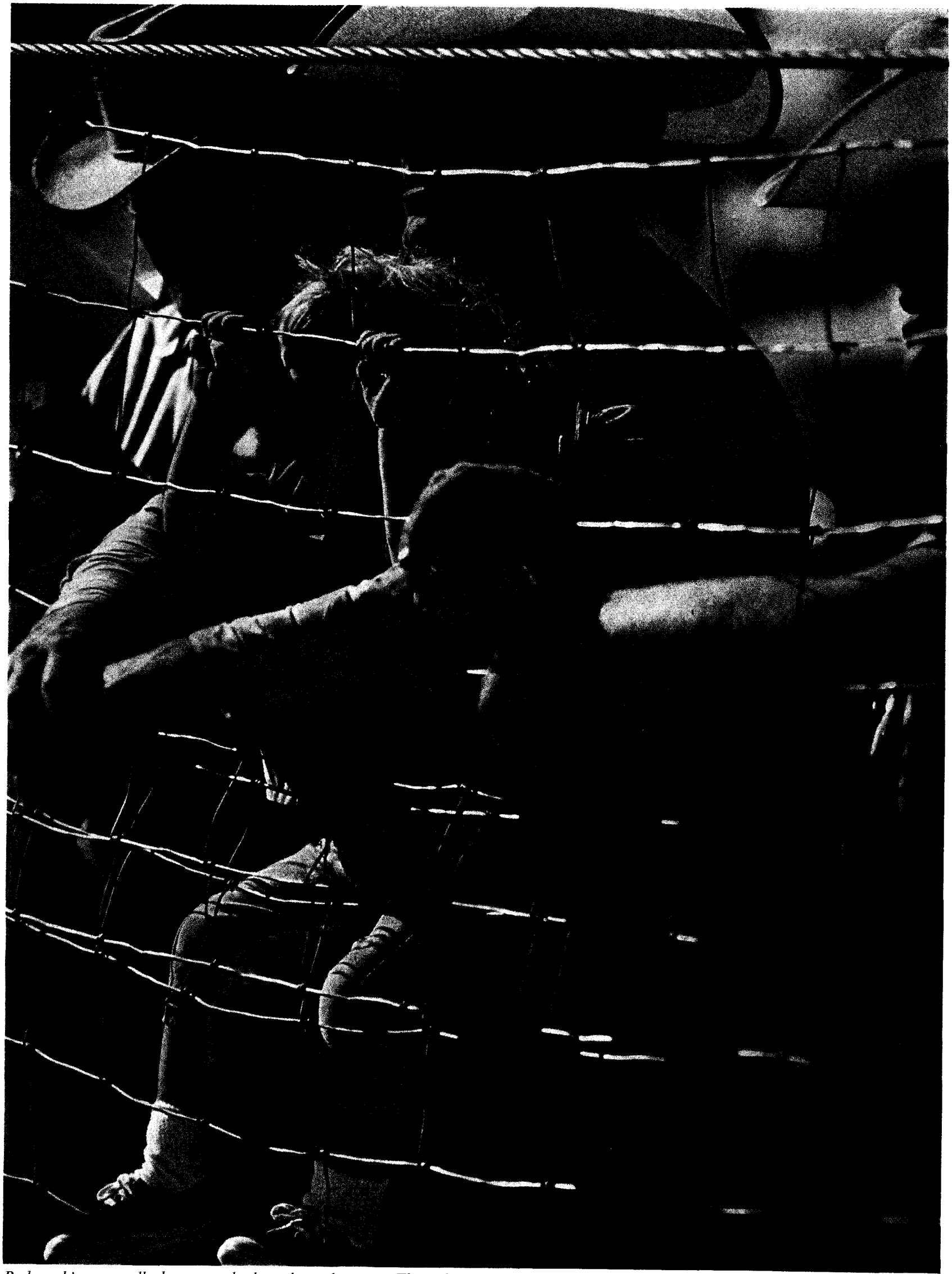

Rodeos, big or small, draw crowds throughout the state. These fans prefer an unspoiled amateur show to the slick, professional contests.

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"Beauty in all its vast and splendid variety . . ."

Gallup: Navajo women in town to shop. The character of New Mexico owes much to its 10,000-year-old Indian heritage.

The third culture to impose itself on New Mexico was, of course, that of the Anglo-American, who came during the War with Mexico in 1846 and annexed it with little fighting. New Mexico became a territory in 1846, a state in 1912, and until after World War II her population grew slowly and her sense of golden remoteness held fast. But now, apart from differences of landscape and some jealously guarded local traditions, there are few essential differences in New Mexico from the general American manner of living. That this state of affairs is one to be resisted, Santa Fe seems to declare when she calls herself the "City Different."

Out of her mixture of Indian, Spanish, Mexican and modern American has arisen a corporate personality capable of highly audible truculence. This individualistic edginess, which can appear with deadly swiftness in any public issue of culture or politics, has led to another title for Santa Fe. It is one invented by the distinguished writer Oliver LaFarge, who lives in Santa Fe, and who bridles with loyalty when necessary, but who in his column in the Santa Fe *New Mexican* may call his home town the "City Difficult."

For there the mingling of historical styles is further complicated by an infusion of writers, painters, sculptors and other "sensitives," as they have been called by fascinated sociologists. Free souls, these knowing gentry stand gloriously ready to engage in controversy, to attach themselves to causes which, if need be, they can invent with speed and brilliance, and to inject into the already charged social climate of Santa Fe—and Taos too—an effervescence so strong as to constitute a municipal resource of uncommon value, however "Difficult."

Or might it be the altitude of Santa Fe—seven thousand feet—which has given some extra dash of character to her people? Or the golden light—which a Spaniard in the sixteenth century said was like a diamond? Or might it be the continuously beautiful spectacle of mountain weather playing over range after range of peaks, and taking the eye and the spirit outward into an awareness of nature at its most grand?

Certainly from the beginning the people who came to New Mexico found her beauty in all its splendid variety one of the most compelling of their reasons for living there. Modern travelers know the names of the most famous sights—the Rio Grande canyon near Taos, the White Sands near Alamogordo, the Enchanted Mesa, the Carlsbad Caverns, the trout streams of the south, and the ranges of the Rockies which scatter immensely down into New Mexico bearing such typical names as Sangre de Cristo, Sandia, Manzano, Sierra Blanca, Sierra Capitan and Pinos Altos.

Among such natural marvels the historical testimonials of the state exert their own strong pull. In Santa Fe there are many—of which the Governor's Palace of 1610, the "oldest church" and the "oldest house," and the cathedral of Archbishop Lamy (associated with Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*) call most strongly. Taos shows you its ancient pueblo whose terraced apex is seven stories above the ground, and the house and grave of Kit Carson. In Albuquerque's Old Town Plaza you see something of the air of a Mexican province. Near Las Vegas you can find ruts of the original Santa Fe Trail, or walk in the beautifully preserved ruins of Fort Union to feel how the army lived in frontier days. At Lincoln and Mesilla and elsewhere, the bygone raw days of outlawry are celebrated in memorials to gangsters of the last frontier who have idiotically become folk heroes across America despite their known viciousness.

Indian life of the prehistoric period can be felt in the ancient and empty cliff dwellings and abandoned pueblos in such places as Puyé, the Rito de los Frijoles, and Chaco Canyon. At Acoma, on its mesa nearly 400 feet high, a pueblo, modern only in the sense that its earthen walls have been renewed each year since antiquity by descendants of its own first people, provides a living link with ways of life whose origin is described to this day only in spoken tradition.

Through four centuries and unimaginable hardship and wilderness distance the successive peoples of New Mexico left much evidence of their living, making and dying.

New Mexico's latest colonists are still increasing in the cities and on the mesas. Most of them are people placed in circumstances of average prosperity, and as such require the rapid growth of towns to accommodate them—Las Cruces, Alamogordo, Farmington, Roswell, all of them lesser Albuquerques.

Some recent colonists have come to New Mexico to know another life style than the shiny sameness of the business towns. Some of these newcomers have brought wealth and leisure with them and have made fine places to live for a few months of the year on the northern mesas and foothills. There they have built haciendas which ramble along in one story with many patios and surely a swimming pool and, of course, terraces which command the natural dramas of mountain, sky, color and light which are particularly glorious at the cocktail hour. People living in these adobe houses feel close to the earth, which is what some of them have come there to feel, after the aluminum and glass of the metropolis.

New Mexico politics has its florid aspects and odd flavors. Elections to the top offices of the state have run very close for the past many years. The contest for lieutenant governor in 1960 was won by a Republican for the first time in recent history. His opponent challenged the election in court on the ground that Navajo Indians, from whose area of the state the Republican candidate came, should not have have voted, under the law. The issue at this writing is still in the courts. Recent Congressional hearings brought to light evidence of irregularities in the highway inspection program conducted by road contractors. Payola figured in the headlines. The result

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Tommy Macaroni and his dog "Different": Many artists live and work in the Santa Fe area, where the golden light is unique.

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"Population has almost doubled in the past 20 years . . ."

Santa Fe: Honky-tonk neon and steel beckon the tourist and clutter an otherwise magnificently preserved landscape.

was that Federal highway funds were cut until state officials, reacting swiftly, were able to correct the abuses, whereupon funds were restored, for New Mexico's highways are of course the very lifelines between her widely separated communities. In the northern counties, where the Spanish-American population is more or less concentrated, a feudal brand of politics is sometimes encountered, with multiple cousinships and ancient loyalties weighing in how to vote. At times a proud heritage may seem lost in modern life. Economic advantage and full literacy are wanting in certain areas, and the educators of the state have heavy needs to meet on inadequate budgets. One oddment which suggests the complexity of political society in New Mexico: Until the 1930's, all public business of the biennial legislature was conducted in both English and Spanish. English is now the sole official language. It, too, has had its variant styles. During a speech, a late chief executive of New Mexico thought "chaos" rhymed with "Taos" and was therefore pronounced "chowss."

Rich in folk culture of unconscious spontaneity, New Mexico is even richer in that higher culture which comes out of highly conscious public service in the fields of the arts and education. The Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fe has five main units, ranging from fine arts to folk arts, and embracing archaeology and anthropology, where the long record of New Mexican life can be studied in all its variety.

At Roswell you can see how a city of only about 40,000 can build and support its own museum of fine arts and local history. The Roswell Museum and Art Center has a whole wing devoted to the work of Peter Hurd, N.A., a native son, and another gallery housing the collection of Chinese paintings and jades given by the poet Witter Bynner. Other galleries in the museum show changing exhibitions of art and artifact, and the public can enjoy a lively year-round program of painting classes, lectures, concerts, and showings of classic films.

A monument to the world-changing work of Robert Goddard, the father of modern rocket science, is now to be seen at the Roswell Museum, where his original launching tower, brought in from the open country north of town, and many evolutionary stages of Little Nell, as he called his rocket, are shown in permanent exhibits, indoors and outdoors.

The University of New Mexico at Albuquerque, with its enormous campus in the Pueblo and Spanish-colonial styles, leads the state's institutions of higher learning. At Santa Fe, the School of American Research, founded in 1907 under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America, is preparing a program of inter-American studies which in time should help significantly in the important diplomatic task of cultural exchange between the northern and southern hemispheres.

The most recent of New Mexico's educational gains was announced this year, when the president and trustees of St. John's College of Annapolis, Maryland, decided to establish a western branch at Santa Fe, where St. John's philosophy of learning based on the Great Books curriculum will be carried out in a new environment. The college trustees considered half a dozen western sites for their new branch. One reason they gave for choosing Santa Fe was the presence there of New Mexico's newest and liveliest cultural attraction, which in five seasons has earned an international reputation.

If you drive north from Santa Fe on the highway to Taos, about five miles out you will see a metal sign in the usual style of the state highway department. It reads: OPERA TRAFFIC USE LEFT LANE. A few years ago no more unlikely admonition to the Western motorist could be imagined. Now, during a nine-week season from the end of June to the end of August, the highway is choked with traffic every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday night, when the Santa Fe Opera presents its varied repertoire.

In five seasons this company of young American artists has brought to our national stage a fresh idiom of presenting opera. The repertoire ranges widely from the masterpieces of the older literature to modern works either commissioned by the company or others not often seen. The company was founded by a young American conductor named John O. Crosby whose family had brought him to Santa Fe in his boyhood to cure an asthmatic condition. As he prospered in health and grew in his vocation he slowly matured in all its details his idea of a professional company to give opera in an outdoor theater at Santa Fe during the incomparable summer nights there. Upon completion of his musical studies at Yale and a conducting course under Pierre Monteux, Crosby built a brilliantly designed open-air theater on a ranch property he and his family acquired north of Santa Fe.

The theater was ready before he had a company. Crosby wanted to produce what he calls "the greatest opera of the twentieth century"—*The Rake's Progress* by Igor Stravinsky. It seemed a towering ambition, especially since the permission of the great composer might be difficult for such a fledgling organization to obtain.

One Sunday afternoon in 1957 Crosby was mulling aloud all his hopes and their attendant problems in the presence of one of Santa Fe's most dauntless and effective cultural blenders, Miss Miranda Masocco, a good friend of the Stravinskys.

"Would you like me to ask Stravinsky if he would give permission, and perhaps come for the production?" she asked.

Crosby gravely said he would.

Miss Masocco took up the telephone reached Maestro Stravinsky at his home in Hollywood, and stated the case. Within a few minutes the Santa Fe Opera was actually born on the basis of Stravinsky's agreement to permit *The Rake's Progress* to figure in the first season's repertoire, with his further promise to supervise the production.

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Adding five more operas to complete the first season's offerings, Crosby launched the Santa Fe Opera on a career which brought international recognition last year. For the West Berlin Festival—regarded by many musicians as the most distinguished of European musical events—invited the Santa Fe Opera to represent the United States with two contrasting programs of its characteristic repertoire. During the last week of September the company twice presented in West Berlin a double bill of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and *Persephone*—with the composer and his musical assistant Robert Craft alternating at the conductor's desk and the exquisite Vera Zorina appearing as guest artist—and on two other evenings performed the flavorsome American opera, *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, by Douglas Moore.

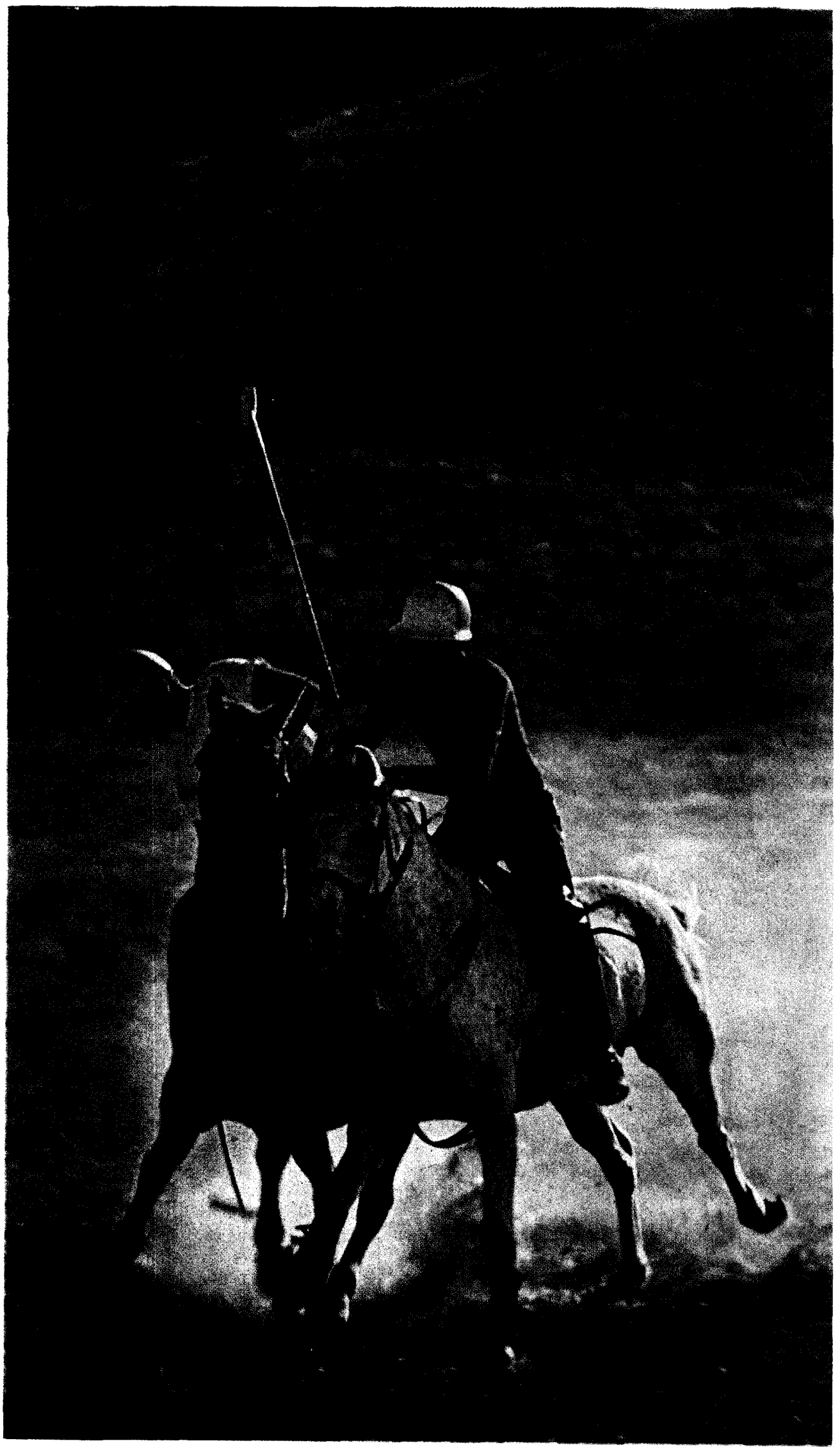
Stravinsky, who is regarded everywhere as the foremost of living composers, has continued to lend his immense prestige to the Santa Fe Opera because, as he has repeatedly said, he believes it to be the best opera company in America.

The success of the opera and the foundation of the new St. John's College at Santa Fe illustrate an interesting tendency of New Mexico to renew herself culturally, as she has done through so many centuries. The social resources of the state seem inexhaustible.

It may someday be otherwise with its water resources. New Mexico, along with the other Rocky Mountain states, was marked upon maps of the nineteenth century as part of the Great American Desert. Since the latter decades of the nineteenth century a consistent over-all decline in rainfall has been recorded in the region, and in the decades following both world wars the social and industrial use of water increased so greatly that the outlook has raised concern.

If many proponents of western commercial interests fight with reckless vigor against the philosophy of conservation, many other champions of the general conscience are working continually to prevent dangerous depletion of natural resources. Bernard DeVoto, until his death a few years ago, was a supporter of the long view. In one of his articles he envisaged how the great cities of the Rocky Mountain West might die of thirst and become ghost towns.

But the West is historically and temperamentally optimistic, and some Westerners wonder whether disaster—if it is not hypothetical—will not be averted by the winning of a technological race to convert sea water by cheap atomic power into fresh water and deliver it by pipeline to the desert regions. Then once again change will be the main theme of any observation of the West. Meanwhile, when most people think of New Mexico, they think of that aspect of it which, if it also changes, does so only through aeons of geological time—the landscape, with all the wonders of color, light, distance; and the power through these to take your inner self out of its common bondage for whatever time you can spare. THE END



Peter Hurd (blue shirt), native New Mexican and nationally known artist, bears down at polo with his brother, on Sentinel Ranch, San Patricio, in the Conquistadore country.

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BY WILLIA

Kidnaped in the

"Head for Havana! I'll gun you right no

No one at Skye Airways took real stock in the rumor that Typhoon Kelly was washed up—about to retire. Nuts, Ty was only fifty-one! He'd been with Skye since the war and was one of the line's senior pilots. No black marks on his record. He'd been flying for thirty years and ought to be good for another ten.

"That old albatross will still be doddering around the sky when we're flying milk runs to the moon," Lee Strange, one of Skye's younger copilots, complained bitterly. "And I'll still be holding down the right-hand seat! Why don't some of those old dodos quit and give someone else a chance?" He was talking with a fellow copilot as the two entered the dispatcher's office. Ty Kelly, standing in the shadows finishing a cigar, heard the words.

"They never do," the other copilot said cheerfully. "Not until old age puts 'em into a rocking chair, chum."

"Old age has got him now," Lee snapped. He was only twenty-four; to him fifty-one seemed like 100. "It won't just get him a rocking chair. It'll spatter him along the ground one of these days—a load of passengers with him."

"I wouldn't bet on it," the other said. "I've flown with him. The old coot's got ice water for blood. Does a wing fall off, likely he'll be running alongside, holding the damned ship up on his back, toots. The old gaffer's tough."

"Yeah?" Lee snorted. "Well, I've flown with him, too, and that ice water of his must have froze solid last month when a jet fighter buzzed us coming from the coast. The great Typhoon Kelly was scared—froze on the controls."

"The hell he did! You report it?"

"No. How could I prove it? He didn't report it himself, so it was my word against his, and where would that get me? One of these days, though, I'll have something I can prove, and you can bet I will. It could be tonight."

"You going out with him?"

"Yeah," Strange said moodily. "His regular copilot reported sick. I got the call."

But standing back in the shadows, Evan (Typhoon) Kelly knew that Lee Strange was right. He was through. He was afraid to fly. He'd take Flight 314 on to Tampa as scheduled; then he'd hang up his wings and walk out for good. He'd made up his mind before he'd heard the two copilots talking.

Time: 2:25:10 A.M.

Tampa was thirty minutes ahead when it happened. Skye Airways Flight 314 with a crew of four and with fifty-seven passengers

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CHAMBERLAIN

sky!

you don't."

returning after the holidays. Ty Kelly was at the controls. A front was moving into the Gulf south of them, and he'd taken the ship off automatic pilot when they'd begun to enter the outer fringe of the turbulence.

Lee Strange was in the copilot seat on the right. Mark Bender, flight engineer, was at his station on the flight deck, and Mary Burke, stewardess, had come forward to the crew compartment to fix coffee for the three.

Out of the corner of her eye Mary saw the door to the passenger compartment open—a man in an Air Force uniform stood there. Mary said, not turning her head, "I'm sorry, sir. Passengers aren't allowed up here without ——" She did turn her head then, because a tingle along her spine warned her that something was badly wrong. The man, so tall that his uniform trousers were too short for him, came on through the door. He held an automatic pistol in his hand. A shorter man followed. He, too, had a gun.

"Keep quiet, sister," the tall man said, his voice not reaching the flight deck. "That way you don't get hurt."

Now the full significance of this hit Mary. She thought with a vague feeling of unreality, *We're being hijacked. It's happening to us.* Then she caught her breath and called, "Captain Kelly! Captain ——" The words sounded very loud in her own ears, but they were lost in the engine racket.

"So you get hurt," the tall man said softly.

He moved with a swift sureness and struck Mary viciously across the temple with the gun—stepped across her as she sagged unconscious to the deck. Mark Bender was bent over his engine logs; too late something warned him and he straightened and turned his head. He tried to fend off the hard chop of the gun barrel. It caught him above the ear, and blood spurted from his gashed scalp as he fell sideways. It was 2:25:26 A.M.

Now the cold muzzle of the gun pressed against the back of Ty Kelly's neck. "Just play it cozy, pal," the tall man said. "Both you play it cozy, see? You, I don't slug because I need you to fly this crate to Havana."

Back in the crew compartment the shorter man locked the door—jammed it with a wedge of metal he took from a pocket. Impersonally he lifted Mary's slight figure and tossed it into the lower of the two bunks. He stepped up to the flight deck and freed the unconscious Mark Bender from his seat; then dragged him back out of the way, blood making a smear along the deck. Rough air bounced the ship in lurches while rain ran back along the outside of the windshield.

Automatically Kelly had reached for the mike to contact Tampa tower. The gun jabbed harder into the muscles of his neck, and the voice behind him became more brittle.

"Unh-unh, pal. You do that and none of us wins. You just change course for Havana and we get along fine." To the other man he said, "You got that door wedged, Joe?"

"Yeah," Joe said from the crew compartment. His voice was high and nervous, the back of Ty's mind noted. "Locked and wedged. What I do with these two you slugged, Morelli?"

"Tie 'em up," Morelli said.

Ty's eyes swept across the instruments in front of him as his face settled into deeper lines, and quick anger ran through him. So, they'd slugged Mary and Mark Bender, had they? Then he thought of the fifty-odd passengers back there in the cabin, and the cold knot in his stomach, which had ridden with him for the past two months, got worse. The vague flicker of indecision, a thing he'd not known until lately, made his mouth dry. He looked down and back—saw the Air Force trousers too short on the ankles of the man behind him. In some alley back in Texas, he guessed, a couple of young airmen were lying slugged in their underwear. Their uniforms had provided an easy way for the two gunmen to get on board.

'We can't make Havana with the fuel we've got left," he heard himself saying. To his surprise, his voice sounded decisive. "I've got passengers aboard. I can't take a chance on dropping them into the Gulf of Mexico."

"Don't give me any hooey about not enough gas, pal," Morelli said harshly. "I know these things got a reserve. You head for Havana and you do it quick!"

"There's a front between here and Havana," Ty explained doggedly. "It'll have bad thunderstorms in it. If we try to go through them we could lose our wings. If we try to go around them, we'll run out of fuel. Either way we've had it."

"You'll have had it right now if you don't change course," Morelli said wickedly. "I bet junior here won't give me no more argument once he sees your brains on the floor. . . Will you, junior?"

Ty stole a glance at Lee Strange. Lee was sitting rigid in his seat, his lips working but no words coming as he stared glassily straight ahead. Sweat trickled down his cheeks and dripped off his chin. He'd once had another copilot who'd looked just like that, Ty thought in the back part of his mind; that other copilot had been part of the dream that had come back to haunt him of late—wake him, shaking, from a drugged sleep.

Lee's lips kept on moving and finally the hoarse words came. "We better do what he says, captain," Strange pleaded urgently. "There's nothing else we can do."

"Now junior's got sense," Morelli grunted, jabbing the gun again. "You change course—or do I pull this trigger?"

That eroding indecision ate more deeply into Ty now. He'd get no help from Strange. *With me dead or knocked out, the boy would do as he was told*, Ty thought. And somewhere, dodging around in that front, he'd run out of fuel and go down. The passengers wouldn't have a chance. If Captain Ty Kelly kept the controls and, by some miracle made Havana, the passengers would likely end up in jail. The military ones would, at any rate, because there'd be screams of "invasion."

"You want the ship," Ty heard himself saying through stiff lips. "You don't want the passengers. Let me unload them at Tampa—take on fuel. Then I'll fly you to Havana."

The pressure of the gun eased against the back of his neck; then the barrel slapped Ty against the side of the head. The blow exploded streaks before his eyes; it dulled his touch on the controls, and the ship wallowed in the turbulence. *Continued on Page 54*

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Key Maker: The prosperous figure through the keyhole belongs to Cleveland businessman Norton Rose, 33. Executive vice president of Cole National Corporation, one of the world's largest key manufacturers (50,000,000 a year), Rose once was voted "least likely to succeed" by his fraternity brothers at Ohio State. Determined to try anyway, he quit a job at his family's Cleveland clothing store—Rosenblum's—in 1948, went to work for Cole National at $40 a week. A brainstorming idea man, Rose suggested and developed new products—key chains, party favors, novelties—and merchandised such business-boosting devices as simplified key-making machines that now are installed in 40,000 stores, was named vice president in 1956. Cole's sales have climbed from $1,000,000 to $15,000,000 since Rose came on board. "Money isn't everything," he says, "but some people consider it a yardstick of success in business." Married, father of a boy and a girl, Rose lives in Shaker Heights, is just as surprised as his college chums at his booming career. "After all," he says, "I almost flunked my kindergarten admission test. I didn't know my father's first name." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER.

Opportune Actress: Prone to good luck, lissome soprano Anita Gillette, 24, owes her sudden stardom to two lucky turns of the wheel of fortune. First, her husband found a new job, moved to New York City and encouraged her to seek a musical-comedy career; and second, Anna Maria Alberghetti fell ill last August, propelling understudy Anita into the role of the fragile French waif Lili in *Carnival*. "She has everything," exuded producer David Merrick, "voice, personality, magnetism." Daughter of a Rossville, Maryland, die-maker, Anita made her show-business debut at 19 in a Massachusetts summer playhouse. (The first theater critic to mention her name noted only that she had nice legs.) After marrying research physiologist Ronald Gillette ("He's a genius—one day he's going to win a Nobel prize") she progressed to TV, to off-Broadway work, to an understudy's role in *Gypsy*, to motherhood (a son), to *Carnival*. When director Gower Champion threatened to replace her because she was "too American" to play Lili, she darkened her hair, shed eight pounds. The effort paid dividends. Eleven stand-in performances brought her an M-G-M screen test, TV and radio invitations from Messrs. Paar and Godfrey and a chance to create a role of her own—"too-American" Anita now is rehearsing for a leading part in the forthcoming Broadway musical, *All American*. PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN.

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Cow-Country Doctor: Loading her syringe, Dr. Dixie Cline, 23, prepares to jab the rump of an unsuspecting patient. The docile patient is a cow; the apple-cheeked doctor is a veterinarian; the locale is Akron, Colorado, where men are men, and girls usually become farm wives. Dixie acquired a love of animals from her cattleman father, determined to establish a farm-animal hospital in her home town despite warnings from her Colorado State professors that ranchers wouldn't trust prize stock to a young girl. In a few months Dixie broke down all resistance—by being both charming and the only vet in the county. Now she works an 8 A.M.-to-7 P.M. day, running the Akron dog pound and treating so many animals that she would welcome a partner or a husband—"preferably both in one"—to lend a hand. Dixie lives with her parents on a farm near Akron—across the road is the sod-roofed house where her grandparents homesteaded. Neighbors who have always known her as Dixie have difficulty thinking of her as Doctor Cline. "They've worked out a compromise," she says. "Doctor Dixie is getting to be my handle." PHOTOGRAPH BY ART SHAY.

Survival Scholar: Between a Polynesian war club and a fallout shelter, anthropologist Robert Suggs, 29, sees a similarity: "In the island society the club was the main defense," says Bob. "Today, in our society, our defense is a fallout shelter. Every home should have one." Bob's job is applying what anthropologists have learned about human life to predict, among other things, how man can survive in a world devastated by nuclear war—or on the moon. Dunlap and Associates, a Connecticut firm which conducts research for the Government and defense contractors, pays Bob to think in these terms. He has just finished a secret study of the psychological and physical problems lunar explorers may encounter. An archaeology buff as a boy in Greenwich, Connecticut, he was graduated *summa cum laude* from Columbia, wrote his Ph.D. dissertation on an ancient Polynesian village he discovered in 1956 as head of a research expedition. He returned to the village in 1957 with his wife Rae for a year of investigation. Rae, a trained nurse, cared for sick natives while her husband worked, evolving theories which dispute those of Thor Heyerdahl's Kon-Tiki expeditions. "The Polynesians came from Asia, not the Americas," Bob says. Father of a three-year-old son and author of four books, scholar Suggs no longer thinks of going back to academic life. "Once you are in industry," he says, "the campus seems pale and unreal." PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM KANTOR.

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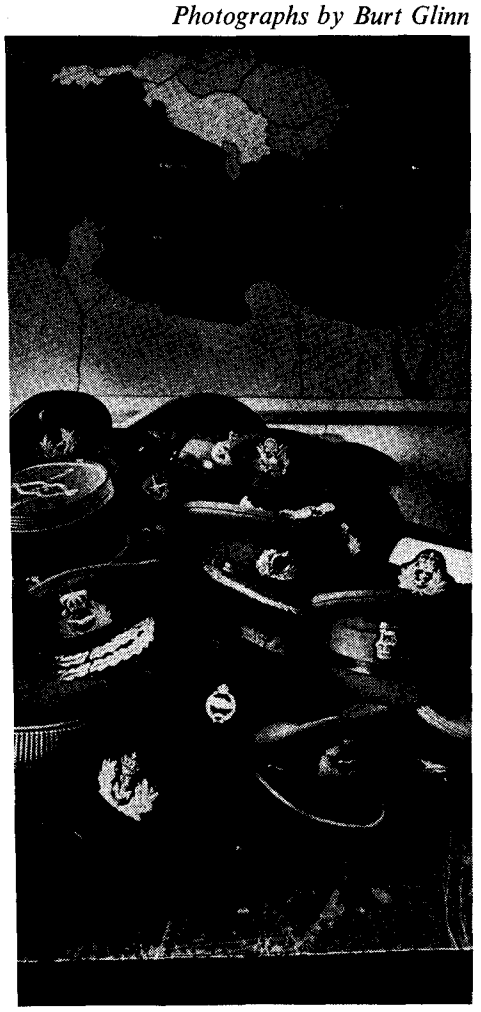
The West Is Courting Disaster

Why have we "failed to create that counterweight to the power of the Red Army which was the original NATO purpose"? A *Post* Editor reports from Europe.

By STEWART ALSOP

Photographs by Burt Glinn



Brass-hat conferences go on endlessly in NATO, "an alliance of 15 sovereign nations, each with divergent interests."

A few words spoken during a recent debate in the British House of Commons could be the epitaph of Western civilization. The speaker was a rather obscure Conservative M.P., one David Walder. His words as recorded in *Hansard*, the British equivalent of our *Congressional Record*, were as follows:

MR. DAVID WALDER (*The High Peak*): We may have to accept the fact that the affluent society cannot support or provide ——

SIR CYRIL OSBORNE (*Louth*): Will not.

MR. WALDER: I will take my honorable friend's correction. We may have to accept that the affluent society will not provide a sufficient proportion of fighting men to protect itself.

Mr. Walder's words could be the epitaph of the West for a simple reason. If history is a guide, a nation or group of nations which "will not provide a sufficient proportion of fighting men to protect itself" is courting disaster. The Western powers, I am convinced, are today doing just that.

This conviction derives from a long journey of inquiry which took me first to Nikita Khrushchev's half of divided Europe, and then to Britain, West Germany and France. During the second half of the trip I found myself wondering if Karl Marx, Communism's founding father, might not have been right, although for the wrong reason.

Marx held that capitalism "contains the seeds of its own destruction." The failure of capitalism, he predicted, would lead to misery for the masses, thus insuring capitalism's overthrow. There was never a worse prophecy. Capitalism—or whatever you want to call the peculiar mixture of individual enterprise and the welfare state now common to all the Western democracies—is working miraculously well.

It is bringing to the average citizen of Western Europe a level of decent living undreamed of in Marx's day, and undreamed of in Russia still. But that may be just the trouble. Everywhere in Western Europe there is a sharp contest between the demands of the booming civilian economy and the requirements of European defense. The civilian economy is winning the contest hands down. As a result, Western Europe is failing to provide a "sufficient proportion of fighting men to protect itself." And this failure has had certain visible consequences.

First, the NATO alliance has failed to achieve the military objective for which NATO was established, and no clear and agreed military objectives have been substituted for the original one.

Second, the NATO powers are totally dependent on the nuclear weapon, which means that they can respond to any Soviet challenge in Europe only by fighting a war which will destroy Europe. Thus, free Europe is like Samson after his hair grew back, when he could use his strength only to bring the temple crashing about his head.

Third, because the French and British contributions to NATO have been so feeble, West Germany is already the dominant military power in free Europe. The objectives of the Germans are not necessarily for all time the objectives of the other NATO powers.

Fourth, we Americans have been more serious about the defense of Europe than the Europeans themselves. But we insist on maintaining the same luxuriant command and supply "backup" we had in World War II, when we had total control of the air and there were no nuclear weapons to threaten the supply lines.

Fifth and finally, a dangerous difference on military doctrine is beginning to emerge between the United States and its European allies.

President Kennedy has said again and again that he wants "a choice between humiliation and a holocaust," "a choice between surrender and all-out nuclear war." As Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara said at the last NATO meeting, it ought to be the "essential objective" of the NATO alliance "to be in a position to meet any sort of aggression any time, *with forces and equipment of its own choosing*." Kennedy and McNamara want, in short, to escape the complete dependence of the NATO powers on the nuclear weapon.

But the European powers—the British and French in particular—do not want to make the sort of effort necessary, especially in manpower, to achieve President Kennedy's "choice." And this deep divergence on the essentials of defense strategy is dangerous already to the Western alliance and likely to become more so.

These conclusions are based not only on talks with European and American leaders but on visits to the major NATO armies—the German, the British and the American. These armies are, after all, what NATO is all about. So before going on to examine the conclusions listed above, let us have a look at the armies of the NATO alliance.

It was a foggy, murky day when a German 2nd lieutenant in a staff car came to escort me to a German armored reconnaissance unit near Bielefeld, in Northern Germany. The 2nd lieutenant was very young, blond and handsome, and I had the odd feeling that I had seen him somewhere before. Then I remembered.

Almost eighteen years ago, in the summer of 1944, I was with a French *maquis* which "liberated" the town of Angoulême from the retreating Germans. The *maquis* had captured a platoon of German troops. The Communists in the *maquis* insisted on shooting the whole platoon in reprisal for the hanging of a number of Communist *maquisards*. So the platoon had marched through the streets of Angoulême to their deaths, led by a German 2nd lieutenant.

That lieutenant, too, was very young, blond and handsome. He kept his men marching behind him in perfect order—they never missed a step, even when the French women spat in their faces. When they reached the death wall, the lieutenant shouted, "*Achtung*," and every man stood at attention to die.

"All the same," a *maquis* captain remarked to me afterward, in reluctant admiration of the Germans, "they are soldiers, these Boches."

For better or for worse, they are soldiers still. *Thank God*, I kept thinking, *these people are on our side this time.* The equipment of the new German army is superb, it is superbly maintained, and the men have an air of disciplined, militant competence. The commanding officer, a handsome, stern-faced colonel, showed me around. He had fought at Stalingrad, and he took the business of fighting the Russians seriously. He was worried about his new American tanks, he said—their high silhouette would make them an easy target for the Russians. We passed a platoon marching off into the misty night, singing a marching song. Every platoon had two nights a week of night training, the colonel said—"The Russians always attack at night or in foul weather," he told me.

In the barracks, as the blond young conscripts stood about at rigid attention, their arms pinned to their sides, the colonel picked up a folding shovel from one of the neat combat kits and fondled it lovingly. "When you have fought the Russians," he said, indicating the shovel, "you learn to dig, and dig deep."

Downstairs on a bulletin board there was a big map. It showed Germany split into three parts—West Germany, Communist Germany, and the "lost territories" beyond the Oder-Neisse Line. In big letters were the words: SHALL IT REMAIN LIKE THIS FOREVER? NO! NEVER! NO! NEVER! WE SHALL COME TOGETHER AGAIN IN PEACE AND FREEDOM!

I asked the colonel about the meaning of the map. Would the Germans one day fight to reunify Germany? "Not by fighting," he said. "But as Germans, we cannot but hope."

The map is what the Russians mean when they talk about "German revenge." In fact, today's Germany wants no part of another war. Yet the map suggests the risks the other European powers are taking when they permit West Germany to become the dominant military power in Western Europe. By the end of this year Germany will have twelve full divisions in NATO, as against three understrength British divisions and two French divisions in NATO. The equation speaks for itself.

That evening I had a chat with the colonel in the neatly aseptic officers' mess,

Right: U.S. tank troops in Germany. "A lean, hard and combat-ready outfit."

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ALSOP which was decorated with photographs of generals Guderian, Rommel and von Mannstein. I asked the colonel what he thought of the American Army.

"I have seen one of your armored regiments," he said. "Good. *Very* good. Like one of our Prussian regiments before the war." This was to him the highest compliment. "But such supplies. Such comforts. Everything coming up from the rear. What will happen when they are cut off from the rear?"

How about the British Army? "A good little army. Good. But little." After I had visited the British and American armies in Germany I knew what he meant.

I spent a couple of days with the British Army in Germany, and it was a bit like coming home again, for I had more than two years with a British regiment during the war. The British obsession with such matters as early-morning tea, batmen, bugle calls and the regimental silver sometimes leads visiting Americans to suppose that the British are not serious about soldiering. The notion is dead wrong. The officers and men of the British Army in Germany are now almost all professional soldiers and, although they are less solemn about the business of soldiering than the Germans or the Americans, they work hard at it, and well.

The British Army on the Rhine, in short, is indeed a "good" army. But it is also a "little" army. The 1957 British White Paper on defense ended conscription in England and committed the defense of the British Isles almost wholly to the nuclear weapon. As a result, throughout the Berlin crisis, the British Army has been wasting away, as conscripts leave the service, from an over-all strength of 230,000 men to a 1963 goal—which may not be met—of 165,000 men.

Bar a few courageous souls, the politicians back home in England hate the very idea of reintroducing conscription and thus reversing the trend toward feebleness. But the professional soldiers in Germany dislike the idea almost as much as the politicians. "You have these conscripts," a British brigadier remarked to me, "crossing the days off their calendars, and it has a most unsettling effect on the troops." Traditionally, except in time of war, the British Army has been professional, volunteer and *small*. The British, soldiers as well as civilians, like to have it that way.

But the British may have to pay a big price for their small army. Not long ago Gen. Lauris Norstad, the brilliant but frustrated American commander of NATO, met with a group of high British defense officials. While the American Army in Europe was being strengthened because of the Berlin crisis by some 40,000 men, he pointed out, the British Army in Europe, already under strength, was actually being *reduced* by several thousand men. As a result the whole NATO defensive line was out of balance. The British refused to budge, and the discussion grew heated. A British official tried mollifying tactics. "We're not really very far apart, you know," he said. "No," said Norstad, "no farther than the North Pole and the South Pole."

Norstad's remark suggests one price the British may have to pay for the luxury of being the only NATO power without conscription. For a century, the unwritten Anglo-American alliance has been the real power center of the Western world. West Germany, with four times the forces of the British, is already tending to become the main American ally, and the German Army will soon dominate Western Europe militarily. And the price could be higher than that. It could be the nuclear devastation of Great Britain. For the White Paper policy insures that any war bigger than a local skirmish in which the British Army engages will end either in defeat or in nuclear war.

The fighting units of the American Army in Europe are indeed "good—*very* good," as the German colonel said, to judge from a couple of days I spent with an American combat outfit, the 14th Armored Cavalry Regiment. The regiment, consisting of 4000 men, acts as a screening force on a huge 300-mile front of the iron curtain between West Germany and Communist Germany. There is nothing "Prussian" about it—officers and men are on easy, kidding terms. But it is a lean, hard, combat-ready outfit.

From tough little Col. Albert F. Trsyk down to a colored corporal at an observation post on the Communist border, which I flew over in a helicopter, the men of the 14th Armored struck me as first-rate fighting men. They know just what they are doing, and why.

But these fighting men are a small minority of the 280,000 men in the American Army in Europe. Back in Frankfurt and Heidelberg and the other rear areas, the supply and staff men live by the tens of thousands in dreary, Government-built "villages." The life they live is an essentially civilian life—a life of bridge teas and cocktail parties, utterly divorced psychologically from the grim business of fighting. These civilians in uniform are the "backup," and the backup swallows up most of the American Army in Europe. A division is the basic combat unit of any army, and there are at most the equivalent of six divisions, averaging less than 15,000 men apiece, in the American Army in Europe. So the backup swallows two thirds of the American Army in Europe.

By comparison the British field their three divisions out of slightly more than 50,000 men, and the Germans will field twelve divisions out of a total German Army of 220,000 men. The Russian ratio of fighting men to the total in the Red Army is at least as high as those figures, according to the American Army's own intelligence estimates.

Such comparisons make American Army generals furious. "Damn it," a general told me angrily in Heidelberg, "I get no credit for a quartermaster battalion. I need *more* backup, not less." In accordance with this theory, the great bulk of the 40,000 men President Kennedy ordered to Europe to impress Khrushchev during the Berlin crisis was assigned to the noncombat backup areas—which probably did not impress Khrushchev very much. I asked the general what would happen if a few dozen nuclear weapons were dropped on his backup, and he became angrier still.

Mind you, it is quite true that the American Army needs more backup than the European armies—it must be supplied over thousands of miles of land and sea. Even so, all those who have studied the problem seriously, from Secretary McNamara and General Norstad on down, are convinced that somehow, someday, the American Army is going to have to provide a bigger ratio of combat teeth to backup tail.

We Americans, in short, also need to provide not more men—there may be too many Americans in uniform in Europe today—but a greater proportion of *fighting men*. But here an obvious question needs to be asked. Is it worth trying to provide a greater proportion of fighting men in the nuclear age? Fighting men cannot, after all, protect London or Paris or New York from Khrushchev's multimegaton bombs.

Here it is worth glancing briefly back at the origins of NATO. NATO was formed in the menacing shadow of the first Soviet atomic test, in September, 1949. And its purpose was clear and simple. By the time the Soviets were to achieve nuclear parity with the United States, a counterweight to the overwhelming power of the Red Army had to be created in Europe—by building a solid ground defense of Western Europe. Only thus could the balance of power in Europe be maintained.

This was why the rearmament of Germany was agreed upon, for without a rearmed Germany there could be no defense of Western Europe. This was why NATO's "three wise men"—Averell Harriman, Sir Edwin Plowden, Jean Monnet—proposed in February, 1952, that fifty divisions should be organized by the end of that year, ninety in three years.

Now consider what NATO really is, almost ten years later. General Norstad hopes soon to have under his command twenty-five divisions (four badly understrength) and perhaps ultimately, if his dreams come true, twenty-eight divisions. This against an immediately mobilizable Red Army of well over 100 divisions, atomic-armed and wholly re-equipped. In short, the counterweight to the power of the Red Army, for which NATO was originally created, simply does not exist.

Perhaps the solid defense of Western Europe visualized by the NATO planners was always visionary. But it is hard to see why it should be so. The Soviet Union is confronted in Europe with an alliance of its major enemy and its major allies of the last war. The Western allies are markedly superior to the Soviet Union in population and industrial resources.

The Soviets, moreover, have problems of their own, including a long and vulnerable supply line through hostile satellite territory. The purposes of NATO were from the start purely defensive—no one is crazy enough to wish to follow in the footsteps of Napoleon and Hitler. Military experts agree that the offense requires a far higher proportion of fighting men than the defense, by a margin of two or three to one. For all these reasons a solid defense of Western Europe does not seem an impossible or visionary job.

But the job has not been done. The essential reason it has not been done is clear enough. The affluent societies of the West have attempted to substitute nuclear weapons for fighting men, because nuclear weapons are easier and cheaper to come by. We Americans started it all, with our new-look theory of a "bigger bang for a buck," as a result of which the American Army was sliced in half. The British followed with the White Paper, which ended conscription and permitted a 20-percent cut in defense expenditures. General De Gaulle came to power in 1958. He had his own "new look"—the costly attempt to achieve an independent French nuclear deterrent.

The result of this process has been the total dependence of NATO on the nuclear weapon. NATO now could not stand up against the Red Army for more than a few weeks, perhaps days, without resort to nuclear war. Most military professionals hold that nuclear ground war imposes a requirement for more troops, not less. If they are right, Western Europe cannot be defended today, *with or without* nuclear weapons.

There are those who maintain that all that is wanted in Europe is a "plate-glass window" of American soldiers, to convince both the Europeans and the Russians that the United States will use the nuclear weapon against Russia in case of war in Europe. If that is the case, the plate-glass window is too thick and too expensive. If the Europeans themselves do not believe that Western Europe can be defended, and do not mean to try, the half million American troops and dependents in Europe are too big a hostage to fortune. It is no use building a bridge halfway across a river.

There are military men in Europe, like Gen. Pierre Gallois, military adviser to De Gaulle, who maintain that it is futile to attempt to build a real ground defense of Western Europe. Gallois holds that the only way to create a stable "balance of terror" in Europe is to provide a national nuclear deterrent for each major NATO power—including Germany.

Yet the dangers in this prescription are obvious—remember, for example, that map on the bulletin board in the German barracks. Nor do the dangers end there. The total dependence of the West on the nuclear weapon is producing a creeping malaise, a haunting feeling of terrible insecurity, that is not difficult to detect in Western Europe today.

You sense the malaise especially in Britain. Given their hideously vulnerable situation, the British have been remarkably stanch during the Berlin crisis, despite all the talk about "better Red than dead." But every thinking Englishman, even the stanchest, has tucked into the back of his mind an awareness of the awful threat to the very survival of the British Isles inherent in nuclear war.

Again and again in London I heard two contradictory fears expressed. One is the fear that the "trigger-happy" Americans will touch off a nuclear war. The other is the fear that the United States, rather than risk nuclear attack, will abandon Europe to its fate. The same malaise is spreading to the continent. A leading German conservative politician told me that the Germans would never risk nuclear war for the purpose of gaining access rights to West Berlin. "An outright attack on Berlin or West Germany, yes," he said. "But the access rights, no."

Berlin is free today, I am convinced, for one paramount reason. Khrushchev has not yet fully trumped our ace—the preponderance of American nuclear power. Last summer Khrushchev boasted to all and sundry that he could annihilate each of the Western European countries in turn. But he did not boast that he could annihilate the United States. The reason is that he cannot do so—not yet.

Those who should know are mysteriously confident that Khrushchev, as of today, has less than thirty intercontinental ballistic missiles in his arsenal. Thirty multimegaton warheads on this country would do enormous damage. But they would not annihilate the United States, or eliminate our capacity to retaliate. Those who should know are also confident—less mysteriously—that in a retaliatory strike the United States could indeed annihilate the Soviet Union.

Khrushchev will not risk a war in which the Soviet Union—but not the United States—might be annihilated. This is the simplest and best explanation why Khrushchev, after all his threats, again withdrew his Berlin ultimatum. Mean-

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while Khrushchev has given us fair warning, with his multimegaton-bomb tests and the huge increase in his military budget, of his intention of fully trumping the American nuclear ace. Barring war, there is no way to prevent him from doing so. And we must consider most seriously what our situation will be when he has done so.

There will then be a "balance of terror" as between the Soviet Union and the United States. But unless strenuous efforts are made to create one, there will be no balance of any sort in Europe itself.

"You say that you would risk your own destruction to save Europe, and you believe it," one astute journalist in Paris remarked to me. "But we don't believe it—we can't." The remark suggests why there is coming to be general agreement—in Washington as well as the European capitals—that a way must be found to create a "balance of terror," not only as between the United States and the Soviet Union, but also within Europe itself. Europe must have its own nuclear deterrent to balance against the medium-range missiles which Khrushchev brandished against the Western European nations last summer. This must be done against the time when Khrushchev gains nuclear parity with the United States.

It was to this end that former Secretary of State Christian Herter proposed a "NATO deterrent," to include Polaris medium-range missiles with nuclear warheads. But would a "NATO deterrent" really create the needed "balance of terror" within Europe? NATO is, after all, an alliance of fifteen sovereign nations, including the United States, each nation with divergent interests and each presumably capable of exercising a veto on the use of the "NATO deterrent."

In Europe one begins to sense dimly that there is another and better way of achieving a "balance of terror" within Europe. Suppose that Britain joins the Common Market. Suppose further, as France's wise Jean Monnet predicts, that a new political entity—a federated free Europe—develops out of that economic union. Suppose that this new political entity, which will include Western Germany, achieves with American help its own common nuclear deterrent to balance against Khrushchev's missiles. Only then will the Europeans be able to say to Khrushchev: "We may be, as you say, your hostage, but you are also ours."

But will this be enough? There are wise men who believe it will be enough. But the fact ought to be faced that, in an endless game of nuclear "chicken," Khrushchev has a clear advantage over the West, even if a nuclear balance of terror in Europe is achieved. For Khrushchev need not worry about public opinion, and he also has the capacity of surprise attack, of which an alliance of sovereign states, like NATO, is inherently incapable.

And how long will the Western alliance of free and sovereign states hold fast together, when their only way of responding to Soviet pressure in Berlin or elsewhere is to pull the whole temple of Western civilization down upon their heads? The question suggests the terrible weakness in the Western alliance. It also suggests why President Kennedy has called so insistently for that "choice between humiliation and a holocaust."

No one, least of all the President, is proposing that NATO drop its nuclear guard and prepare to fight a conventional ground war in Europe and nothing else. What Kennedy and his military advisers really have in mind is suggested by the "theory of the pause." According to this theory, if Khrushchev really forced the issue in Berlin, the West should fight a nonnuclear war in Europe for a limited period, to persuade Khrushchev of the seriousness of our intentions. Thus persuaded, Khrushchev would be forced to negotiate seriously, short of the "holocaust" of all-out nuclear war.

But the fallacy in this theory was obvious from the start. Given the present feebleness of the NATO forces, *the Soviets would win the conventional fight.* The West would thus be forced to negotiate against the background of defeat. For this reason the "pause" theory has been abandoned. If there is war over Berlin, we shall, in General Norstad's phrase, "use all weapons."

The theory of the pause is valid only if there is the kind of solid defense of Western Europe originally envisaged for NATO. According to the German general-staff experts—who know more than anyone else about fighting the Red Army—that sort of defense could be achieved with about forty-five divisions and supporting air power. Is this sort of defensive power really impossible for NATO to achieve?

It may be. But let us do some more supposing. Suppose the Germans increase their NATO forces from the twelve planned divisions to fifteen or eighteen divisions, which is already under quiet consideration. Suppose that the Algerian war is settled. Suppose that the British reintroduce conscription, which is also under quiet consideration. Suppose the French and the British then together approximately match the German forces in NATO.

Suppose that the American Army in Europe manages to contribute a lot more combat teeth for a lot less noncombat tail. With the Canadian, Dutch and Belgian forces, Western Europe would then be defended by more than forty divisions, enough to provide that "choice between humiliation and a holocaust."

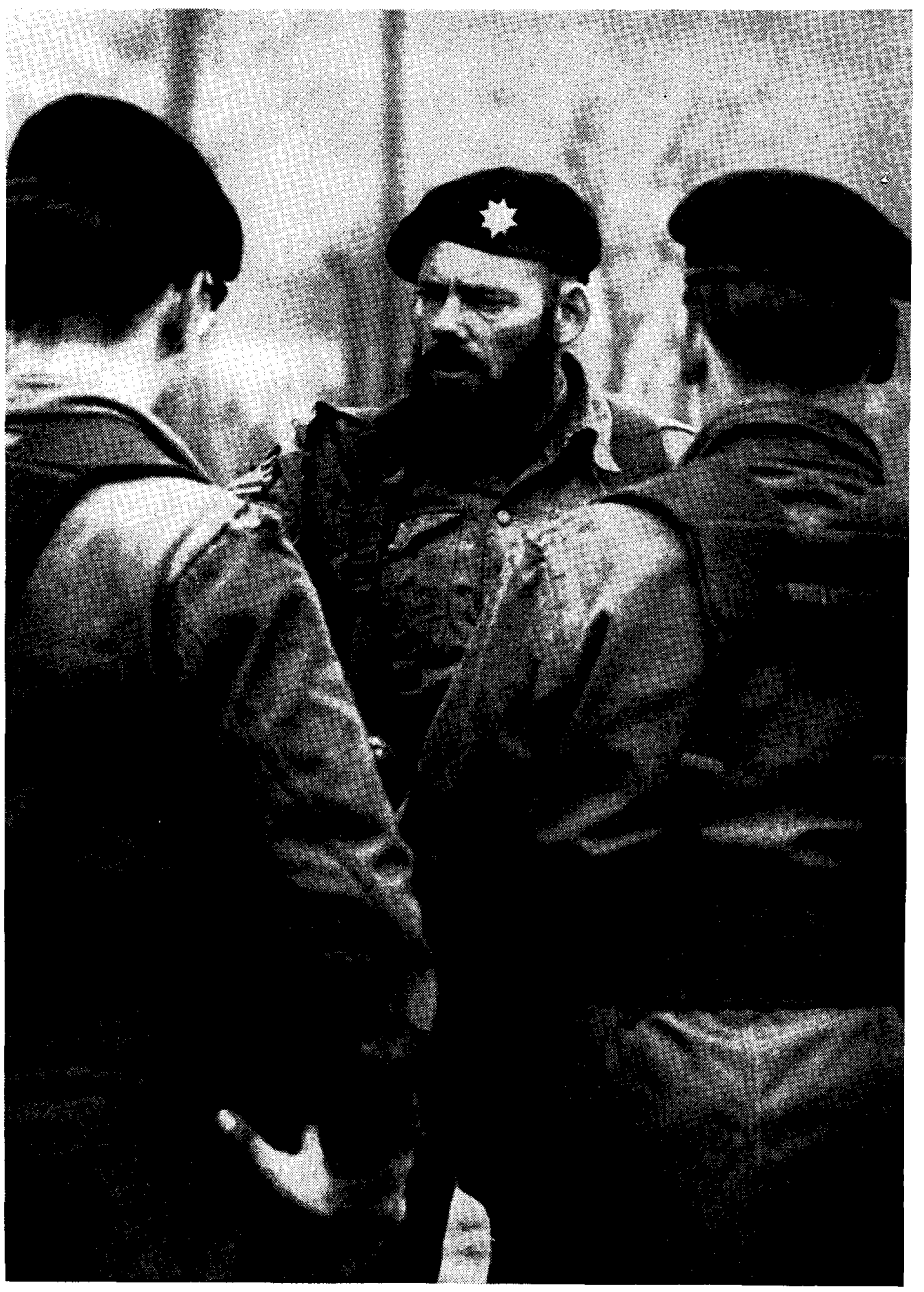
If this list of suppositions should come true, the creeping malaise which one senses in Europe and even here in America, and which derives from our total reliance on an increasingly suicidal weapon, would be eased. Admittedly the list of suppositions is a long and shaky one. But if only there were enough of it, the human material exists for the West to "provide a sufficient proportion of fighting men to protect itself." Of that I am convinced by my visits to the NATO armies.

And what if the West is still totally dependent for its defense on the nuclear weapon when the time comes when Khrushchev achieves the power to annihilate the United States? In 1948, before NATO existed, before the first Soviet atomic test, Winston Churchill asked much the same question:

"What will happen when they get the atomic bomb themselves and have accumulated a large store? You can judge for yourselves what will happen by what is happening now. If these things are done in the green wood, what will be done in the dry?"

The wood is not quite dry even now, thanks to the remaining margin of American nuclear superiority. But the wood will be dry quite soon. When it is, if the West still has no "choice between humiliation and surrender," Khrushchev could quite rationally hope to break the will of the West, and without war. In the remaining interval the West must bestir itself, if Mr. Walder's words are not to be its epitaph. THE END

West Germany's crack troops, "the dominant military power in free Europe," will form 12 divisions by 1963.



Professionals of the "good but little" British Army, "wasting away" since Britain stopped conscription.

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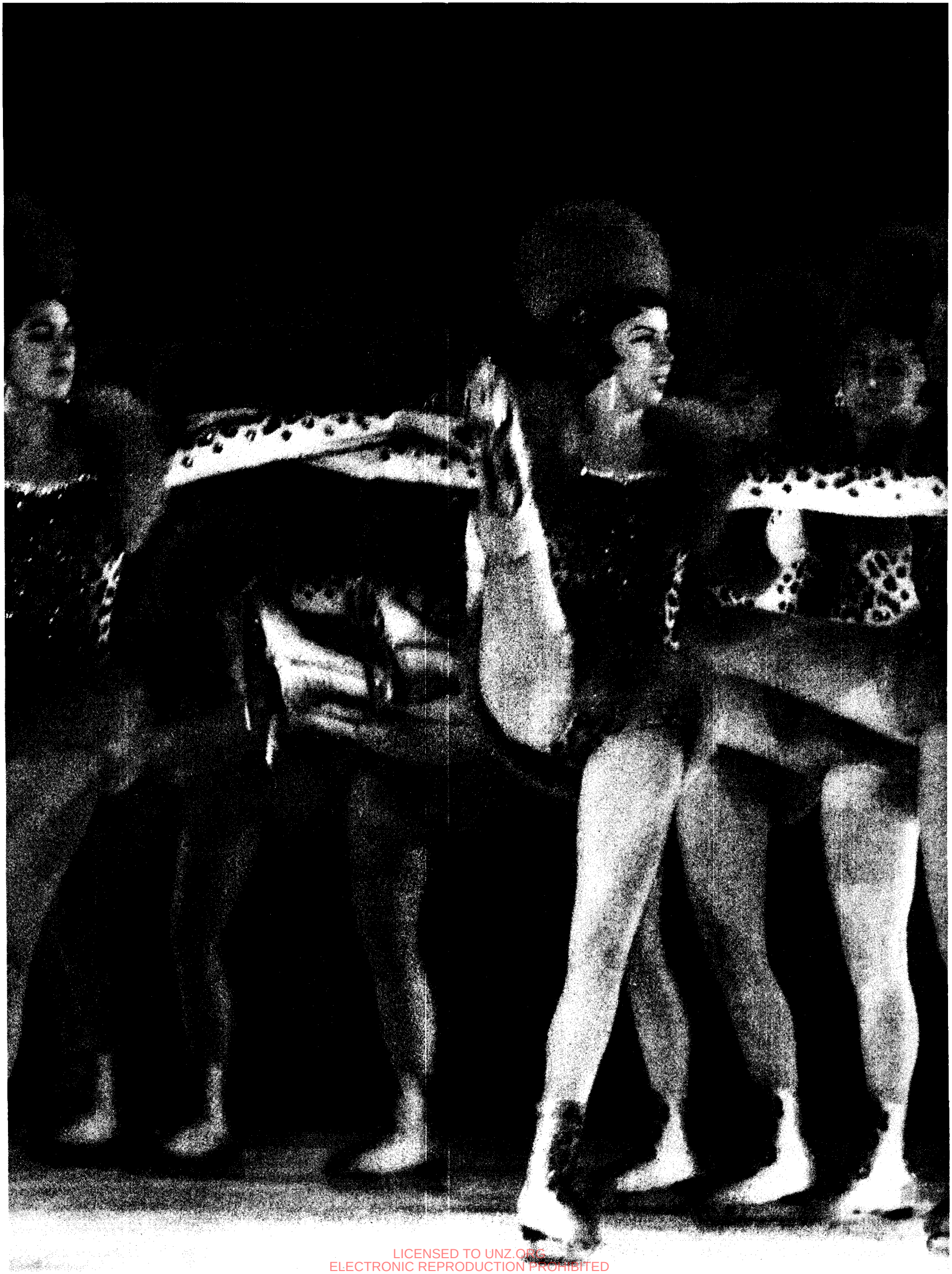

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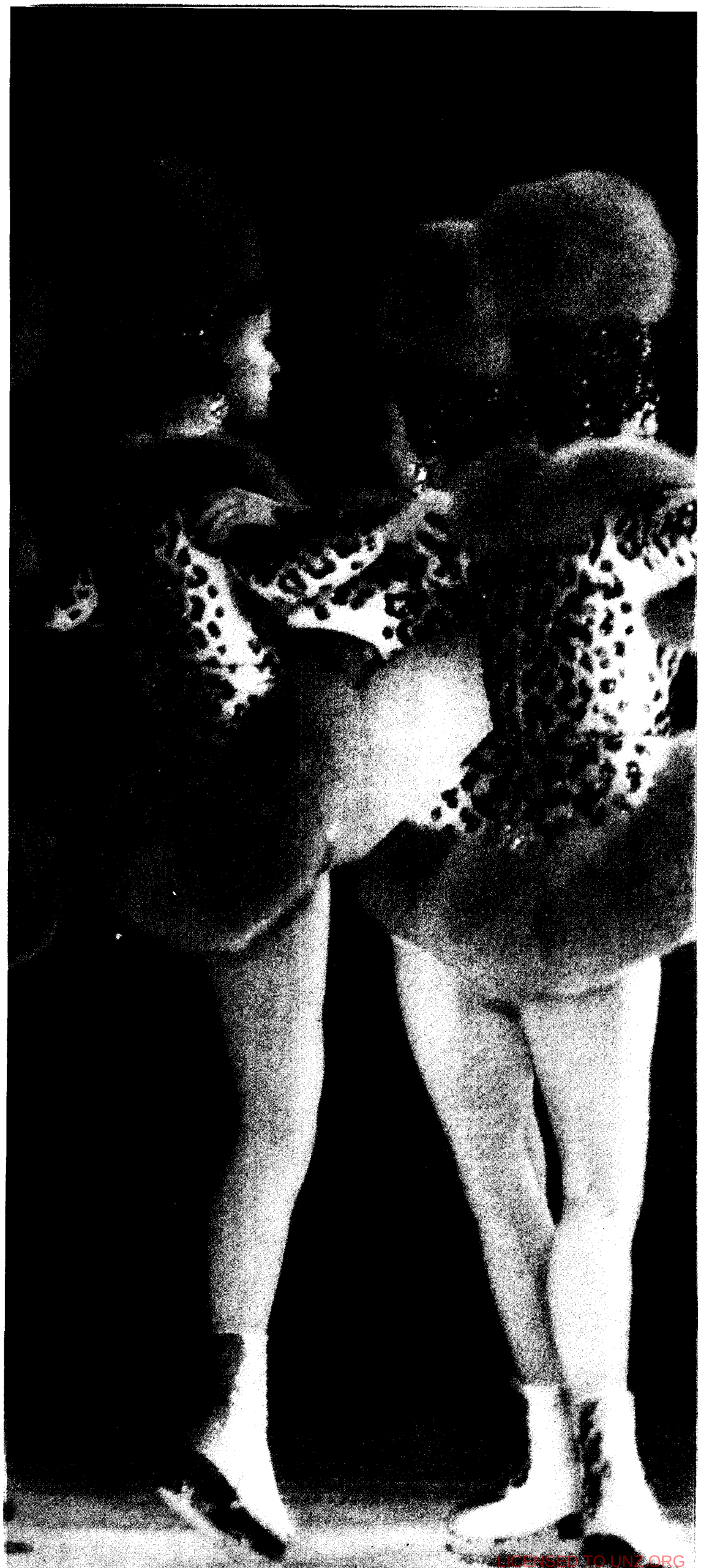

THE Face OF AMERICA

COLOR AND PRECISION

In the swirling cross-wheel these pivot girls have it easy. Clasping hands at the center of the windmill-like formation, they turn a small circle. But the girls at the ends of the windmill arms have huge circles to skate, must hurry just to keep even. It's especially hard work for the tip-enders, because they must be light—easy to swing—and therefore the smallest and shortest-legged of the girls. The troupe is the Ice Ca-Pets, the thirty-two-member precision team of the Ice Capades. Selected for skating skill, good looks and "good character," the girls come from ten countries; many skated in the Olympics. All are between eighteen and twenty-two years old and are paid according to ability. Ice shows, which combine ballet, figure skating and the circus, are big business. This year Ice Capades spent $750,000 on costumes and props, will play to 2,500,000. The Ice Ca-Pets rehearse a precision number six months before they show it to an audience. So flawless is their co-ordination that for comic relief an "accident" is built into the act: One girl loses her hat and has to skate like fury to catch up. It's a gimmick as old as show business, but the customers love it. Photograph by Robert Huntzinger.

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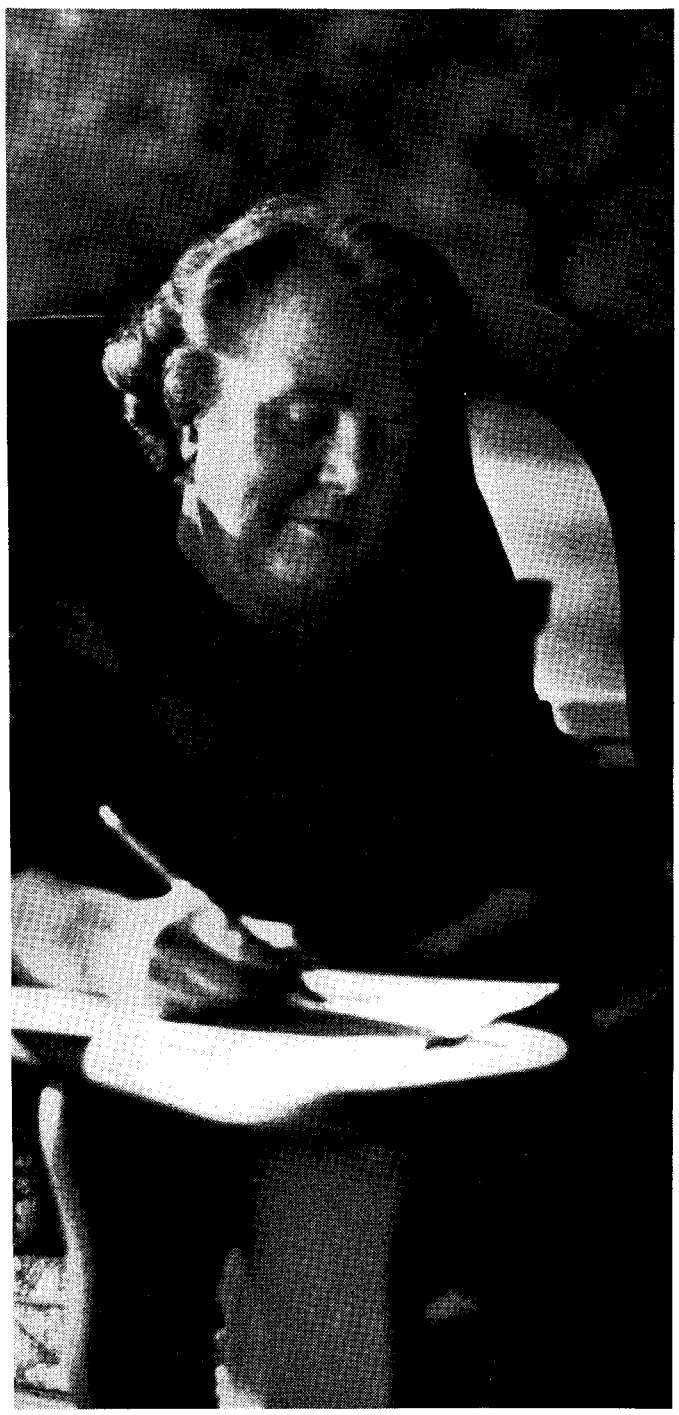
"A Wonderful Profession"

A mother's letter to her son explaining why he will be lucky to become a teacher.

By MARCIA M. MATHEWS



The author, wife of an Emory University teacher: "Although it takes a good deal of aplomb to hide your uncertainties, there is no more exciting experience in the world than your first teaching job."

Dear Son: We've just received your letter telling us you turned down your uncle's offer of a job in his business in order to go to graduate school. I read the letter to your father and when I came to the sentence, "I think Uncle Bill was surprised that I would choose to be a teacher when I could make all that money," we looked at each other and laughed. It reminded us of the time right after the war when your father was offered a job on Wall Street. The wartime naval captain who made him the offer was dumfounded when your father said he thought he would prefer to go back to teaching. From the captain's point of view it did not make sense to turn down a good income for the meager salary of a college professor. Maybe it didn't. But we've never regretted not swapping our ivory tower for a penthouse apartment in New York. It's not as smart, but it's right for us. We hope and believe it will be right for you.

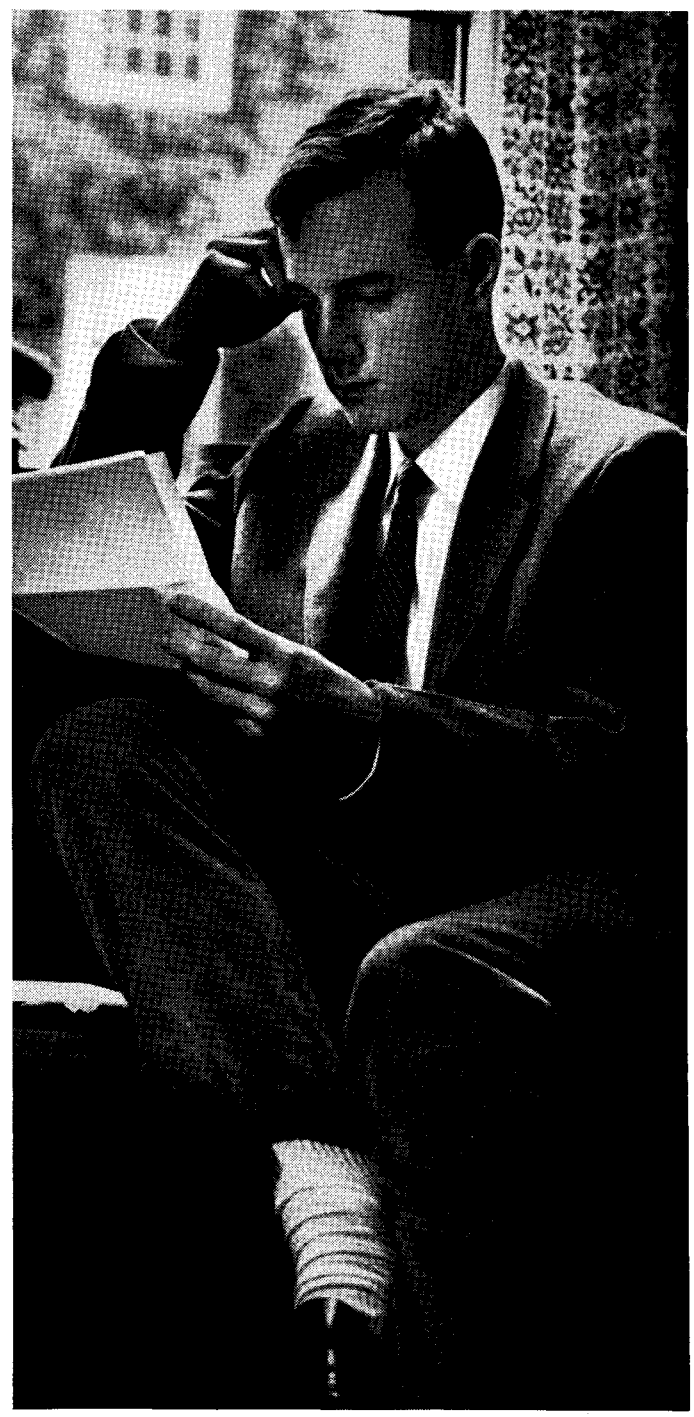
Graduate students are mighty lucky these days. Many of them are married, which was rarely the case when your father and I were in school. Few could afford it then. Jobs were scarce during the '30's. Do you remember that Government official we had lunch with last year in Washington? He was one of the few married students in graduate school with us, and it was a standing joke that he had only one suit of underwear, which his wife washed while he was in bed.

There were no corporation or government grants then, nor many scholarships. A student went to graduate school if one of his teachers thought he had the potential and some way to finance himself. If the financing had been explored too carefully, few would have made the grade. It's no wonder some older teachers feel that present-day college graduates are fed with a silver spoon, with all the scholarships and part-time jobs that are available.

This impression isn't true, as you will find out. Mounting costs make scholarships and salaries seem inadequate at times. It is no wonder many students' wives work to help out. I sometimes think they work harder than their husbands do to earn that degree. They keep house, cook, hold part-time jobs, help in their husbands' research, type their papers and encourage them when they need it. They are not even balked by having a family. There is no nobler breed of young women anywhere than the wives of students struggling in graduate schools!

But fortunately they are spared the kind of poverty we knew, as well as the worry about future jobs. By April of last year your father was writing letters to friends in other universities, trying to find available young history teachers for nearby colleges that had written him for help. All his own students had been placed.

To us this situation seems like heaven. But it seems that heaven is here to stay. There is a greater demand for college



Tim Mathews, a Harvard senior majoring in archaeology. His mother points out: "To switch from student to teacher in one swoop, from passive listener to seer, is rather awe-inspiring."

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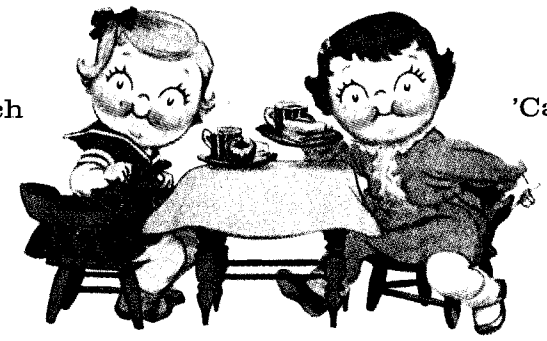
Have soup with your sandwich
...how good you feel



'Cause soup makes any sandwich
a good hot meal!

Great
go-togethers

Soup 'n sandwich

It's the nourishing way to warm up a simple sandwich lunch – good hot soup. And how delicious it tastes when it's Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup. Spoon up those vegetables. They taste so good because they're prize Campbell vegetables, picked when they're ripe from the sun. Spoon up those tender pieces of chicken, those golden egg noodles. Sip that broth. It's good, warming chicken broth, delicately seasoned. Have Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup to balance a sandwich of cheese or meat or egg. It's hot and ready just 4 quick minutes after you open the Campbell can.

Have you had your *Campbell's Soup* today? (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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teachers than ever before in history. Of course, not all jobs are the ones you have set your sights for, nor are you necessarily the one young teacher a leading university has its eye on; but it is a cheerful prospect to know that you are needed and appreciated somewhere.

There is no more exciting experience in the world than your first teaching job. To switch from student to teacher in one swoop, from passive listener to seer, is rather awe-inspiring. It takes a good deal of aplomb to hide your uncertainties, but somehow you live through it and learn to accept the fact that sometimes your students are wiser than you.

I'm often amused at the picture many students have of a teacher's life. When an undergraduate comes to your father and tells him he wants to be a college teacher, your father always asks him why. Usually the boy replies that he likes living on a campus and wants the leisure to write his books. He knows a professor teaches only a few hours a day and he imagines that he devotes the rest of his time to his own pursuits. It's easy to ignore the drudgery and discipline and heartaches that are part of a teacher's life. The student's picture is partially true, but more than slightly out of focus.

If a college teacher finds time for his own pursuits it is often at the expense of other things, even the companionship of his family. While his hours in the classroom are few, he has office hours with students, reports to write, committee meetings to attend and, if he teaches graduate students, theses to direct. Not to mention the out-of-town meetings that always seem to come at the wrong time—Christmas holidays, for instance. Even if summer-school teaching can be avoided—and the extra money is tempting when the house needs paint or doctors' bills run high—research and writing always remain to be done.

Nevertheless the freedom a student thinks the teacher has is not imaginary. It is just not found where he thinks it is. It lies in the life of the spirit that a man creates for himself, through constant study and contact with eager minds, and in his detachment from the dislocations that provoke prejudice. It is this special kind of freedom that is the foundation of his ivory tower.

Ivory towers follow no set pattern. Socrates' was the market place; Galileo's, the limitless universe; Einstein's, his study. A teacher's talents shape his tower.

The best classroom teacher I ever knew was in a small Methodist college in a little Kentucky town. This man taught mathematics, and the best students in that college majored in math whether they had talent for it or not. The man knew intuitively that good teaching is the art of communicating a sense of breathless excitement over some fact or idea that is new to the student. He did not yearn to be at an Ivy League college, the ultimate goal of some teachers. From his tower he revealed to his students a world previously unknown to them. He was the rare and fortunate kind of teacher, the kind that students remember most vividly.

I once heard such a teacher describing a telephone call he'd had from a middle-aged man, a former student of his.

"After all these years I want you to know," the man said, "how much your classes meant to me. I shall never forget what you said."

"What was it I said?" the teacher asked.

There was an embarrassed pause; then the man lamely remarked, "You told me to think for myself."

The old professor laughed, but I think that in his heart he knew what the man meant. He had touched a mainspring in the student's mind that set it in action, that made him, years later, feel grateful for certain attitudes or ideas that had stuck. The truly gifted teacher has this power to awaken his students in an unusual degree. To him we should bow in reverence, as did the ancient Chinese emperor, for he is blessed of the gods.

But the scholar whose talents lie in the realm of creative work is equally valuable to a college. He may not have the popular appeal of the gifted classroom teacher. but without him a college loses vitality; and vitality is contagious.

If a young teacher has this enthusiasm for discovery, he must guard against losing it. In some colleges he will be frustrated by long teaching hours, committee work and peripheral activities. Being low man on the totem pole, he may be asked to bear the heaviest load, take the eight-o'clock classes, and do the jobs no one else wants. Because he aims to be a success he will co-operate eagerly, often at the expense of his own research. He must have the concentration that Emerson called "the one prudence in life" or he's likely to become like the elderly professor at the college where your father took his first teaching job.

When this man heard that your father was spending hours in the library digging on research for a book he was writing, he said, "You don't need to do that here. No one cares whether you publish a book or not." He did not understand your father's desire to contribute even a crumb to the storehouse of knowledge. To him the writing of a book was the means to promotion. He had forgotten, if he had ever known, the joy of the creative scholar. His students were the losers. His ideas were as dog-eared as his notes.

A scholar is often stingy with his time, for he knows the cost of scholarship. I remember a student who had a great admiration for a philosopher whose books were famous. He asked for an appointment with the great man "just to talk," and was graciously received. The scholar offered a cigarette to the student.

"Now," he said, sitting back in his chair and smiling affably, "we shall talk. We shall talk as long as your cigarette lasts. Then, Mr. ——, I must get back to my work." If you think this sounds rude it is because you cannot see the twinkle in the professor's eye. He was telling the boy that a scholar's life is short in relation to the work that he must do.

I sound as though teachers can be typed, don't I? It really doesn't work that way. Most have a combination of talents. The main thing is to elect the work that you are suited for and then to do it as well as you can. There may not be a limit to the influence of a human being, but there is to his energies.

Need I tell you that the personal life of a teacher is a happy one? Most teachers—and their wives—wouldn't change it for the world. Perhaps the best commentary on it is that divorces among us are few. And the faculty child belongs to a privileged group. Do you remember how you loved having the students drop by the house when you were little? The eager exchange of ideas that went on between them was fun. You grew up, as most faculty children do, in an atmosphere where learning is taken for granted, where material values are secondary.

And, like most faculty children, you got a chance to travel. I am reminded, as no doubt you are, that your interest in the classics stems from your father's Sabbatical year in England, when you were eleven and studied Latin under "Old Bot," as you called that beloved disciplinarian in Oxford. He was one of the elect. He made the past so vividly alive that you and your friends could never clap it inside book covers again. We need more "Old Bots" in our schools. We're going overboard with stepped-up courses and long homework assignments, but without the right teacher these assignments can be meaningless. Education is a quality of mind.

But you won't get it, gratis, with your M.A. or your Ph.D. This is something to remember. For all the hours of hard labor that go into graduate work you come out no better educated than before—or, what is worse, educated beyond your capacity—unless you have a genuine love of learning.

It is this love that makes the teacher endure in the face of relatively low pay—though the scale is going up!—and the knowledge that he is, as likely as not, the most expendable element in what has become a vast business organization. It is love of learning that makes him turn down jobs on Wall Street and in his uncle's business. The Ph.D. degree is necessary, I suppose, to winnow the undisciplined minds. An occasional one slips by, of course, without learning the real meaning of scholarship. The "Doctor" before his name and the Phi Beta Kappa key he wears are all the signs that he wants to prove his worth; he remains an alien in the scholar's world.

It takes more than knowledge acquired from books or teachers to build that ivory tower. Your father's basic education began, I believe, during his three-mile trudge to a one-room schoolhouse, holding the hand of a sister five years older than he; during his summer months in high school, when he worked in the tobacco fields with all manner of men; listening to his father's stern sermons in the backwoods of Kentucky. It was not these things in themselves, but their effect upon a young mind that sought, without anger, to understand imponderables. The foundation of his ivory tower was begun early in life. I think most are.

This is a long letter to say that teaching and scholarship are the sesame to a good life. They are not for everyone. I once thought they were not for me. I remember my grandmother's asking me what I wanted to be when I grew up. She had taught grade school during the Civil War.

"A teacher?" she asked hopefully, her blue eyes looking at me over her steel-rimmed glasses.

"Who wants to be a teacher?" I replied rather scornfully.

I wish she could hear me say it now!

I am glad my son wants to become a teacher. He is going into the most wonderful profession in the world. It will not make him rich. It's unlikely it will bring him fame. But I feel sure he will be happy, and it is possible that he will drink of the fountain of youth. For when you grow old sharing the thoughts and dreams of young people, you assume some of their optimism, their charity, their wonder at the unseen treasures always waiting to be found. What more can one ask of one's work? Or of life?

With love,
YOUR MOTHER

Mrs. Mathews and her husband, Dr. Joseph J. Mathews, a professor of European history (standing third from left at rear), entertaining Emory students. The teacher's freedom "lies in the life of the spirit that a man creates for himself, through constant study and contact with eager minds."

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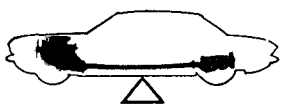

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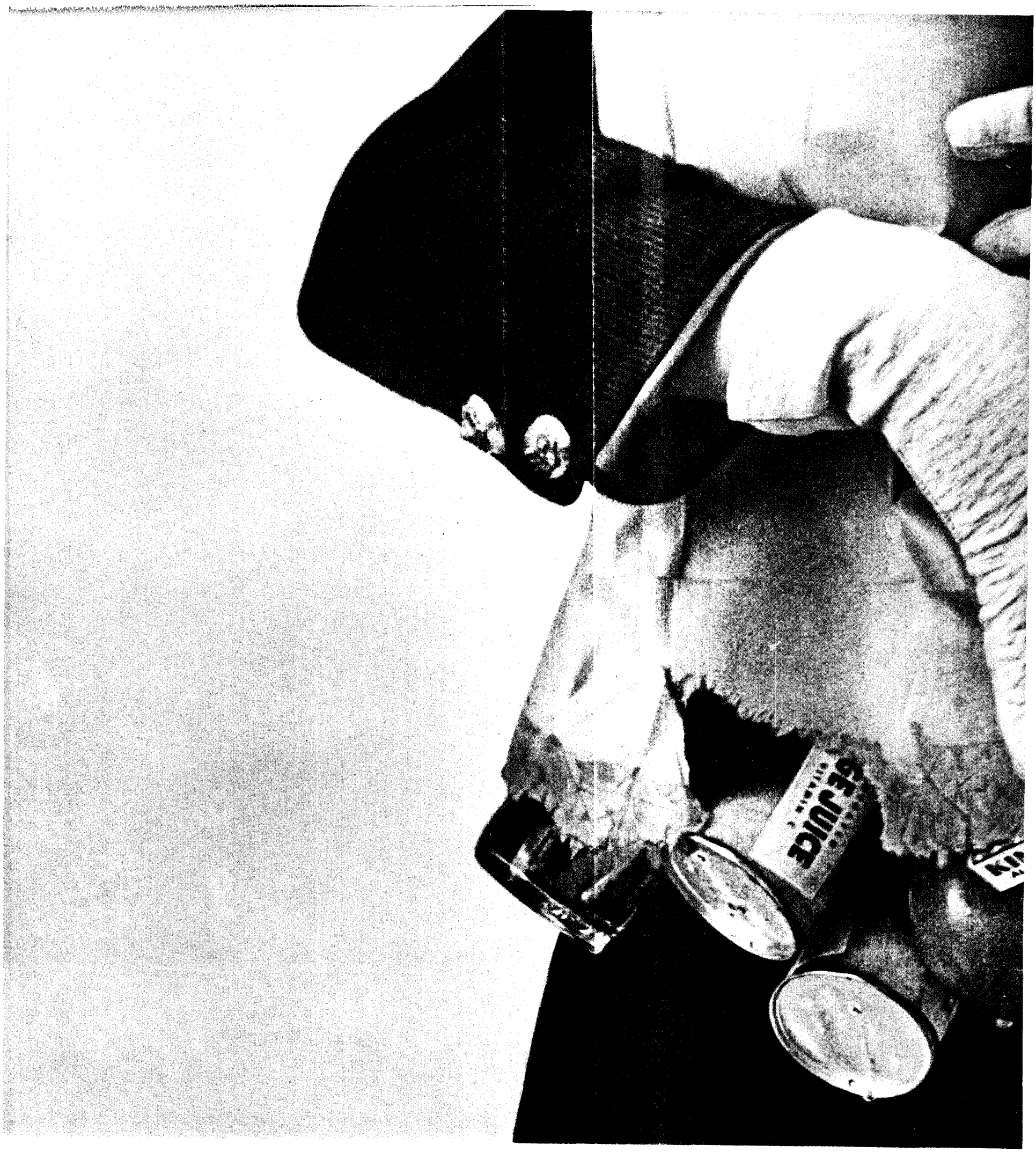

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Mrs. Weston was cool and comfortable. She lay back in her deck chair beside the swimming pool of the big seaside hotel and watched, with pleasure untinged by any desire to emulate, the amphibian antics of her fellow guests, who were swimming and diving and stretching themselves out on hard cement to cook well done, medium or rare.

For a special reason she watched a tall young man in white swimming trunks who had propped himself negligently against the back of the chair next to hers and was staring intently across the pool at a beautiful blonde on its farther side. Mrs. Weston, following his thought processes with practiced ease, leaned forward and spoke to him kindly.

"Save your strength," she advised him. "It's no use. I'm sorry."

He dragged his gaze away from the blonde to smile at Mrs. Weston—obviously he had followed *her* thought processes too.

"Why is it no use?" he asked.

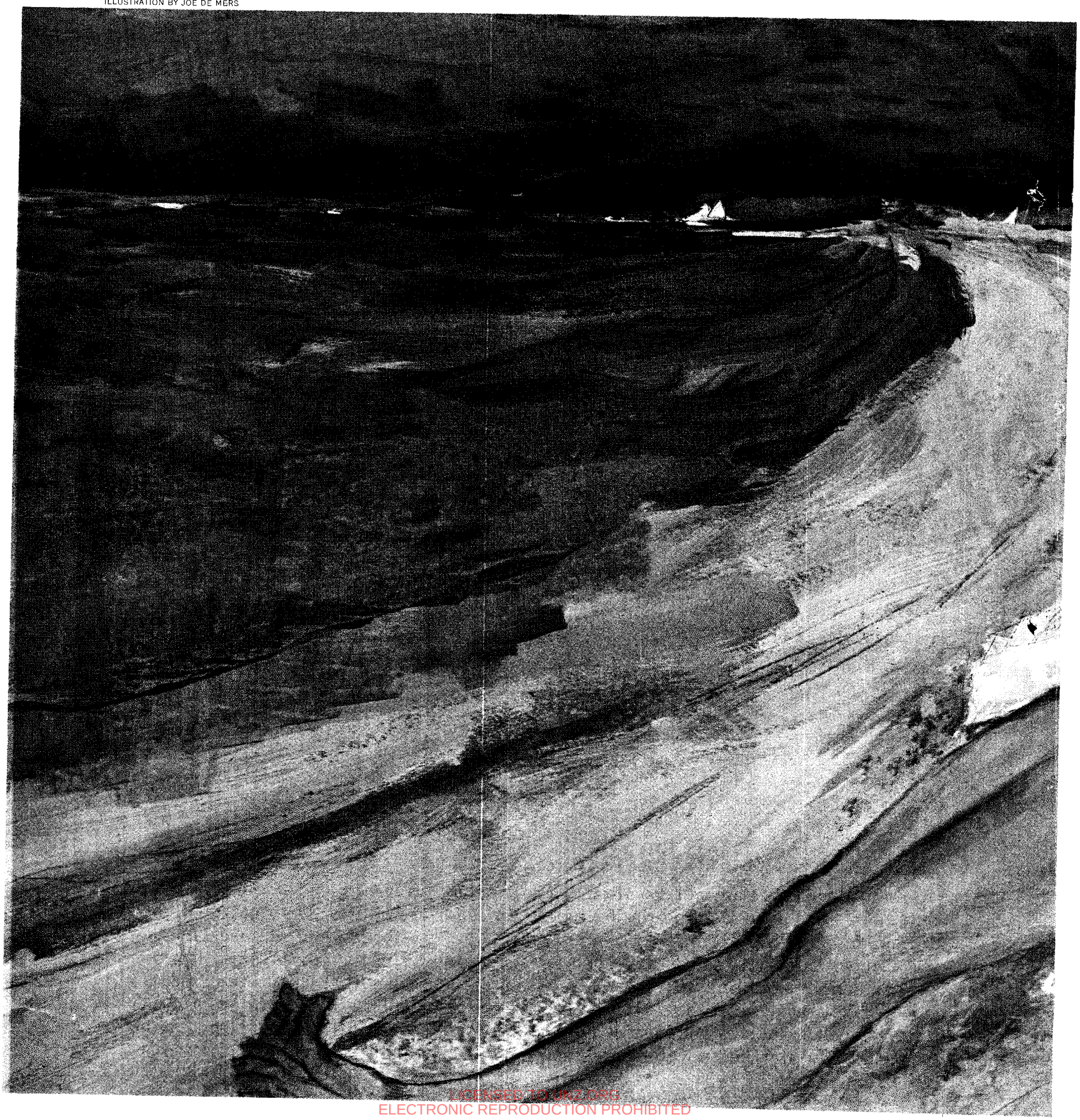
"She hates men," Mrs. Weston explained regretfully. "All of them—the race, the breed, the species. She just hates them as a class."

The young man regarded the blonde with a new intentness. Certainly she was worth a long, long look—her hair was liquid gold, her legs were long and shapely, her skin was bronze. What with one thing and another, she was a girl hard to look away from, but the young man finally managed it and turned back to Mrs. Weston.

"Why are you sorry?" he wanted to know.

"Because it seems possible to me," she answered, "that you could straighten her out on

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DE MERS



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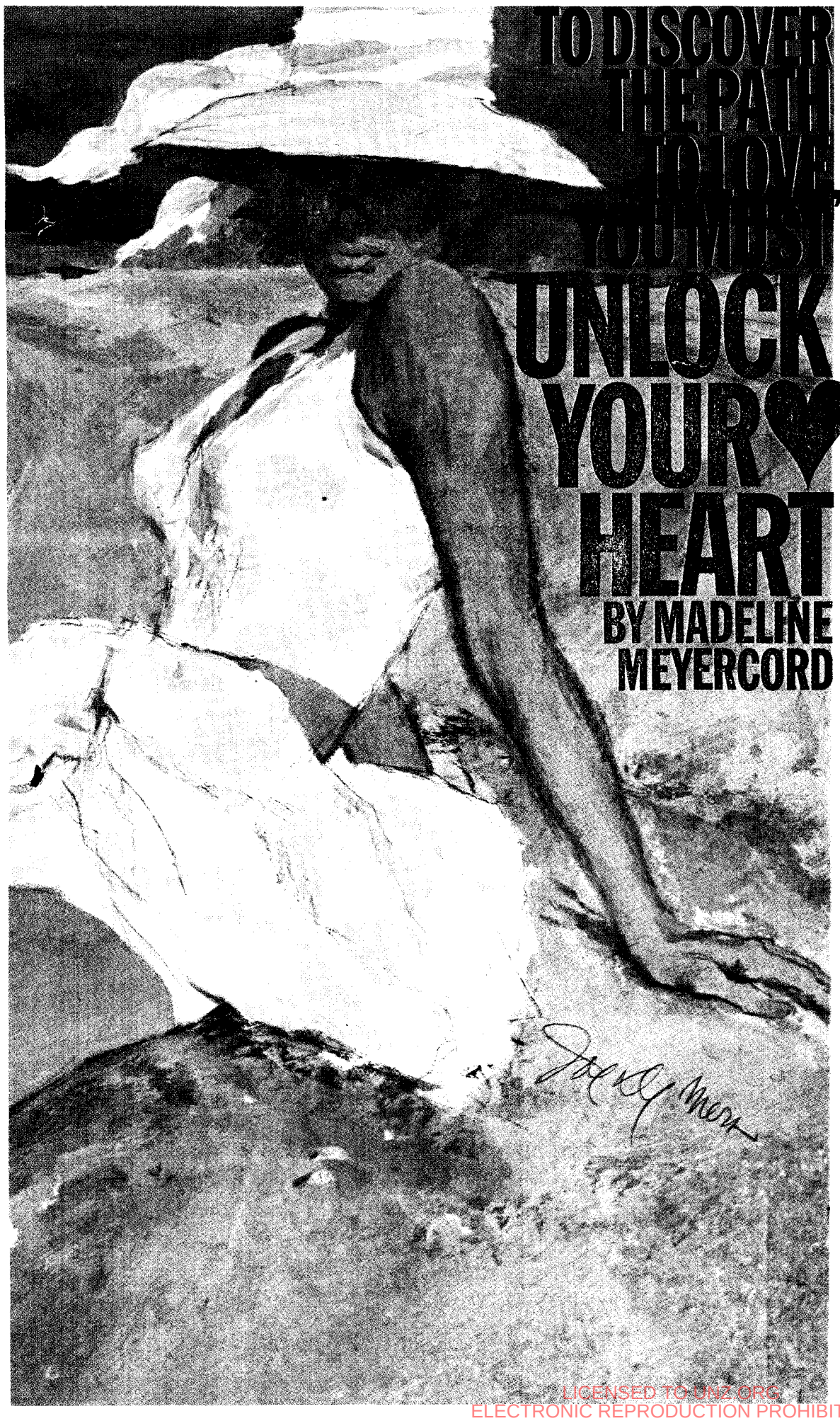
the subject of men, if she could see you."

"Why in the world wouldn't she be able to see me?" His astonishment was understandable, since there he was in plain sight of everybody—all six-feet-plus of him.

"It's a long, sad story," Mrs. Weston sighed. "Do you want to hear it?"

"Well, yes," he told her, collapsing to the grass at her feet and grinning up at her, "since you've discouraged what I had in mind."

"To begin with, that's my daughter Julie—Julie Weston—that you were figuring out approaches to. You needn't bother to tell me that she looks like me, because I know she doesn't. She got those gorgeous golden looks directly from her father, though fortunately on a smaller scale. She also got his brains—and used them, until about a year ago, to very good advantage. She's a biologist. Her specialty is worms." She paused a moment, then went on in a voice turned wistful. "She was perfectly normal and happy as a child—even as a girl. She liked pretty clothes and boys; she went to parties."



"I'll bet she did."

"And then about a year ago she met this man. It seems very strange to me that, with all the worms she's studied, she didn't know he was one. It took her six months to find it out, and when she did—well, I don't know whether it made her distrust men or her own sense in judging men, but anyway, she would have nothing more to do with any of them, not even enough to see that there are good ones and bad ones. 'Man' and 'monster' are synonyms to her."

He started to speak, but she held up a hand. "I know. It sounds extreme, but Julie *is*. I mean, she's young and positive about what she thinks she knows. Perhaps being so pretty, and smart besides, has made things go her way too much. I don't want you to think she's vain and selfish," she assured him earnestly, "because she's not. She's just mentally color-blind to shadings. She'll grow, she'll see and then—" the smile she gave him took all pompous pride from the remark, "—why, then she'll be just perfect, I expect."

Julie was diving. They watched appreciatively. Then the man observed, "But that's not scientific—to base a proof on one example. She should know she ought to experiment some more."

"She should. She does. But she's not using a lot of things she knows. When this man turned out to be such a horrid sight, she just pulled down a blind between herself and everybody else. "Every night, when she came home, I gave her stacks of messages. 'Jim called—he wants to take you dancing,' 'Bill called—he has tickets to a play,' 'Mike says there's a picnic in the making.' To all of them she said no, thanks—no, thanks—no, thanks.

"I couldn't stand it any longer. I told her my arthritis needed warm sea breezes and brought her down here, hoping we could work a double cure. But so far, though lots of

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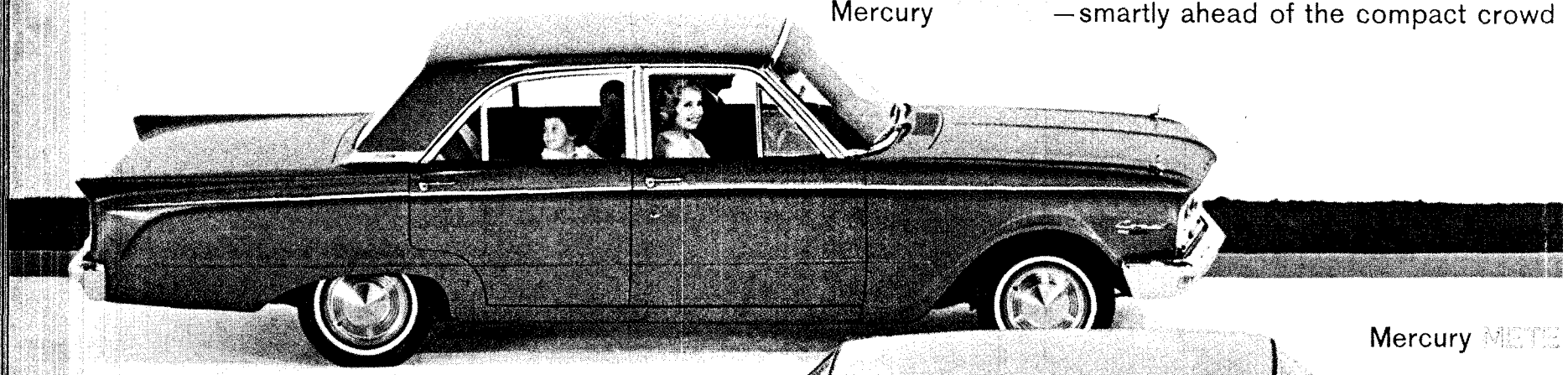

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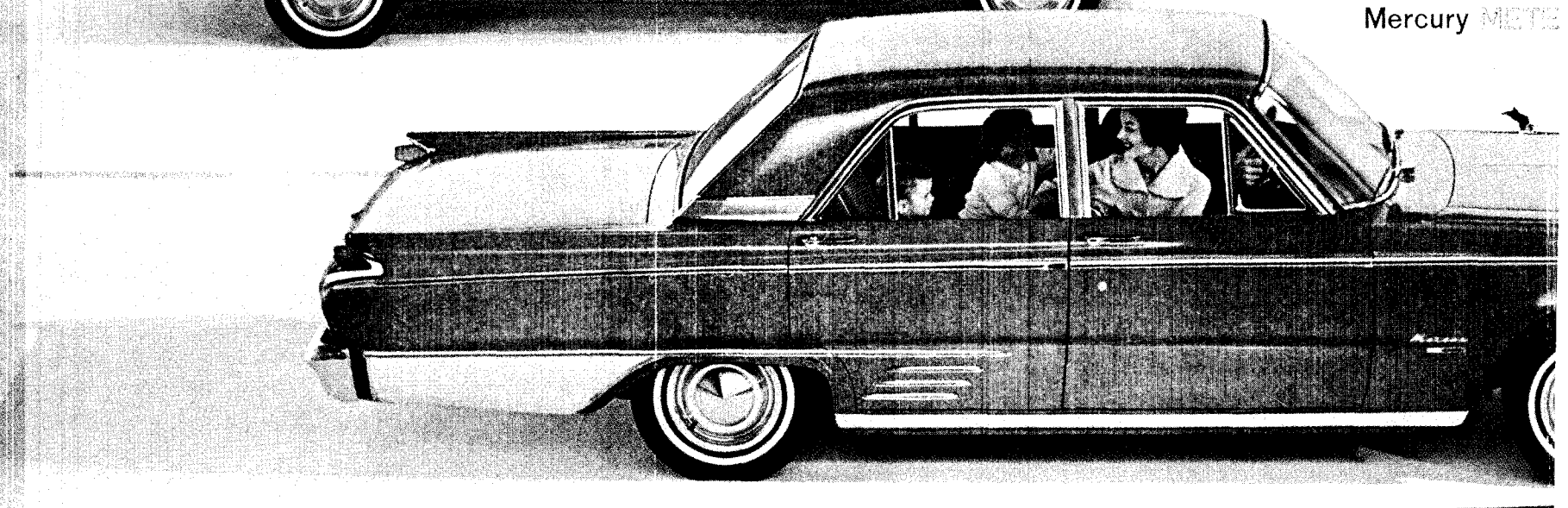

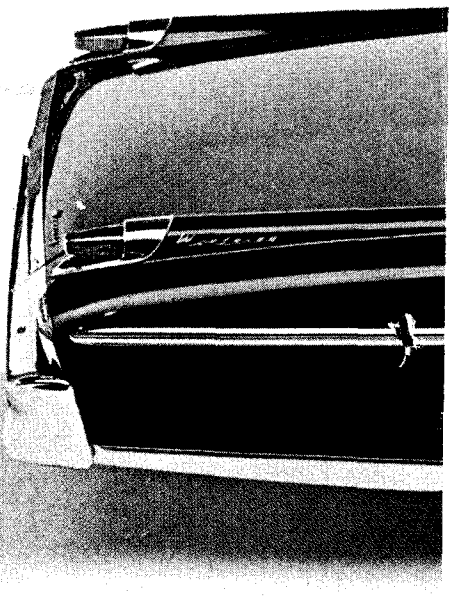

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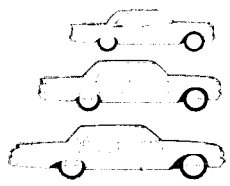

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HEART men—like you—have tried to meet her, nothing has changed except that my arthritis is better."

She waved a supple wrist in demonstration and gave him a very bright and grateful smile.

"You're certainly an easy listener. I don't know when I've babbled on like this before. I couldn't have unburdened myself more comfortably if I had been talking to a psychiatrist."

"You have."

"I have? You mean, you are ——" She sat up straight, fascinated.

"I'm on the staff at the hospital over there," he waved at a huge clump of buildings a block or two behind the beach, "and my office is close by. I swim here sometimes on my hours off."

Mrs. Weston's intelligent eyes were thoughtful. "That's very interesting," she said. "Very interesting, indeed." Appraisingly, analytically, she looked at him, then at her daughter, then at him again. "In your business, you must have to size up people pretty quickly. Would you say I was a person you could trust?"

"Oh, yes—with purse or life."

She smiled. "I trust you, too, though I've never been to school to study people. It's just a knack with me. Do you really want to know my daughter better?"

"I do," he answered, looking across the pool at the sun on the golden hair.

"Then I think I can fix it so she'll let you."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I like you, and I think you'll be good for her. It's very selfish of me, of course ——"

"No, no," he interrupted. "I mean, why will she let me?"

Mrs. Weston studied him with an elaborately wide-eyed regard. "Is it because you're a psychiatrist," she asked, "that you keep asking 'why' instead of 'how' or 'when'?"

"I guess it is," he laughed. "We do get into habits. What *is* the how and when?"

"I'm not quite sure. You tell me who you are and where you can be reached, and then we'll see."

At that moment she really had no scheme at all, at least not one with any shape to it, but it seemed a good idea to think one up, so she sat there trying to figure something out till she was no longer cool and comfortable. She even began to feel a little nervous tightness just above her eyes. And then it came to her—the perfectly possible plan.

And while they were lingering over coffee in the dining room—she listening, Julie talking brightly about what they should do tomorrow, about gathering sea shells and looking at old beach-front houses, and even about having discovered several shops that featured really good antiques—she decided to put the plan to work. It was extreme, even a little risky, but something had to be done. Old houses and antiques! *Oh, Julie*, she thought, *these things are not for you. They're wonderful things, but you're too young. They ought to bore you stiff.*

Eventually Julie noticed that her mother was not saying much and tried to bring her out a bit. "You look charming, Mrs. Weston."

"Thank you, dear. I'm glad I thought to bring this dress along. It has turned out to be just the thing for these cool evenings. But I do wish," she added with a little frown, "I hadn't worn this hat."

Julie went blank for a moment and then laughed, as daughters are allowed to laugh at absent-minded mothers. "Darling, what's the matter with you? You're not wearing a hat!"

Mrs. Weston put up her hands to her head in amazement. "Why, I'm not, am I? Well, that's the strangest thing! It feels exactly as if I have my black lace hat on."

"It's nerves," her scientific daughter assured her. "They tighten up or something. It's a good thing we got you down here for a rest." And then, as her mother still looked doubtful, "Take my word for it, you are not wearing a hat. Have some coffee."

"Well, I don't know whether I should. Take your word for it, I mean. After all, if time and space can move around as they please, so that we're not really where we think we are or even *who* we think we are most of the time, maybe things like hats can come and go. Maybe

beginning NEXT WEEK

A PLAN FOR SURVIVAL

by Dr. Edward Teller famed nuclear physicist

I really do have a hat on when I think I do, instead of not having one on when you think I don't."

"Your theories are all mixed up," pointed out Julie, much amused.

"Maybe it's me that's mixed up. Maybe I ought to see a psychiatrist."

"Oh, sure. You're thoroughly scrambled. Here, see if a cup of coffee will straighten you out."

Mrs. Weston chugged on her single track. "Well, if I really *am* wearing that hat, I want to take it off. It's too tight."

"Oh, mother!" The joke was wearing thin, and Julie was getting tired of it, but Mrs. Weston appeared not to notice.

"By the greatest good luck," she went on, "I happened to meet a very nice psychiatrist today. I'll make an appointment to see him tomorrow."

Julie, who had started to gather up her things, stopped dead. "Where did you meet a psychiatrist today?"

"Down by the pool, while you were swimming."

"Mother! You don't mean that you are going to consult professionally a man you just happened to meet by the pool! Why, he could turn out to be anything—even a murderer! You can't just go kiting off to consult anybody who says he's a doctor! Besides," as if this settled the matter, "you promised to go up the beach with me tomorrow looking for shells."

"Well, I can't go looking for sea shells in a hat that's too tight, can I?"

"Oh, mother!" This time Julie did get up. Mrs. Weston could read her thought on her face—*Why, oh why must older people drag things out forever?*

But Julie had forgotten the whole thing by morning. Glowing and golden—she almost hurt the eyes—she prodded her mother awake at an early hour. "Come, lazy mother, get up, get up. It's a beautiful day. Let's get going after those gastropods and pelecypods."

Mrs. Weston sat up with a sort of bent-over stagger. "Oh, dear, oh, dear," she moaned. "I feel awful."

"Something you ate, sweetie?" How casually the mint-new young can take the minor ailments of their deteriorated elders! However, Julie's mood was kindly. She was even willing to revive her mother's little joke. "You're not wearing a hat at *this* hour, I hope?"

"My green beret." Mrs. Weston leaned back carefully and closed her eyes.

Julie stood speechless, riffling through her orderly mind, Mrs. Weston assumed, for something that would explain such demented behavior on the part of someone she knew to be perfectly sane. She found one that satisfied her, and her face cleared. "Mother, if this is some elaborate scheme to keep from going shell hunting with me, you don't have to put yourself to so much trouble. We're friends, remember? All you have to do is say you don't want to go. I won't sulk. I'll go on quite happily by myself."

"But I do want to go." Mrs. Weston opened eyes that were woebegone and foggy. "I've been looking forward to it all week. It's just that I'm so miserable."

"Well, it *must* have been something you ate. Take a couple of aspirin and go back to sleep. By evening you should be your perky little self again."

And indeed she seemed to be. The gray curls framed a face that was smiling and at ease. She admired the shells with gratifying enthusiasm and, at dinner, listened appreciatively to Julie's expatiation upon them. Julie, running at last out of sea-shell talk and looking more beautiful than anybody has a right to look after trudging over miles of wet sand, eyed her mother quizzically across the dining table.

"You seem to be completely recovered, Mrs. W. To what do you attribute your rapid cure? Bed rest? Aspirin?"

"Well, dear, it was really Doctor Miller who did it."

"Doctor Miller? Who's he?"

"I told you about him, dear—the psychiatrist I met by the pool."

"Mother! You didn't go to that man!"

"Yes, dear, I did. I was feeling dreadfully unhappy, and I knew I must be mixed up, because nobody has a hat on when she wakes up in the morning unless she was drunk the night before, which I wasn't—or was I? There! You can see what it leads to when you don't have a firm grip on things. So I just trotted around to his office, as he said to do, and luckily found him between patients, so he was able to talk to me."

"And what did he say?" Julie's tone condemned in advance every word he had uttered.

"He was very reassuring. He said that this feeling that I have on a hat when I don't is a delusional thing—some kind of defensive reaction to a threatening situation."

"Such as?" Julie's scorn scorched the air.

"Well, in that short time, of course, he couldn't exactly isolate one, but you know that a person like me—a lone, lorn widow—is bound to ——"

"Nuts," interrupted Julie. "You may be lone, Mrs. Weston, but you sure ain't lorn! This is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. How are you supposed to treat this delusion of yours?"

"Doctor Miller says that when the sensation of having a hat on comes over me, I should just say firmly to myself—after I have checked to make sure that I am not *really* wearing a hat, of course—'I am not wearing a hat. I am not wearing a hat.' Eventually, he says, I will convince myself."

"Oh, for gosh sakes! This gets sillier and sillier. You're not going back to him any more, are you?"

"Well, dear, I think we must find out what puts me on the defensive, don't you? Else I'll lose the value of the counseling I've already had."

"And the doctor will lose his twenty-five per. How much *did* he charge you for your little séance this morning?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Oh, now I know he's a phony."

"You don't know any such thing. He said we were just having a friendly chat, and later on, if my problem didn't solve itself, we could talk about fees."

"Well, young lady," announced Julie, affectionately firm and sweetly condescending, "I think you have fallen into the hands of a fortune hunter, and I personally am going to see that there *is* no later on. If I have to, I'll burn all your hats, including that luscious new pink one, and then you'll know you don't have a hat on, because you won't have a hat! —— Mother, don't look so pained. You know I wouldn't really do it—at least, not the pink one —— Mother, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Weston, with her eyes closed and her hands clasped tightly together, was repeating over and over in an agitated whisper, "I am *not* wearing a hat! I am *not* wearing a hat!"

"Oh, *mother!*" It was as near to a wail as the forthright Julie had ever come. Abruptly she rose to her feet. "I'll wait for you on the terrace," she said.

Mrs. Weston and all the men in the dining room watched her go. She walked as a tree stands in the wind, as a cloud moves. Mrs. Weston's eyes were compassionate and tender. She knew that Julie was not walking away from her; she was walking away from all complicated human relationships. She wanted to keep life simple, to stay uninvolved. She had been involved once, and it had hurt. Now, if she acknowledged that her mother was in some tangled emotional state, she would have to get involved again. That's the trouble with love, thought Mrs. Weston; it draws you into other people's monkey-puzzle lives.

She poured another cup of coffee and drank it slowly, giving Julie time to sweep out any confusion in her mind. Julie liked to keep everything—facts, ideas, people—cross-filed and catalogued. Mental untidiness, like any other kind, upset her.

When she judged that there had been time for Julie's thoughts to arrange themselves, Mrs. Weston went out on the terrace—and promptly messed everything up again with one breezy little comment. "Why, there's Doctor Miller now," she said.

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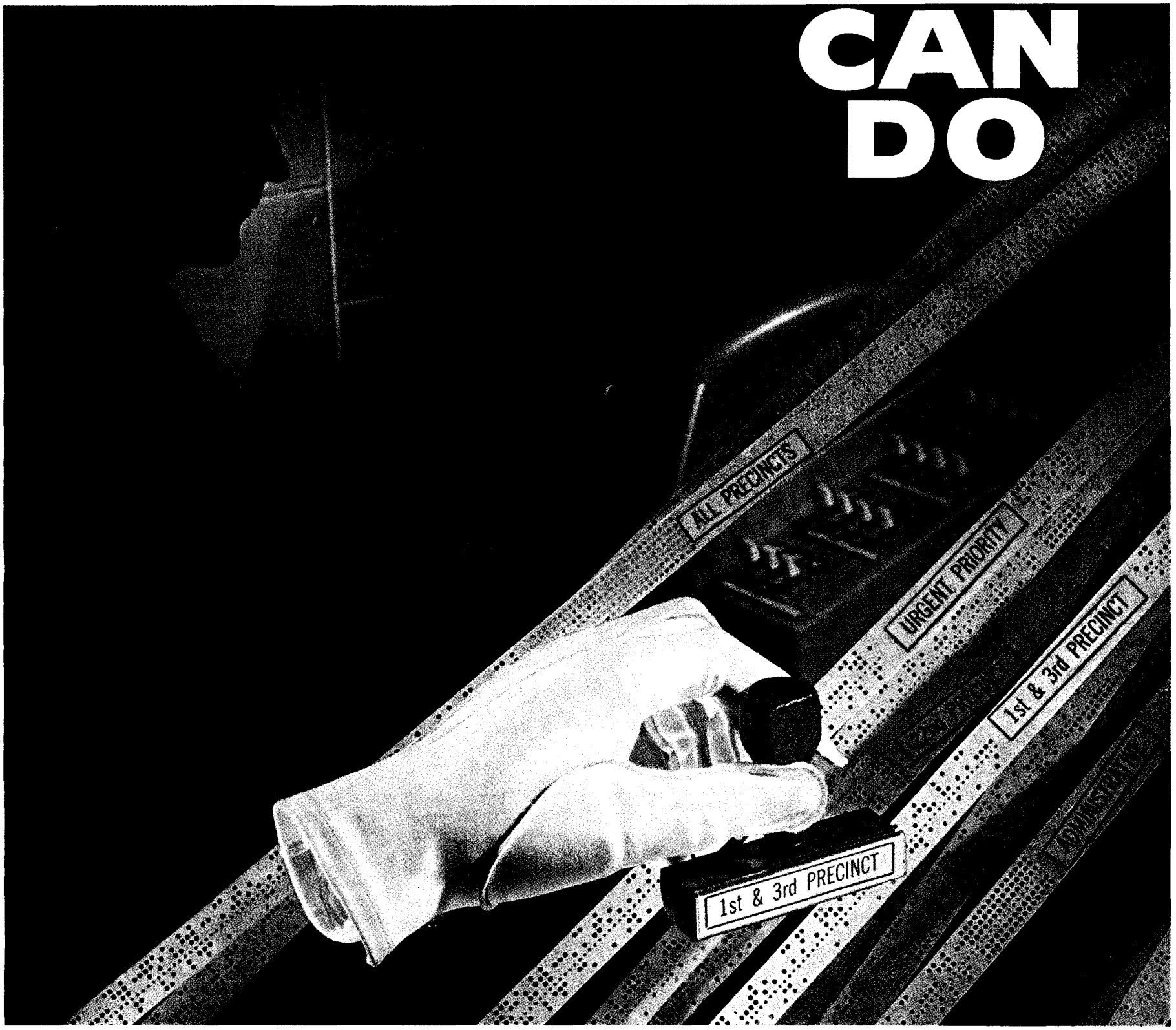

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HEART

Julie turned to face him, eyes frosty enough to freeze fresh vegetables. But at her first good look the ice dissolved, and for a moment her face lay open, disarmed, unguarded. Then it closed again, tighter than before—tighter than a hospital door with a NO VISITORS sign on it, tighter than a steel partition behind which a fire is raging. She turned to her mother without another glance in the doctor's direction. "I'm going inside," she said, and went.

"Ouch," said the doctor.

"I hope I know what I'm doing," murmured Mrs. Weston.

"So do I," fervently echoed the doctor. "She's furious. Is that what you had in mind?"

"Not exactly. I just wanted her to look at you."

"Well, she did." He shivered at the memory.

Mrs. Weston considered spending the night in the lobby but decided that that would be cowardly. With admirable self-discipline she went up to their room, where Julie was pacing the floor in long, swooping strides, brushing her hair with angry stabbings, and making heroic pictures of herself every time she stopped. Mrs. Weston had never seen her so full of righteous wrath.

"A man like that!" she railed. "A man with looks and manners! It would be bad enough if he were some little weaselly type who had to make up to himself for something, but a man like that—with that smile and those eyes! Oh, I just can't see how anyone could stand so tall and stoop so low!"

"Now, Julie," interposed Mrs. Weston, "you're all wrong about Doctor Miller."

"I can't be wrong. There is just simply no other explanation for his inventing all that stuff about the hats."

"But the hats were my idea."

"You couldn't have thought them up all by yourself," stated Julie flatly.

Oh, couldn't I? retorted Mrs. Weston, but not out loud, not with Julie walking around like a Valkyrie, pounding on things with a hairbrush.

"I don't want you to have anything more to do with him, mother. Just put him and his hats right out of your mind. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Weston.

"He is a knave, a villain, a snake in the grass, a caitiff, a wretch!"

"What's a caitiff?" asked Mrs. Weston, interested.

"I don't know, but he is one," Julie announced with relish, after which she seemed satisfied to put out the light and climb into bed.

Mrs. Weston, never willingly an early riser and especially reluctant to set foot in a day that was almost certain to be fraught with confusion, clashes, even contumely (it doesn't much matter what a day is fraught with; it is its being fraught that makes it so exhausting), was not surprised—was, in fact, relieved—to find that Julie was out and gone the next morning before she herself had opened an eye.

When she was unable to find her on the beach or in the pool or anywhere about the premises of the hotel, however, she began to be uneasy. It was not that she considered Julie incapable of looking after herself—heavens no—but when you have been reacting in a certain way to not knowing where your child is since she was able to crawl, you can't stop when she is twenty-two and taller than you and twice as positive.

As the morning fretted on, she was troubled by recurring pictures of Julie drowned in the surf, Julie run over by a car, Julie in some unspecified peril. Toward eleven o'clock Doctor Miller called her. After that she knew where Julie had been, but the knowledge only intensified her apprehension and dismay. For Julie had been at Doctor Miller's office before he himself had reached it. As soon as he had arrived, she had confronted him, looking like a maiden off an ancient porch in Greece, and had handed him an ultimatum to this effect:

"Doctor Miller, I want you to stop seeing my mother. You know perfectly well that there is nothing whatever the matter with her. To continue to treat her would be a breach of professional ethics, if you know what those are. I have no idea whether you are encouraging her to think she has delusions in order to collect a few fat fees or whether you hope to flatter your way into her affections so you can swindle her on a larger scale, but whatever it is, it won't work."

"Why won't it?" the doctor had asked.

"I won't let it," the avenging angel had replied. "I don't know how you knew my mother was a lone—that my mother is a widow with an income of her own, but I'm sure you have various unsavory ways of finding out these things. You've probably done it many times before." She had flung a scathing look all up and down him. "I think a man who poses as a doctor in order to victimize women is utterly, utterly to be despised!"

The doctor had waited politely, but she had seemed to be through.

"Is that all?" he had asked her, just to be sure.

"Yes, it is." Her tone had suggested that he should have found it more than enough. "I came here only to say that I want you to leave my mother alone."

He had hesitated a moment and then decided that he, too, had something to say. "Miss Weston, you say that I know that there is nothing the matter with your mother. You're right. I do. But do you?"

"Of course I do. She's a perfectly sane, intelligent woman."

"Then why are you here?"

"I told you. I came to say ——"

"If you believe your mother to be sane and intelligent, Miss Weston, why don't you believe that she is capable of managing her own affairs?"

"Why, I ——"

"I'll tell you why, Miss Weston," he had persisted. "You've let bitterness infect your soul and corrupt your intellect, though it doesn't show," he couldn't help remarking, "from the outside. You prejudge people and their motives, without giving them a chance to speak for themselves. You think you are the only one who knows what's what, so everybody has to do what you say. And to make sure that nobody steps out on his own, you rush around blocking the exits, like now. The reason you're here, Miss Weston, is that you don't trust anyone to be decent or competent, even your own mother."

"I certainly do! But I don't trust *you*, and I want you to leave mother alone!"

"I heard you the first time," he had told her. "Believe me, your mother is in no danger. But you are. You're dying from the inside out, Miss Weston. Your mother told me about that man in whom you were so desperately disappointed, but it's not his fault that you are shrinking inward. Being loved is not what keeps people healthy—it's loving that does it.

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Whatever the end turns out to be, it's loving without wanting anything back for it that keeps people from going numb and blind.

"Look around you, Miss Weston. How many colors of human behavior can you still distinguish? Not even your own mother's face comes through to you clearly. If it did, you wouldn't have been fooled for one minute about the hats. My professional advice to you, Miss Weston, offered freely and very sincerely, is that you prick yourself every morning with a pin of pure human compassion just to see if you can still feel it.'

"I didn't come here for advice, free or otherwise," Julie had told him. "I came here ——"

"To tell me to leave your mother alone," he had finished for her, and she had turned and started toward the door so fast he had had to jump to open it to keep her from walking through it.

And he hadn't seen her since.

"Do you mean she hasn't come back to the hotel at all?" he asked, very much concerned. "Maybe I was a little too hard on her."

"I don't think so," she assured him. "Somebody had to be."

"She hates me. Not men in general any more—me, personally."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Weston absently agreed. "She hated you on sight."

Man is the only animal capable of laughing at himself, with reason.

Charles Ruffing

It was too bad, and she did feel responsible, but she couldn't spare any worry for the doctor right then, with her only child gone she knew not whither, doing she knew not what.

Now, as she went compulsively up and down in elevators and in and out of doors, she saw, added to her early dark-hued mental pictures, visions of Julie in high dudgeon (an odd term—something like racing gear, she imagined), catching a train for home, or of Julie, her beauty blurred and tarnished—things happen fast in visions—sitting somewhere in a dingy bar.

Mrs. Weston's logical self said pish-tush to the visions, but the mother hen in her kept seeing things. Especially since she knew it was all her fault. Why, oh, why, after having always maintained that people shouldn't meddle with people, had she tried to come down from Olympus and poke around in the life of her only child—not to mention the life of a handsome young stranger? Julie probably hated her, too, along with him. It wouldn't be surprising for a daughter to hate a mother who played silly tricks on her. And it didn't make it a bit better that she had done it for Julie's own good. If all the things people had done for other people's good were stacked together, what a gruesome heap of horror that would be!

And then—what seemed to be absolutely the worst of all—when, after sundown, in the strange light that hangs over the hours between day and night, Julie finally did appear, Mrs. Weston and Doctor Miller were standing together at the top of the terrace steps. It was purely accidental; their anxious paths had merely chanced to cross. ("What have we done?" they had asked each other, and then, "What shall we do?") *But oh, dear, oh, dear. She'll think we're plotting*, thought Mrs. Weston miserably. *She'll hate us both.* She felt herself sinking deep into an abyss of guilt, a pit prepared especially for her and Pandora and Psyche's sister and all other busybodies.

But when Julie came up the steps—her hair blown, her eyes tired, her step slow—Mrs. Weston's face showed only pleasure and a natural concern. (Such is the discipline acquired by living years of days fraught with one thing or another.)

"Well, darling, hello! Where on earth have you been?"

"On the beach."

Of course. If the logical self had been able to make itself heard, it could have told her that Julie would go no farther than the beach, would not run away, would not obliterate herself, would not succumb. She would sit still and let ocean's depth and sound and heaven's winds carve away the nonessentials, leaving the problem bare. But what had she done with it then? Solved it? Broken it into pieces? Walked away and left it? She searched her daughter's face.

"Mother," Julie asked her gently, "are you wearing a hat?"

Mrs. Weston was on the point of saying no, then changed her mind. "Yes, dear, I am, but it's only that little pancake affair with the blue roses. I hadn't bothered to think it off, because it's so light I can hardly feel it, but I can easily ——"

"Never mind. Leave it on. It's very becoming."

Mrs. Weston's spirits dragged themselves up over the edges of the pit. Julie had figured the whole thing out—the why of it, and everything—and she didn't hate anybody. Wonderful Julie—perfect, as her mother had known she would be, once she looked out instead of in. Beautiful, sunburned, beach-rumpled Julie, turning to the doctor with a sweet new humility.

"I owe you an apology, doctor."

"Not at all."

"Oh, but I do. I shouldn't have come bursting in, abusing you like that. It was just that I didn't know you."

"Your mother trusted me on sight," the doctor mentioned pointedly.

"I know. She has a knack." For the first time he saw her smile. "You'll have to make allowances for me, because I've been sick."

He got his breath back and leaned toward her with solicitous regard. "I'm sorry to hear that. Are you better now?"

"Much better, thank you." And again that smile. "The sea air is simply doing wonders for me."

"Well, don't depend too much on it. I really think—I'm not trying to drum up business, you understand, but I think you should be under a doctor's care."

"Perhaps I should."

Mrs. Weston took a good, deep breath—the first, it seemed to her, in many days. Everything had worked out fine, just as she had hoped it would; but never again, she promised herself, would she try to switch any person's train of thought from one track to another. For one thing, she wasn't sure it had been necessary. Judging by the way Julie and the doctor were looking at each other, she could just have sat still in her deck chair and left everything to chemistry. And for another, she was tired. She wondered if they would notice—no, she was sure they would not.

"If nobody minds," she said, "I think I'll go upstairs and take off my hat."

THE END

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THE TROUBLE WITH THE HALL OF FAME

An all-time great pitcher tells what he thinks are the biggest injustices in baseball's permanent honor roll.

By BOB FELLER
as told to Edward Linn

Any day now the results should be announced on the latest balloting for the Baseball Hall of Fame. Since Sid Keener, the director of this institution in Cooperstown, New York, has asked me to look around my attic for a few mementos of my career, I assume that I have a chance of being elected.

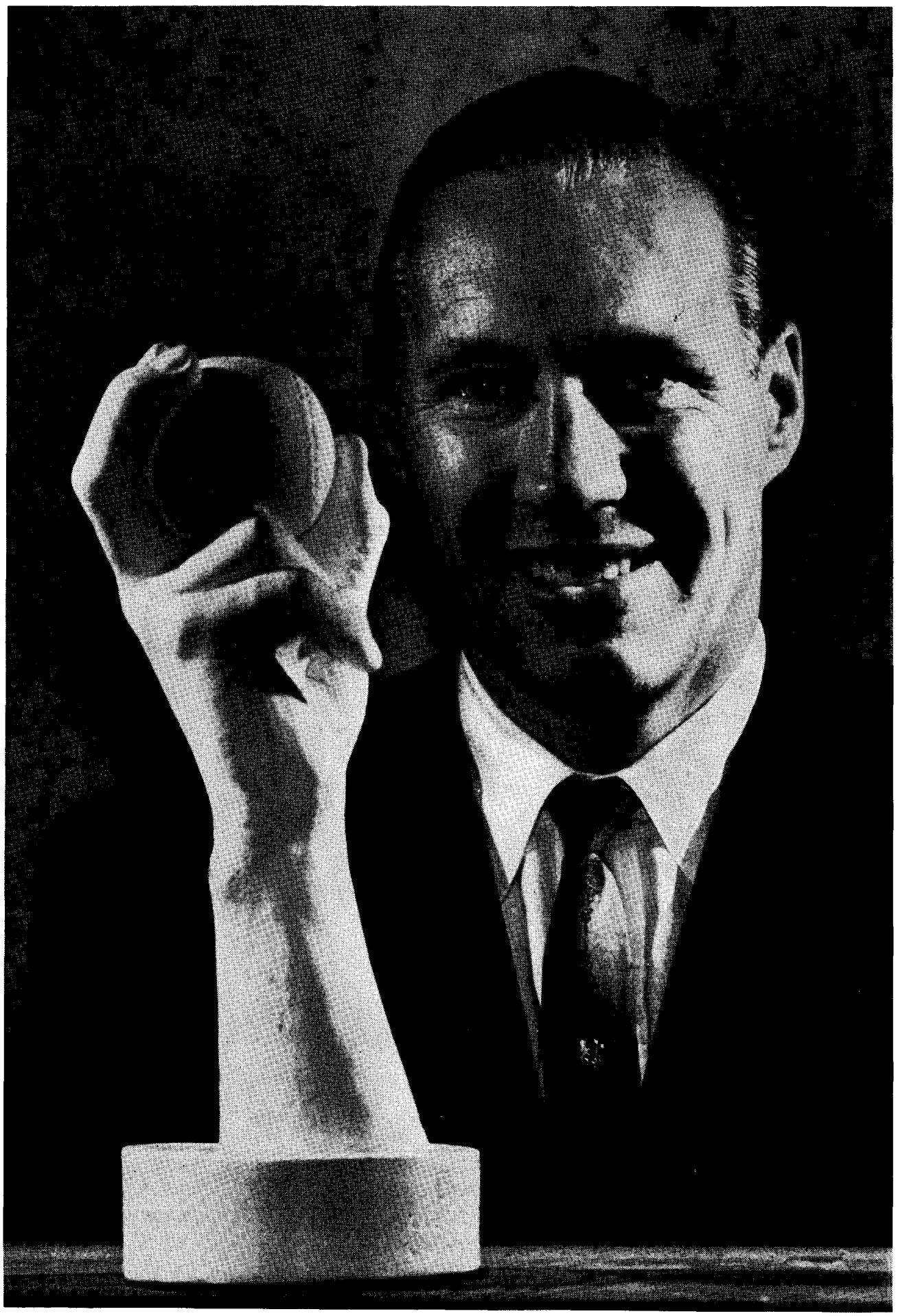
Up to now only eighty-six men from all of baseball history—some of them officials rather than players—have been honored with plaques in the Hall of Fame. Under present rules, a player cannot be considered until he has been retired for at least five years. The longer you are away from the game, as I have discovered since quitting at the end of 1956, the more important this kind of permanent recognition becomes. I think the rule requiring a five-year wait is a good one from every point of view.

On the other hand, there are things about the selection procedure that I do not consider quite so good. There seems to be a growing belief that modern ballplayers should be judged by more severe standards than the old-timers in order not to "cheapen" the Hall of Fame. This kind of thinking was perfectly expressed by Commissioner Ford Frick in 1950. He congratulated the members of the Baseball Writers' Association, who do the selecting of modern players, for "upholding and increasing the stature of the Hall" by not giving anybody at all the required 75 per cent of their ballots. And yet among the men who had been passed over that year were such players as Jimmy Foxx, Bill Terry, Paul Waner and Dizzy Dean.

All four of them eventually made it, along with some others. Then, after Hank Greenberg and Joe Cronin qualified in 1956, the rules were changed so that elections would be held every two years instead of annually.

Well, there seems to be little danger of overcrowding the old heroes already in Cooperstown. Although a separate Committee on Veterans has added a few more old-timers, no modern player has been elected by the baseball writers since 1956.

There is now a new regulation which calls for a second round of voting if the writers again fail to elect anybody at all.



The author, now a Cleveland insurance man, with a cast of his famous and fast right hand

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HALL OF FAME

On the first ballot every writer may nominate ten men. The second time, the names of the top thirty vote getters will be submitted to the group, and each writer "shall fill in the names of five candidates, or fewer if he feels that he cannot in fairness vote for five." This is hardly an enthusiastic call to action. If it is suggested to the voter that he may not be able to find five men worthy of his ballot the second time, then he may very well ask himself why he should name ten men the first time.

I don't want to see the Hall of Fame cheapened any more than anybody else does. But I don't want to see it become a wax museum either. The present system works against the modern ballplayer and particularly against the modern pitcher—who, with the changes in baseball during the past three decades, has been having a tough enough time getting in anyway.

As an insurance man, I always like to back up my statements with figures and percentages. My figures show that of the twenty modern players in Cooperstown—and by "modern" I mean players who were still starring in the 1930's—only four are pitchers: Carl Hubbell, Lefty Grove, Dizzy Dean and Ted Lyons. That's 20 per cent. In contrast, the roster of earlier players shows eighteen pitchers out of fifty-four—or 33 per cent.

Of the pitchers in action right now, only Warren Spahn, who is almost a throwback to the old days, is a cinch to make it. Obviously something has happened that makes it unfair to compare the records of Iron Man McGinnity and Whitey Ford. The world has changed and baseball has changed with it.

Whitey Ford is the best money pitcher I have ever seen, and I was saying that long before he pitched nothing but shutouts in the last two World Series. But Ford does not have anything like a Hall of Fame record because Casey Stengel, for all his brilliance as a manager, mishandled him. Stengel saved Ford for spots, which meant that Whitey had almost no chance to become a twenty-game winner. Even this year, when Ralph Houk finally put Ford on a regular four-day starting rotation, he pulled him out so often—in line with today's practice of yanking the starting pitcher every time a couple of men get on base in the late innings—that some of the gloss was taken off Ford's 1961 record of twenty-five wins and four losses.

Let me back this up with figures again. When I won twenty-six games in 1946, my last big year, I started forty-two games and finished thirty-six. Last year Ford started thirty-nine and finished eleven. If this kind of thing develops further—and there's no reason to think it won't—it seems to me that pitchers will have to be nominated in teams, like Ford-Arroyo.

Yankee pitchers were faced with the problem of getting into that steady rotation even in my day. I know that Red Ruffing and Lefty Gomez always felt that the Yankee front office did not want them to win twenty games, the magic number in salary negotiations.

Ruffing is the best possible example of a modern pitcher who has been shamefully neglected in the voting, and I know that Red bitterly resents it. Here is a man who won 273 games—more games than I ever won, for example—in spite of spending his first five full seasons with a Red Sox team that never got out of last place. I would have expected him to get into Cooperstown almost automatically. And yet, in the last election he was mentioned on only eighty-six out of 269 ballots.

If I were voting, the first two names on my list would be Ruffing and Luke Appling. I bring up Appling because he illustrates another weakness in the system—the quickness with which everybody forgets a great player who had the misfortune to spend his entire career with a mediocre ball club. In my first full year in the majors, Appling hit .388 for the White Sox. Over sixteen consecutive seasons he failed to hit .300 only once.

When I ask how come he has been so completely overlooked, I am told, "Yes, he *was* a great hitter, wasn't he? But you have to remember that he wasn't much of a fielder." All I can say is that he must have been a different fielder against us than against other clubs. I never saw a shortstop who could make the play in the hole better than Luke, because I never saw a shortstop with a more powerful arm. He was certainly a better fielder than Joe Cronin, the only American League shortstop in the Hall of Fame. For my money, this has to make Appling the best all-around shortstop in the history of the league. In the last balloting, the best shortstop in the history of the league got seventy-two votes.

I'm concerned with pitchers here though, not shortstops, and I have a few ideas for getting some deserving members of the clan into Cooperstown by special election. I believe very strongly, to begin with, that there should be a niche for Satchel Paige. To be sure, his major-league record doesn't qualify him, but that was only because the old color line kept him out of the majors for so many years.

I am as well qualified to talk about Paige as anybody else connected with baseball, because I barnstormed with Satch annually, starting back in 1937 when both of us could really hum that ball. Satch had a team of relatively untrained Negro players behind him, while I had a real all-star major-league club. They all bore down to see what they could do against such a fabled figure as Satchel Paige. They didn't do much.

In those days Satch had almost no curve at all, but he did have a blazing fast ball and he could always put it right where he wanted.

By the time he came to the majors, of course, Paige was getting by mostly on savvy. Still, nobody ever stopped Joe DiMaggio as cold as he did. He handled Joe with ease. I've seen Satch walk a man deliberately to get at DiMaggio.

A Negro star who does have a chance to be elected this year is Jackie Robinson, who retired at the same time I did. If Robinson doesn't make it right away, I'd like to propose here and now that some kind of special committee be appointed to get Satch in as the first Negro in the Hall of Fame. I rather suspect that Robinson himself would be glad to second the motion.

There's a certain irony in Robinson and me coming up for Hall of Fame consideration at the same time, because—and how it pains me to confess this—I went on record as predicting that he would never even make it in the big leagues. Just before Robinson came up with the Dodgers in 1947, I played an exhibition game against him before a sellout crowd at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles. I struck Jackie out three or four times on high fast balls, and I was sure he

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was just another one of those muscle-bound football players.

Getting back to Satchel Paige, if anyone objects that he would be getting in more because he has become a legend than for what he actually did in organized baseball, let me say this: Tinker, Evers and Chance were elected by the Committee on Veterans in 1946 because a famous poem by F. P. Adams gave them a reputation as the greatest of all double-play combinations. Some years later Warren Brown of the Chicago *American* decided to go through the old Cubs' box scores to find out just how good that fabulous double-play combination was. He discovered, to his amazement, that in their four full seasons together, the combination of Tinker, Evers and Chance had ripped off a grand total of fifty-four double plays. That would be a very low one-year figure for a modern double-play unit.

Frank Chance would have made the Hall of Fame anyway as a manager, but the two others were admitted primarily on the false evidence of a piece of verse. So there ought to be some corner for Satchel Paige.

I have two other pitchers I would like to propose for consideration in special categories. The first is George Blaeholder, who invented the slider, the pitch that has revolutionized the game of baseball in the postwar era. The slider, as most fans know by now, is a pitch that comes up like a fast ball but swerves away very sharply just as it reaches the plate. I always liked to describe it as "a curve ball after taxes."

The batters now have to wait until the ball is right on them before they can decide whether the pitch is a fast ball or a slider, and so they have gone to light, thin-handled bats which they can buggy-whip at the last possible second. The result has been the phenomenon of the longer ball and the lower batting average, a paradox which must have reached its ultimate last year when Roger Maris hit sixty-one home runs while batting only .269.

Blaeholder, like most innovators, was scorned in his own time—1925–36. The slider made him the ace of the St. Louis Browns, but they weren't much of a team, and he lost more often than he won. To the rest of the pitching fraternity in those days the slider was just "a nickel curve."

It wasn't until after World War II that the pitchers began to see that Blaeholder's invention could be used very effectively to set off both their fast balls and their curves. It was the slider, as much as anything else, that kept me going after I injured my shoulder in 1947 and lost the good action on my fast ball. And it was the slider that brought Whitey Ford back to life last year after he had lost the zip on his fast ball.

Candy Cummings, a nineteenth-century pitcher, is in the Hall of Fame because he invented the curve. Blaeholder is certainly as entitled to immortality as Cummings.

I would like to see Fred (Firpo) Marberry, the first great relief pitcher, go in alongside him. Today, with the managers more eager to look smart losing than to look dumb winning, the relief pitcher has become the most important member of the pitching staff. This kind of overmanaging was carried to its most absurd lengths in the third game of the 1959 World Series when Dick Donovan, the White Sox starter, and Don Drysdale, the Dodgers' starter, were both pulled out in the late innings while they were still pitching shutouts.

In my day the big pitcher on the staff was expected to be not only a starter but a finisher. I had that lesson hammered home to me early in my career while I was taking a terrible early-inning shellacking at Yankee Stadium. Ossie Vitt, our manager, had me stay in there all the way. I took a 12–2 clobbering, but by the end of the game I had managed to smooth out a few of my problems. Even more important, I never started a game again without the feeling that I was out there to go nine innings.

The good pitcher—to say nothing of the great one—is the pitcher who will hold that one-run lead for you over the last three innings, because he is the guy who can reach back for that something extra when he's in trouble. When Allie Reynolds pitched for Cleveland, he used to say, "Feller doesn't start to pitch until there are a couple of men on base." He was right. The ability to pace yourself over the full nine innings is one of the most important parts of pitching.

But today the manager wants to do all the thinking. He tells his starter, "Give it all you've got on every pitch; we've got plenty of help for you in the bull pen." And so, after five or six innings, most of the pitchers are looking over their shoulders for help, whether they need it or not.

Whether I like it, though, the relief pitcher is the man today's clubs rise or fall with. And no relief pitcher can possibly get into the Hall of Fame. He can't stay sharp over a long enough period of time. Generally, relief pitchers are one-year wonders. Rarely are they effective for more than two years in a row. Luis Arroyo of the Yankees has had those two years now, so if I were running the New York club, I'd be worried about my relief pitching for this coming year.

Johnny Murphy and Firpo Marberry were the exceptions. Marberry was not only the first of the great relief pitchers, he was—on the record and on the word of baseball men I respect—the most consistent over the longest stretch. Pitching mostly in relief, he helped Washington win pennants in 1924 and 1925, and then did the same for Detroit in 1934.

Aside from these special cases, what other pitchers have a chance to make it? If Early Wynn, at forty-two, can recover this year from a sore arm and bring his victory total up from 292 to 300 games, he'll get in without question. But if he doesn't reach 300, I doubt whether he was a spectacular enough performer to win election.

When Herbie Score first came up to the Indians in 1955 he looked like a Hall of Fame pitcher in the making if ever I saw one. He had the best wrist action and the liveliest fast ball I've ever seen—far livelier than mine. But after Herb was hit flush in the face by a line drive two years later, that perfect coordination of his came all apart. In 1961 he drifted back to the minors.

The pitcher is the most perishable of all ballplayers. Stan Musial had a bad shoulder injury as a kid, yet went on to be the greatest all-round player of the past twenty years as an outfielder and first baseman. In pitching, however, the coordination of the entire body is in such a delicate balance that any injury will eventually put a strain on the arm. Dizzy Dean's career ended prematurely because he broke his big toe.

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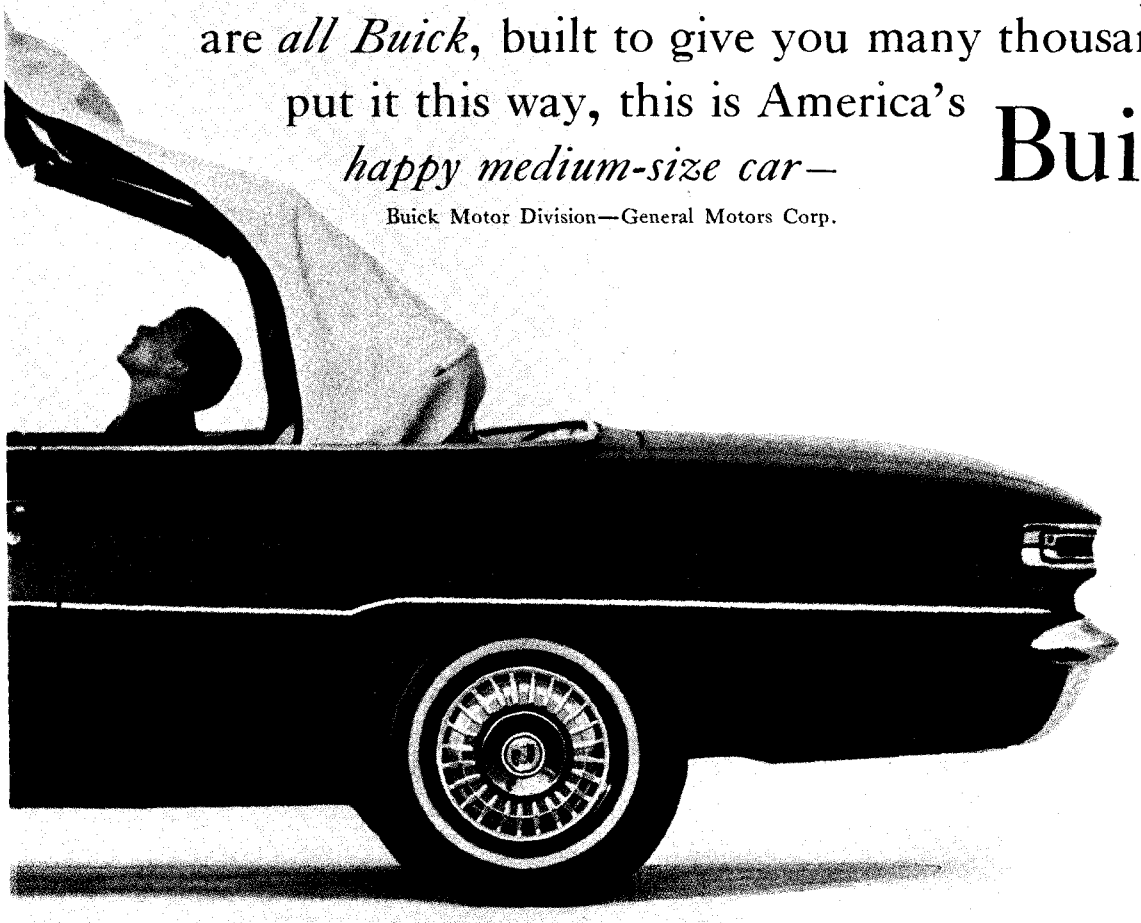

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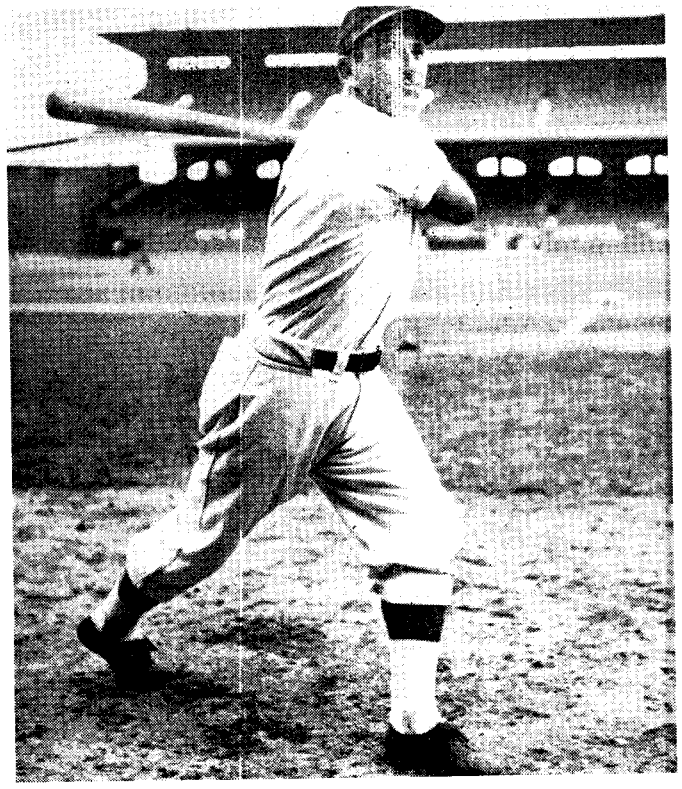
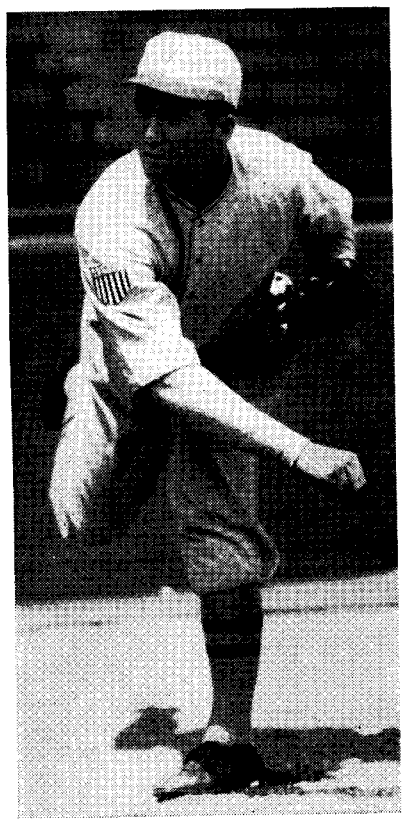
FELLER'S CANDIDATES FOR THE HALL OF FAME

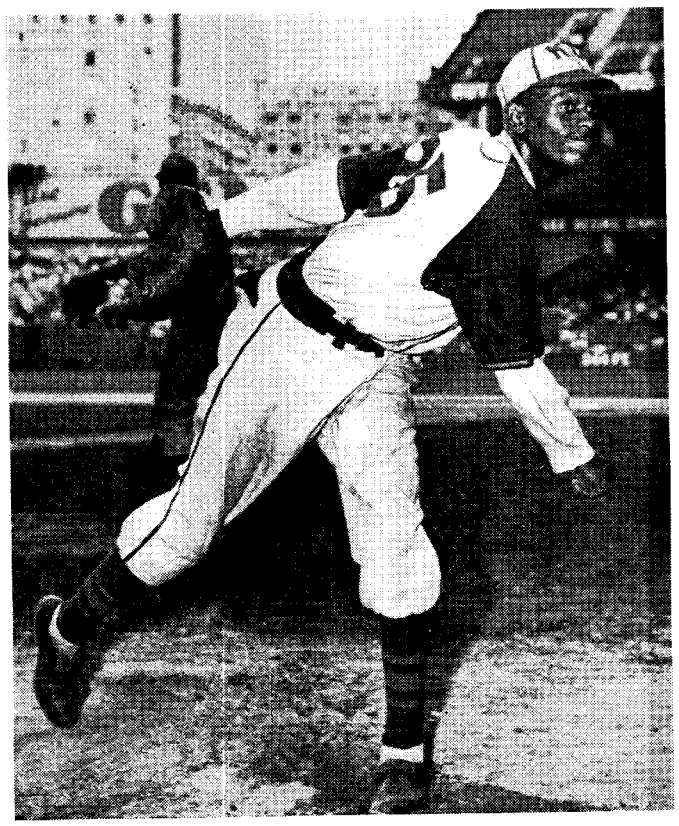
Luke Appling, "the American League's best all-around shortstop," is the only non-pitcher on the author's list. The hurlers: Fred Marberry, "the first great relief pitcher"; George Blaeholder, inventor of the slider, and two longtime stalwarts, Satchel Paige and Red Ruffing.



Luke Appling.

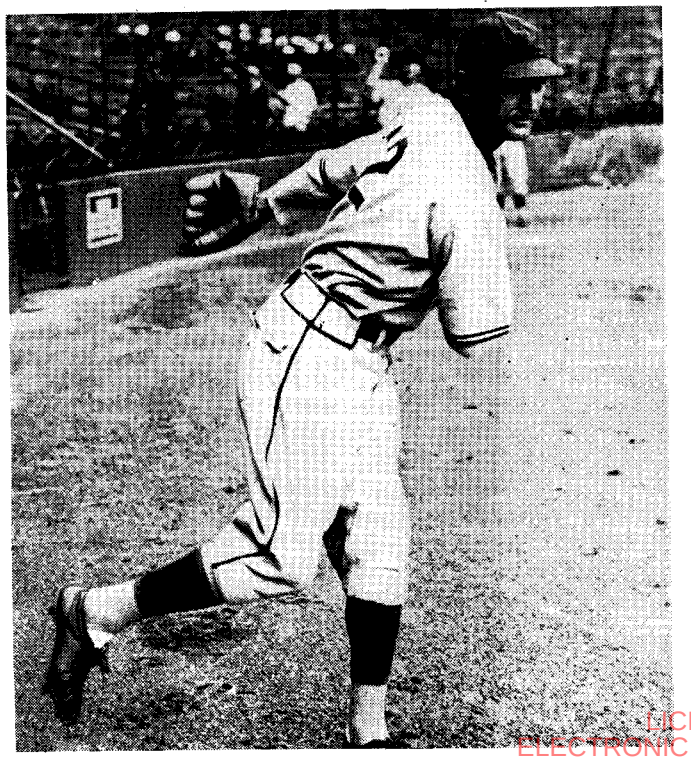


Fred (Firpo) Marberry.



LeRoy (Satchel) Paige.

George Blaeholder.



Charles (Red) Ruffing.

HALL OF FAME

My own career was changed completely in 1947 by a crazy accident. I was pitching a night game in Philadelphia early in the season, and I tell you, I never had such stuff in my life. I struck out nine of the first ten men to face me—the other man had bunted—and I had two strikes on the eleventh, Barney McCosky. The sign came for a curve. In throwing my curve I used to step two or three inches off to the left. This time I stepped into a pile of dirt which I had scuffed up while throwing the fast balls. My footing gave way, and I did a complete somersault and landed flat on my back. The curve broke over the plate and I had my tenth strike-out, but I also had a torn ligament in my left knee and a knot in my right shoulder.

The knee came around in about a month, and I was able to get back into the pitching rotation. But as X rays later showed, a thin line of calcium had formed between two of my upper ribs just behind my shoulder blade. For the rest of my career I could feel the shoulder lock every time I brought my arm back to pitch. I would have to shake it loose with a little wiggle.

I was still the only pitcher in the American League to win twenty games that year, and I led the league in strike-outs with 196. But I never had my real good fast ball or curve again.

The big disappointment of my baseball life—next to my inability to win a World Series game in the two chances I got—was my failure to win 300 games. I know in my heart I would have ended up a lot closer to 400 than to 300 if I hadn't spent nearly four seasons in the Navy. (Please don't take that as a complaint. I'm damn happy that I got home in one piece.)

When I went into the Navy on December 9, 1941, I was still getting better. I had only a twenty-five-and-thirteen record that year, but that was because the club was shut out five times in my last eight starts. Even before then, to be perfectly honest, I had become disgusted with the team behind me and had started throwing instead of pitching. It cost me the best chance I ever had of winning thirty games.

In 1946, my first full year back, my record was twenty-six and fifteen with a club that won only sixty-eight games, and I set a strike-out record of 348. So, being as objective as possible, I cannot help feeling that I would have won 100 games or more during the period I was away in the Navy.

I retired at the end of 1956 with a 266 total. If Al Lopez, then the Indians' manager, had been pitching me oftener, I would have stayed on at least two more seasons. But he had given me very few starts for two years, and none at all in the last half of 1956.

It would be foolish of me to attack Lopez for not pitching me more; his record as a manager speaks for itself. There was no reason why he should have been as sentimental about my winning 300 games as I was.

Baseball is not a game of sentiment until after you have left it. While you are playing, you live or die on what you can do *right now*. And that is all I am really urging upon the writers who do the voting for the Hall of Fame. They should judge all the modern players, and particularly the modern pitchers, on what they were able to do against their contemporaries—not measure them against some absolute standard that does not exist.

THE END

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Kidnaped in the sky!

continued from page 23

"Pal," Morelli said thinly behind him, "I'm tired of yakking with you. You got a choice. You can fly this thing to Havana now or you can ride it there, face down, with a bullet in your head. So, make up your mind, grandpa."

Ty's mind began to clear. Somehow, that blow on the head had cut through the cobwebs of indecision which had fuzzed his brain for the past weeks. He knew what he had to do; he knew that he was going to do it. All the doubts and hesitancies and shadowy fears that had troubled him were gone. He was the Typhoon Kelly who had taken the *Handy Andy* to Schweinfurt and also had brought it back.

Funny, Ty thought absently with that back part of his mind, *that the few minutes in my life which were about to ruin me may be the minutes that can help us now.*

"Give me a heading for Havana, Lee," he said.

"Now that's showing sense," Morelli grunted. He called back toward the crew compartment. "Be sure you stay with them two, Joe."

"Yeah, yeah," Joe said.

Joe's voice was more tense, Ty noted; given the right treatment, Joe could crack—just as Lee Strange was cracking. The copilot's hands were shaking as he fumbled with the charts. Kelly knew well enough what the course for Havana was; he'd asked Strange for it because the delay would eat up more precious time. Tampa airport was twenty-six minutes away.

Now Joe said worriedly, "The guy you slugged is bleeding pretty bad, Morelli. And the dame is breathing kind of funny. What if one of 'em croaks on us?"

That put the clincher on it, Ty thought grimly. He had to get Mary and Mark Bender to a doctor and fast. "I should care?" Morelli grunted. To Strange he said, "You're taking a lot of time, junior. Maybe I ought to slap *you* around a little."

The chart slipped to the deck, and Lee's face was wet and drawn in the glow of the instruments as he leaned toward Ty. He tried twice before his dry lips formed the words.

"Say again?" Ty asked.

It was 2:29:37 A.M.

Maj. Evan Kelly was thirty-three on the morning when he led his B-17 squadron off an English airfield swathed in fog. Today the 8th Air Force was making one of its deepest penetrations into Germany. A long way in. A long way out. And for the greater part of those distances it would be unescorted by friendly fighters. It would live or die by its own guns.

Maj. Evan Kelly then was a slender man with jet-black hair and an unlined face and a quiet thoughtfulness in his eyes. It was that quiet reserve that had earned him the nickname of Typhoon Kelly, but his B-17 crew liked to fly with him. A steady guy, they said. The kind who took you out and brought you back. A mission too tough for Kelly?

"They ain't invented it yet, Mac."

The *Handy Andy*, heavy with its load of fuel and bombs, climbed slowly out of the soup which lay over the field. It rose, engines laboring, as other Forts came out of the fog to tack on in their squadron positions; the squadron, in its turn, took its place in the group stagger formation. The group became a part of a wing as the long sky train began to uncoil.

At 20,000 feet Ty saw the English coast crawl slowly back beneath his port wing—the hostile coast of Europe lay ahead. Shudders ran through the *Andy* as the gunners fired short bursts to test their guns.

"A nice day for it," Ty said to his copilot.

The copilot's name was Ed Noble, and this was his first mission. He'd replaced Ollie Wilson, who was in the hospital with appendicitis. Noble nodded and made an O with thumb and forefinger, but Ty could see that his cheeks were beaded with sweat above his oxygen mask.

The first one can be rough, Ty thought.

The target was still a long, long way away when the first German fighters appeared. Ty heard a gunner call over the interphone and he saw them then. Me-109G's below them and to the left. They seemed to climb straight up as though pulled through the air by invisible strings. Now more of them.

"Fighters at two o'clock low!" A squadron of FW 190's. *They're dishing up everything for us today*, Ty thought. *With icing on it yet.*

Ahead of them a Fort turned slowly out of the column, hung in the air for a moment and then exploded into a ball of yellow flame. Now the squadron took its first attack. Fighters barreled in, 20-mm cannons winking wickedly from the leading edges of their wings. The *Andy* rocked with noise as its .50 calibers answered. Acrid powder smoke drifted up to the cockpit.

"God," Noble said, "there's a million of them!"

His voice was too high and it cracked a little, Ty knew as he glanced across the cockpit. Noble was sitting frozen in his seat and his eyes were squeezed shut.

A Fort in the high squadron fell off on one wing, lurched for a split second as it tried to recover itself—then dived straight down, trailing a fiery comet's tail behind it. Ty saw no parachutes. He glanced at his watch. The IP (initial point) was still fifteen minutes ahead. He felt the *Andy* surge up on a sudden billow of air and he knew the answer before the tail gunner's voice, hoarse and thick, came over the interphone.

"*Hallelujah* got it," the gunner said. "She blew up like a great big Roman candle."

"Parachutes?" Ty heard himself ask.

"I didn't see none," the gunner said.

The *Hallelujah* had been Paul Newman's ship; Paul had learned just last week that he'd become a father. Suddenly Ty could taste the smoke of the cigar Paul had given him in honor of the event. It was bitter in his mouth.

They bored on.

The navigator said, "IP three minutes."

They were the last words he would utter. A 20-mm shell penetrated the nose and burst, killing him instantly. Ty felt the hammer blow of the explosion. Another shell hit an engine and it began to burn; automatically he hit the red button and watched the propeller as it feathered. Two more shocks told him that 20-mm shells had hit aft. No time to ask what damage had been done. They were into their bomb run now.

Noble's eyes were open—wide and staring as though he looked behind black curtains and into another world. He was mumbling something into the interphone, but Ty couldn't make out what it was. Flak, as they neared the target, seeded the sky with a carpet of black cotton puffs.

Bomb-bay doors open!

The *Andy* lurched and Ty thought foggily, *My God! Noble's gone crazy! He's trying to grab the controls!* The copilot's face was like a death mask and his garbled words were in Ty's ears.

"Get out of this—get out of this—get ——"

Ty hit him, a short left hook that smashed into Noble's chin; the copilot sagged forward against his belt. A million eons crept by before the bombardier's voice came over the interphone: "Bombs away!" The *Andy* lifted, freed of its lethal freight. Ty swung the wheel to the left, and the ship was into its turn when he saw it—felt his heart come into his throat.

Another Fort was turning through the black bursts of the flak, turning as it shouldn't turn and heading directly across his path. Ty saw that the whole of its nose was gone as it bore down on the *Andy* like some wounded monster.

WATCH FOR

REPORT ON A HERO

A short story By Robert Standish

in the next POST

He hauled back on the yoke with all his strength, uttering a silent prayer as he waited for the final sickening impact. It came, but it wasn't the monstrous shock he'd anticipated; it was just a long shuddering that ran through the *Andy* as it wallowed across the flak. A voice, strangely casual, came over the interphone, the words loud and clear: "Scratch two bomb-bay doors. One ball-turret gunner."

Vomit came up into Ty's throat. He fought it down. With a vast effort he climbed into ragged formation and headed the *Andy* for England a billion miles away. The hostile fighters would be waiting for them as they went back, he knew—the casual voice was on the interphone again. "No bomb doors at all," it said. "He flew in a ship that had no bomb doors at all."

That old memory had returned to trouble Ty for the first time two months ago—why, he didn't know. He had dreamed of the flight to Schweinfurt. That was all right. It could happen to anybody who'd been there. But then he'd dreamed of it again—and still again. It was then that the indecision had set in. An indecision he'd fought angrily in the limousine going to the airport last night. He'd argued the thing with himself. *Don't be a chump, Kelly. You're as good as you ever were. Better, maybe. Look at your record.*

But that wouldn't wash, he'd known as he looked out at the rain. "Who are you kidding, buster?" he'd asked himself. "You've seen this happen to others—now it's happening to you. Admit it. You're afraid to fly. Hang up your wings before you kill yourself. Worse, kill a lot of others!"

"I told you, I'm as good as I ever was," he answered himself.

"Ah, are you now?" he had jeered at himself. "Then why do you have to take pills to make you sleep lately? How about that dream that keeps coming back? How about freezing on the controls when that jet buzzed you last month?"

"It was only for a minute. It went away."

There had been scattered clouds around them when the jet fighter came barreling out of them to starboard. It had flashed by ahead; then it was gone, more clouds swallowing the red glow of its tailpipe. But in that instant it had been the crippled Fort coming at Typhoon Kelly again. Again he'd heard that voice chanting monotonously on the interphone.

"No bomb doors at all. He flew in a ship that had no bomb doors at all."

"Sure, it was only for a minute. In this business you can get dead in a minute, buster. So can a lot of other people. How do you know you won't freeze again the next time some emergency comes up? How do you know about that?"

"O.K., you win," Ty had said heavily to himself as he'd got out of the limousine. "I'll take the flight out tonight—nothing is likely to happen. When I get to Tampa I'll hang the wings up for good. It's better that way, I guess."

He'd been almost happy as he'd turned toward the dispatcher's office through the rain. The monkey that had ridden his shoulders these last weeks had climbed down.

Time: 2:29:37 A.M.

"Say again?" Ty asked.

Lee Strange bent nearer, moistening his lips. Swinging in the cramped space of the cockpit, Ty hit him squarely on the point of the chin with a left hook that traveled less than a foot. As the copilot's head rocked back, Ty hit him again with all the leverage he could muster. Spittle flew from Lee's lips as he sagged, unconscious, against his safety belt.

Hated to have to do it, kid, Ty thought with a faint compassion. *You'd have never stood up to these buzzards—I couldn't let you try to make Havana.*

"What the hell you think you're doing?" Morelli yelled.

"Flying this ship to Tampa," Ty said through his teeth. "There's nobody to fly it but me now, you see. So if you want to pull that trigger, go right ahead and pull it, damn you!"

For a moment Ty was sure that Morelli was about to do just that—he could almost smell the man's murderous rage. As he lifted the mike he braced himself for the monstrous shock—the roar of the explosion and the black oblivion that would follow.

"Airways three-one-four to Tampa tower," he said, surprised at the steadiness of his voice. "We have been hijacked by two men, but are coming in. Have the FBI ——"

He didn't finish as the gun slammed against the side of his head, driving him forward over the yoke as he fought to

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cling to his reeling senses. Vaguely he knew that the ship, free of a controlling hand, was lurching wildly in the swirling eddies of the air. Morelli was screaming at him now.

"Head for Havana, damn you! I swear to God, I'll gun you right now if you don't!"

Ty pulled himself upright with a vast effort, his head a boil of pain and his lips pulled back mirthlessly from his teeth. He looked back at Morelli; Joe stood on the flight deck, his face green with terror as the deck surged beneath him.

"We'll hit the water like an anvil, Morelli," Ty said, his words lifting above the engine noise. "Have you ever seen a man that's been in the water long? You won't be pretty when they find you—either of you. Fish will have eaten out your eyes—chewed off your fingers and toes. A bullet's a better way to die than that. Go ahead and shoot if you've got the guts to do it!"

"Fly it!" Joe screamed. "Fly it!"

Ty's hands had dropped from the yoke—lay slackly against his thighs. Joe saw that; so did Morelli. To them it was like seeing a racing driver with his hands off the wheel as his car approached a curve at a blinding speed. Even Morelli's toughness couldn't take it. His voice was thin and high.

"O.K., we make a deal. You fly this thing and we make a deal, see? Maybe like you said ——"

"We go to Tampa," Ty told him. "That's the deal."

"O.K., O.K.! Just fly this thing!"

No time to argue any more, Ty knew tiredly. With a great effort he got his hands back on the yoke—began to pull the ship level again with infinite care. He made no effort to ease it into the turbulence. Tampa was twenty-one minutes away.

Now Morelli cursed him viciously, but the gun was no longer at his head. "The deal ain't going to help you any, pal," Morelli snarled. "I let you land at Tampa—unload your passengers and gas up. But I keep my gun on you while you're doing it. Then we go on to Havana. Got it?"

"Not quite," Ty said through taut lips. "Those two of my crew that you slugged go out. They need a doctor. The same for him." Ty jerked his head at the still unconscious Lee Strange. "*Then* I fly you to Havana, Morelli."

"All right," Morelli said harshly, a little of his confidence returning. "You get on that phone and tell 'em in Tampa, fly-boy. Tell 'em not to try any funny business, because it's curtains for you if they do. I got nothing to lose."

"I'll tell them," Ty said tonelessly.

His head ached mercilessly, but his mind was clear now as he planned his next moves step by step. Get his passengers safely on the ground; free them and his crew from the captive ship. Then he'd deal with Morelli and Joe.

It was 2:43:00 *A.M.*

Behind him the loud-speaker squawked: "Tampa tower to Airways three-one-four! Come in, three-one-four ——"

Time: 2:57:15 A.M.

They touched, bounced a little and then the tires hissed as they lost speed along the runway. Cars came alongside from the shadows and raced with the big ship. Ty taxied to a parking strip, Morelli's gun jammed against the back of his neck again. Lee Strange, Mary Burke and Mark Bender had already been transferred back to the passenger cabin, Joe dragging them while Morelli held a gun on the scared passengers.

A ramp was being wheeled up as Ty let the engines idle. The cars kept their distances. They'd move in after the passengers were safe. Ty had arranged that by code and double talk with the Tampa tower while the plane was still in the air. The loud-speaker came to life again, its tinny words excited.

"Tower to three-one-four. Passengers and crew all clear. Fuel trucks are on the way."

"O.K., fly-boy," Morelli said, his lips pulled back thinly. "Thought I didn't know what all that yakking was about, did you? We don't get no gas. Take off, damn you!"

Ty had half expected this. "O.K.," he said.

They turned back onto the runway, the cars following through the rain but doing nothing. Ty shoved the throttles forward, the engines coming to life with a full-throated roar. Rain spattered the windshield as the air speed began to climb.

A couple of thousand feet of runway left. Ty thought with a detached coolness. *I've got to make this just right.*

His touch on the controls was deft and sure, the skill gained in thirty years of flying. No margin for error, he knew. A fault in split-second timing, a little hesitancy at the last moment, could convert the speeding ship into a flaming funeral pyre. Morelli was screaming in his ear.

"Get off the ground! Get off the ground!"

Now! Ty's mind said.

He moved hands and feet, almost imperceptible movements each balanced delicately against the other. The ship whipped end for end, tires screaming, in a violent ground loop. For an instant a wing touched; then Ty yanked the throttles back and came out of his seat as the plane spun to a stop.

Morelli had been flung against the side of the cockpit; Joe's head had cracked a stanchion, and he lay face down on the deck. Ty kicked Morelli in the face as the latter crawled toward his fallen gun—then he stooped and picked it up himself.

"Show's over, Morelli," he said. "You're going places, but not to Havana tonight. Like I said, there's a front."

The FBI men came. There were officials of the line, their faces showing the strain they'd been through. There were reporters. Lots of reporters. How did he feel, they asked Ty.

"Why, fine," Ty said in a calm voice. "Just fine."

"Is there anything about the rumor that you're going to hang up your wings, captain? Retire soon?"

"Why, no," Ty said. "I don't think there's anything to that rumor. Nothing at all."

It was 3:11:02 A.M.

Ty stood in the shadows while he finished his cigar. He was taking Flight 212 out tonight. Houston to Miami. A crew of four with sixty-eight passengers. Voices came out of the darkness.

"Hear you're flying with Typhoon again tonight."

"Yeah," Lee Strange's voice said. There was a pride in it. "He asked for me. You know something? That old Albatross will still be helling around the sky when we're flying milk runs to the moon. And you can bet your life I'll be with him in the right-hand seat."

In the shadows Ty smiled.

THE END

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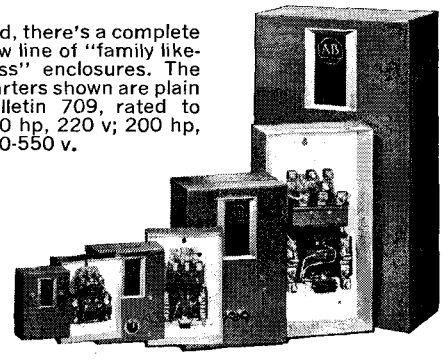

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TOO LATE TO SCREAM

PART 4

BY LESLIE FORD

EIGHT MEN STOOD IN THE POLICE LINE-UP. WHY WAS SHE AFRAID TO IDENTIFY THE CRIMINAL?

Two nights before her wedding was to take place, Mary Melissa Seaton was attacked outside her house by an unknown assailant. As the police investigation became more painful for the girl and her family, her fiancé Archie Chalmers and his friend Nat Ryan resolved to keep the case out of court by finding and killing the attacker themselves. Through John Isham, a reporter, they learned that the facts of the case paralleled the events of an earlier attack on another bride-to-be. However, Chalmers and Ryan were unaware that the man they were seeking was watching them as they left police headquarters. The attacker returned to his slum apartment to find a policeman who was making a health inspection of the area. Fearful that the police might find him out, he tried to prevent the officer from entering and searching his rooms in the shabby flat.

"I assure you that we've never had any trouble at all upstairs."

"It's the fireplace flues that make the trouble, and I'd like to look at the roofs. But you can make me get a warrant; I got to act according to law. I'm not forcing you, mister."

Alvin kept his voice steady. "Why, officer, you're welcome to go up." He managed his gait as he went on ahead. At the landing he said, "These are my sister and brother-in-law's rooms. They're both at work. I'll be upstairs if you need me."

On the third floor he unlocked the door to the front room and took down the gray silk thread he kept stretched across to make sure neither his sister nor Ritter Meade snooped while he was away. In the bathroom he picked up the bottle of hair dye that made his hair black when he needed it that way and put it in the back of the medicine closet. He went on into his bedroom, quickly—swift as a panther—took the license tags off his desk and slipped them between the mattress and box springs. His hand moved for an instant over the gilded post of his bed, his magnificent bed, its brocaded canopy concealing from the outside the heavy mirror glass, its frame supported up there by the four carved golden posts. He'd bought it at an auction of the set of a costume movie laid in a Venetian palace—the mater's *palazzo*—and in the orbit of the fantastic world his dreams had created he could lie in it and imagine himself the gaudiest of all the gaudy old doges.

He turned then to the wall facing the bed, only a few feet from it. There was a solid wood double door there with curving bronze handles. His leg was shaking a little, his mouth dryer, as he heard Kulac on the floor below. As he looked wildly around, he saw the iron dumbbells on top of the bookcase full of strange titles. He slipped quickly across to it, picked up one of them, brought it back to the bed and slipped it under the brocade cushion at the foot.

So far he had never killed, with his own hands, but lately the taste had got stronger and stronger, the image of himself an imperative pushing him closer. He drew himself taut. There was no pleasure in killing this policeman, and he was angry that it was being forced on him, but he'd do it if he opened the door with the bronze handles. He heard Kulac in the hall below.

"All right to come up?"

"Sure, come ahead." Alvin sat quietly at the foot of the bed, his hand near the cushion.

Kulac came into the bedroom where Alvin was and stopped short, staring at the gold bed. Alvin's face paled, his lips twisting with contempt. The low-grade flatfoot. He waited for another crack about the car plates. But Kulac said nothing. He went through his routine of wall-tapping and flashed his light along the baseboard behind the books and on the bottom shelf. He straightened up then, looking around, and spotted the curved handles, in the wall at the foot of the bed, a few feet from Alvin.

"Is that a closet?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," Alvin said. His hand tightened on the iron weight under the cushion.

"Open it, please."

"Why don't you? It isn't locked."

Kulac stayed by the bookcase.

"Open it, please." He waited, his flat Polish face impassive except for the white ridges along his jaws.

"It's just my collection," Alvin said, getting up. "I'm an artist. As you must see—if you can see. I'm a designer."

He went to the wall, drew the bronze handles apart with a showman's gesture and stepped aside. The closet was mirror-lined, including the doors, the shelves mirror glass bottom and top, each lighted, the lights going on as the doors swung apart.

"A designer of shoes. Custom-made, for a few clients."

Mike Kulac saw shoes, one of a kind, each propped on a crystal bar, slippers and sandals, brocade and satin, red leather, gold and silver, some worn, some new. How many there were he had no idea, the way the mirrors multiplied them so it seemed there were dozens, and the same with the brides smiling from the photographs propped up by some of them, handwritten cards in a silver clip by each one. That much he saw before Alvin swung the doors to, the lights going off as they slammed shut.

Alvin turned from the doors. "My clients give them back, so I can use them as patterns. Anything else I can show you?" He bowed with a courtly gesture, his lip twitching as he went back to the bed, sitting again, his hand by the cushion.

"No," Kulac said. "That's enough. You'll get a report from the department in a few days." He stayed by the bookcase, motioning him to the door. "Go ahead, will you?"

Alvin's eyes glittered. "Why should I?"

Kulac looked at him for an instant. "Because I think you're crazy. That make it clear enough for you?"

Alvin was trembling. "I'm going to report you! I know the law! If you saw a knife ——" He caught himself quickly and smiled. Reggie Montgomery insolently smiling. "You're a Sanitarian, not a policeman. You'd have to see a felony being committed."

"What's on your mind, buddy?" Officer Kulac said softly. "Just take it easy. It's like you say. My job's rats. Your taste in art—that bed and your books—they're none of my business. Just the same I'm going to tell you something. If I was you, Mac, I'd go to the head doctor before they came and got me. Move it now, mister."

Outside in the street he looked back up the white marble row steps at the face pressed on the ruby and purple stained-glass panel in the door. He touched the medal he wore under his white shirt. *I ought to do something*. His conscience kept on telling him that. But he

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SCREAM wasn't a censor of art or morals. There was nothing illegal about the golden bed or the books or the pictures.

It wasn't until he got home and saw his shrimp net and minnow basket on the front fender, the rest of the car all packed, that he remembered coming up tomorrow were the four days' leave he'd accumulated, and they were setting off right now to visit Rosie's sister over on the Eastern Shore. *We'll have to wait till morning.* Then the front door burst open and the four little Kulacs shot out like rockets, all shining clean, all yelling for him to hurry, even the baby trying to say, "Hurry up, daddy," and there was Rosie too, all flushed, as excited as the rest, and the heart wasn't in him.

He did go and make a couple of calls as soon as he got out of the tub, but his friend Dave Trumper wasn't home and he wasn't at the office. The oddball could wait—four days wouldn't hurt. Before they got to the Eastern Shore the kids in the back seat, and his conscience with them, were all fast asleep.

Driving Mary Melissa home from headquarters, Nat Ryan turned into the maze of winding wooded streets past the Paddock Club. She hadn't spoken since they'd left Trumper on the third floor, and he had taken the only route he knew without asking her, bringing her back from a far remote distance. As he reached the last traffic light, she came back herself, raising her head.

"I feel like a dog, but I just couldn't do it. I didn't know how awful it would be. I just don't blame people for keeping their mouths shut. Besides mother and daddy, it'd be horrible for Archie too." Her jaw was set firmly. "A thousand times worse than just—postponing the wedding. Now people know it—some, anyway—but they can pretend they don't. If there was a trial ——"

"Don't, sweetie. I know. It's bad for them, but you're the one that matters. Just forget it."

He put his hand on hers in its white glove and kept it there for an instant. The emerald-cut diamond she had worn was gone. "I gave it back to him." She said it without looking up. "That's why he left us."

"I'm sorry," he said gently, and strangely he meant it.

"It wasn't my father. I did it myself. I love him. And I think he loves me. But he's got to decide."

"It'll work out," Nat said, strangely also hoping it would. They were coming to the Chalmerses'.

"I ought to go and tell her, I suppose. But my liver's too white. The way she looks at me you'd think I was something Archie got at the dog pound. You can't blame him for drinking. So did his father. She'd drive a ——"

"As I've said before ——"

"I know, she was charming to you; you've told me. But at least she'll be decent to mother again, now I've decided I can't—disgrace us."

They went down the Catherton Road hill. When they turned in, there was a handsome new car in front of the porch.

"Go on up in back," Mary Melissa said quickly. "It's not the police, and even if it were I don't want to see them. I've had enough. I'm going up the back stairs and rest for a while before I see mother. A queer wedding day."

But she saw her mother. When Nat stopped at the carriage house, Mrs. Seaton in faded blue denim slacks got up from her knees where she was clipping the lemon thyme, and came over to them. "You have a visitor—in the library. Florence Chalmers."

"Oh, no. I just can't."

"It's like nettles, sweet."

Mary Melissa closed her eyes, her hands dropping wearily at her sides. "Yes, I suppose so." She took a long breath and opened her eyes. "Show Nat the woods or something, please, will you?"

"That tree I'd like down," Mrs. Seaton said. She looked at the two of them for an instant as if she hadn't seen them clearly before. "I don't see how I can help. It ought to be simple. Come along, Nat."

She led him down the lane toward the woods. "I could have told Florence. Talbot called up to tell me they'd decided Mary Melissa couldn't be a witness. But I didn't know till I saw her that she'd decided it too. Men are such cowards when it comes to their women. You're glad too, aren't you? And Archie will be."

"Very," Nat said.

"But I probably would not have told her anyway. That's the trouble with women like Florence; they breed and foster malice. I enjoyed the idea of her stewing in there while I was out here. She's a nuisance. Forty-four years is a long time to have known Florence." She wandered on under the dogwoods, a frail, lovely woman. "Of course, she has a way of defeating her own ends. There's the tree, love. Perhaps you and Archie could cut it down for me. Maybe the two of you could take it down tomorrow."

The run you get for your money these days is strictly a sprint.

Dave Murray

Mary Melissa went through the kitchen and dining room quickly, not stopping till she got to the door into the library. She stood there an instant to gather up her courage. Mrs. Chalmers always managed to make her feel awkward, unkempt and raw. She held her breath, letting it go as she opened the door, the chilled air in the library chillier when she saw Mrs. Chalmers in the bow window, her lips tight. Mrs. Chalmers was not smiling.

"Oh!" Mrs. Chalmers turned sharply. "I didn't expect you so ——" She had started to say, ". . . quickly when I saw you and Ryan drive in together." She caught herself, a surface smile forming, thin tissue of ice before it hardens.

Mary Melissa heard it as another of the backhanded rebukes; she hadn't stopped to comb her hair and wash off the grime from the police station. Mrs. Chalmers was always immaculate, perfectly groomed, her electric blue linen dress without a crease, gloves white as snow.

"I'm sorry. I thought you were waiting ——"

"I am, dear. May I sit down?"

It was the first time Mrs. Chalmers had ever had to be invited to sit at the Seatons'. Mary Melissa flushed. "I'm sorry—please."

"Thank you, dear." She sat down, elegant and charming, as impermeable as the star sapphire on her finger.

"Mrs. Chalmers, I ——"

"Let me, if you will, dear." Mrs. Chalmers's smile then was the last smile she would ever give Mary Melissa. "I want to tell you a wonderful idea. I was at a meeting this morning, the Garden Council, and I learned there's a new freighter. It island-hops through the Mediterranean and the Aegean to Istanbul. There's a suite with two bedrooms and a sort of lanai on the sun deck. The suite's taken, but we can arrange it, for you and Archie. You can be married with just us here Wednesday afternoon. It'll give you time to—readjust, two weeks on the ocean and ——"

"Mrs. Chalmers!" Mary Melissa took a step toward her. "I'm sorry, but I'm—I'm not marrying Archie. We've ——"

"Don't be absurd." The smile was still there. "Archie's no prude, dear. Nor is he—inexperienced, I'm happy to say. You'll find him ——"

"Oh, stop it! Oh, please!"

"My dear child! Granted you've had an—unlovely experience. It isn't unique. You can't let it affect your ——"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Chalmers." She steadied herself against the arm of the sofa. "I'm not marrying Archie. I've told him. He knows it. He understands."

Mrs. Chalmers's smile had frozen slowly and vanished. "I doubt it. Archie's a fool. He's deceived still, at the moment, but I've told him plainly at last."

Mary Melissa was looking at her blankly, bewildered and unwary.

"Mary Melissa." Mrs. Chalmers paused. "I assure you, my child, Archie and your parents are the only people in town who are deceived. Nobody else in this town is, and your own friends at the Paddock especially, my dear. They know what happened and who is responsible."

The girl standing there, not understanding, her eyes wide open, pale discs of flat silver, was frightened for an instant. She knew Mrs. Chalmers had seen her shrink. She did not know she was taking it as a confession, a confirmation of what she already believed.

"My dear child," Mrs. Chalmers said evenly, "I tried to believe you said it was a prowler to save Archie's feelings, knowing how fond he is of—of the man. And at least the man had the decency—or was it the good sense—to get out of town. Was it you who brought him back?"

Staring at her, uncomprehending, Mary Melissa started to speak. But Mrs. Chalmers did not wait for an answer.

"I could have understood the whole thing quite clearly." Her voice was deadly quiet. "If you wanted to marry him, as I take it you must still do in spite of what he's done to you—if that's it, you could have done it decently, child. But I'm not going to let you throw Archie over. Not at this date. You're not going to make comics out of us. And why you're going to the police, going on with this farce, this incredible pretense, I cannot conceive. Unless your paramour has another design, possibly financial, in sticking to Archie?"

Mary Melissa squeezed her eyes shut, shaking her head. "I don't understand you, Mrs. Chalmers. What are you saying? Who do you mean?"

Mrs. Chalmers did not answer for an instant, the curve of her lips not a smile. She said lightly, "Your mother can act stupid; it's becoming to her. It isn't to you, dear. I haven't a doubt she's only pretending you've deceived her so your father won't open his eyes and kick Ryan ——"

"Oh!" Mary Melissa let herself down on the sofa. "You mean Nat Ryan?"

"Yes, my dear, I do indeed."

"Then you're right, Mrs. Chalmers. I am stupid, very stupid."

"Very, my child. I shall go now."

She was at the hall door when Mary Melissa got to her feet again. "Mrs. Chalmers!" It seemed to her now she was very cool, very rational. "Would you mind listening to me?" Mrs. Chalmers stopped.

"You're quite mistaken, Mrs. Chalmers. Archie understands why we are not getting married. I'd rather he'd tell you. And about Nat—Mrs. Chalmers, that's contemptible, horrible. Nobody could believe it."

"On the contrary." Mrs. Chalmers was in full control of herself, her voice even and deadly. "I told you I was at a Garden Council. There were thirty-two women there. They all believed it. It was being discussed when I arrived. I did not tell them. It was the reason for the offer of the suite on the freighter—to quiet things down. These women and their husbands are the social and business leaders of this town. As one of them said, 'How very fortunate he lives in the West—in job terms, I mean.'"

Their eyes held steadily a long instant. Mary Melissa said quietly, "That settles it then, doesn't it?"

"Quite obviously, dear."

"Perhaps you still don't understand, Mrs. Chalmers. What I've been trying to tell you is that I told the police I wasn't going any further; I couldn't make charges and appear as a witness."

"I'm delighted to hear it."

"But now that's not true. Can't you see, when what you've just said to me is spread over town, that horrible lie—I have to go on? That it'd be just filthy if I didn't?"

Mrs. Chalmers seemed to grow larger, filling the doorway with sapphire ice. "I promise you, my dear, it'll be filthier if you do. I give you fair warning. You drag my son's name in this kind of gutter, and you'll regret it the rest of your life. You and this Ryan too."

Mary Melissa heard the door shut, a succession of doors, the library, the screen, the car. At last she got up and went to the telephone. She dialed Police Headquarters. "May I speak to Sergeant Trumper in Homicide, please."

The dour grating voice sounded strange in her ears. "Sergeant Trumper? This is Mary Melissa Seaton. . . . No, I'm all right. I've just changed my mind—about being a witness. I'm going to go through with it. . . . No, nothing's happened. . . . No, he hasn't telephoned me. I'm all right. . . . Yes, I'm sure—very sure."

She was very sure as she sat down on the sofa to rest for a moment. When she awoke, her mother had put a wool coverlet over her and she'd slept through the shattered radiance of her lost bridal hours.

She was still sure when Trumper called her at six o'clock. Could she come to a line-up Monday morning at ten? The man whose photograph she'd picked out had been on parole for a month.

Archie and Nat spent the night there, and Sunday they cut the tree down and sawed it up. It was as if the clock for the three of them had suddenly turned back to the old lighthearted days, Archie's not drinking adding a new carefree dimension. Trumper came out Sunday morning, worried about her, and found them working hard, four sweating beavers, including Talbot Seaton. Mary Melissa came over to him, laughing.

"I think it's mother's therapy; it's a perfectly good tree. But it's working." She mopped her face off, grave then as she said, "I just changed my mind, sergeant. There wasn't any reason. I'll be at the line-up. I'm perfectly sure."

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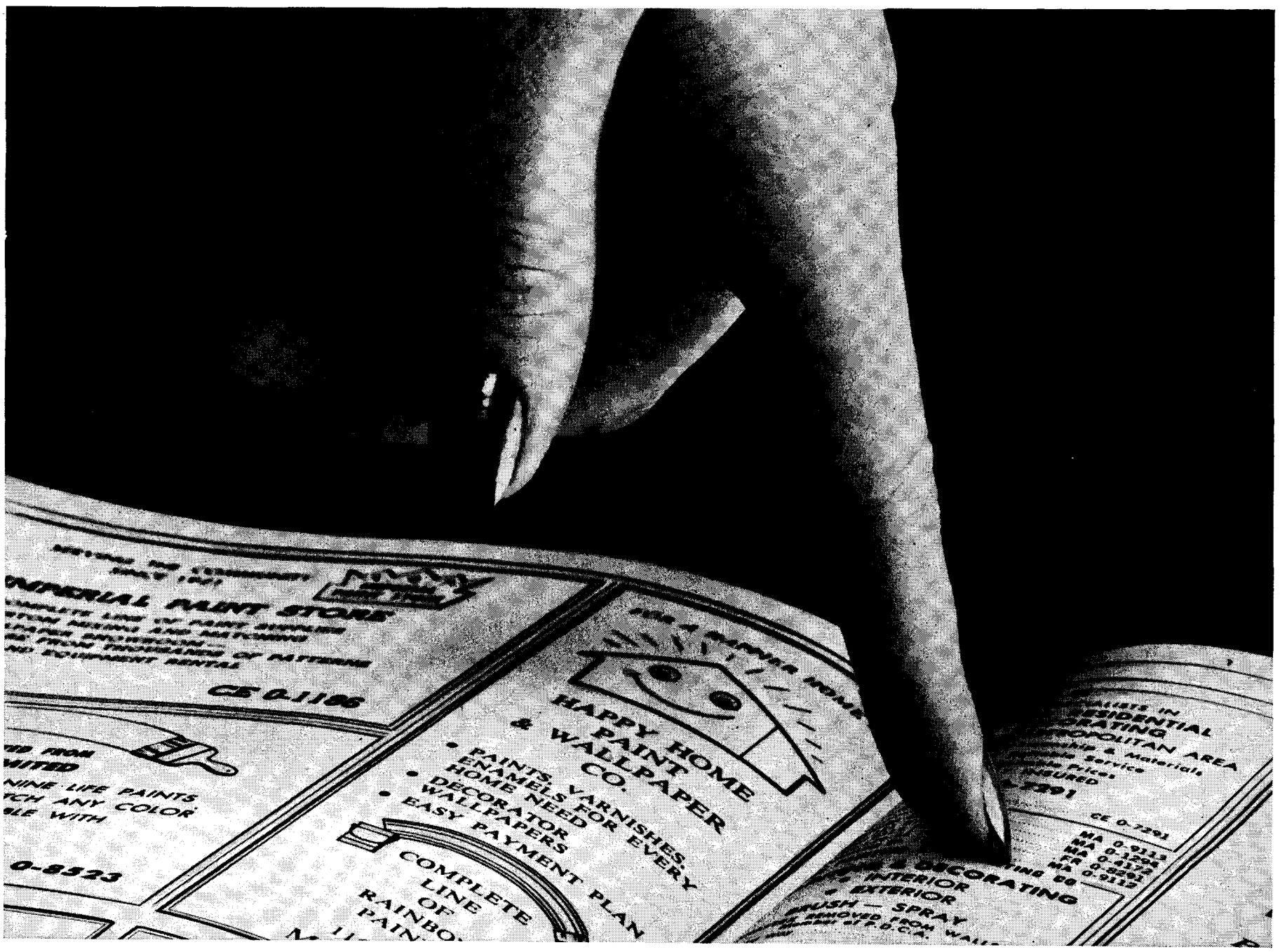

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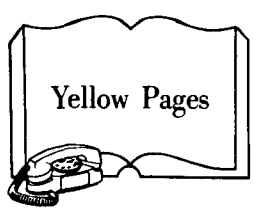

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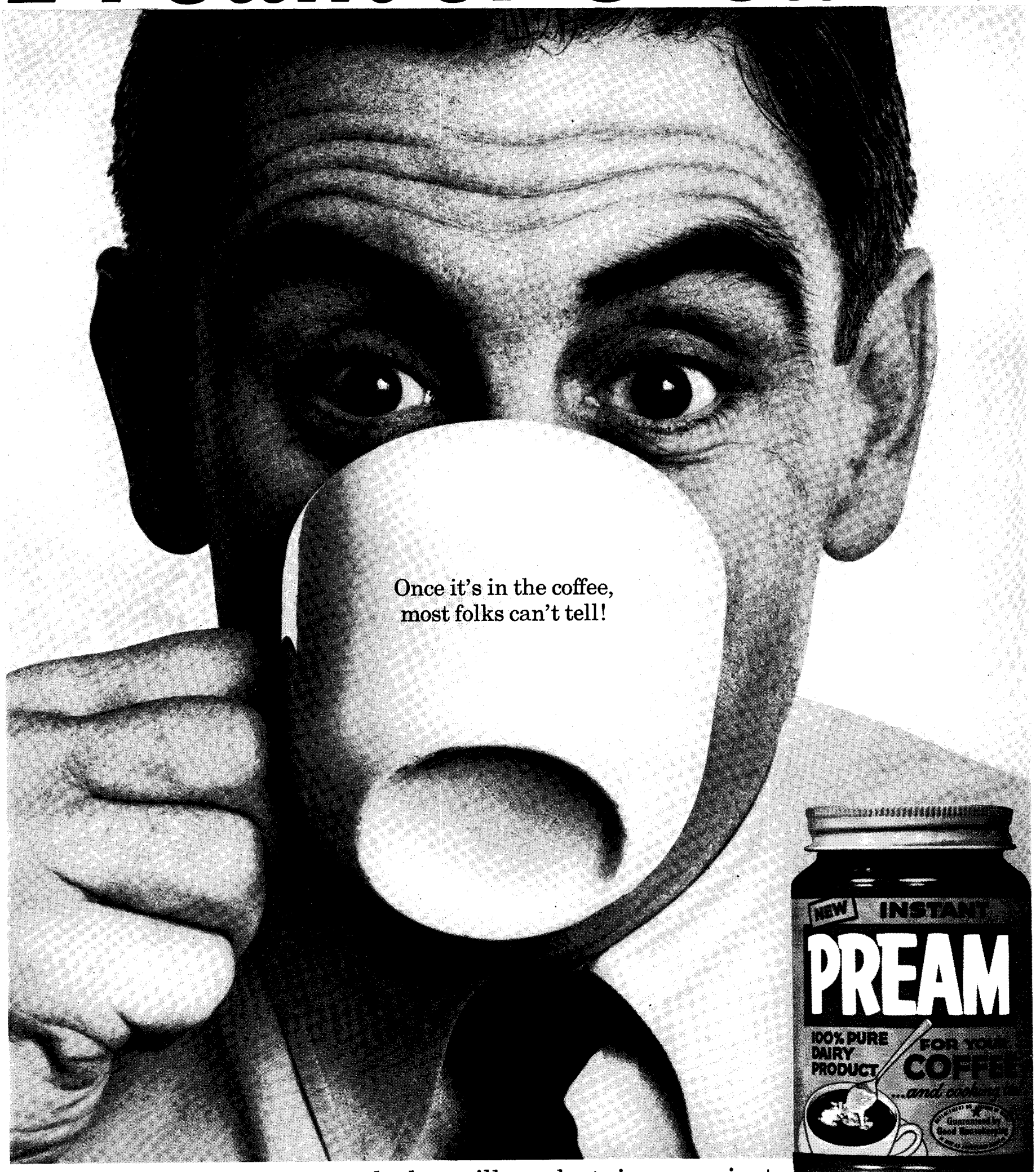

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SCREAM

Nat and Archie left at ten o'clock Sunday evening, and she went to bed still sure, until 2:30 A.M. when the phone rang. She woke up and reached for it, thinking it was a friend calling her.

Dave Trumper was not sold on the gymnast parolee whose photograph Mary Melissa had hesitated over. Then before the line-up set for Monday at ten they had what looked like a real break-through. The artist's drawing Mary Melissa had corrected had been printed and circulated to the stations Saturday afternoon. The call from Northeastern Sunday morning, an hour after Trumper left the Seatons' place, was one of those things you pray for.

"There's a post officer here, his name's Sykes, says he knows this guy, he's dead sure it's the same fellow. The man's name is Kurtis Smith, and he's a clerk in a tea store out the York Road. He's not home now, but the store manager's at the place working on his books. He's a good citizen, an old Iwo Marine. Name's Gogan."

His name was Gogan and he had lived out Iwo Jima, but he was half crying at the end of Trumper's interview with him. He handed the artist's drawing back. "Sure it looks like Kurt; it's a dead ringer for him. Maybe the girl's been here and seen him. But he's not your man, sergeant. That night he was right here for seven hours, all through the storm. Eight-thirty to three-thirty A.M." He took Trumper out to the stock room.

"The fire inspector made a complaint. Six of us worked here. Kurt did the checking on every carton as we called 'em off. The inspector was here helping us and the night cops were in and out. There ain't a chance. We were yelling to him to hurry when he went to the can even. You can check me—I'll give you the names."

Trumper listened philosophically as the break-through faded. "All right," he said. "But we'll have to check it. You give me a list of the people here Thursday night. We won't let 'em know what we're inquiring for."

To make sure, he did the inquiry himself, but Gogan was right. When Trumper got back to his family, all he had left was the parolee. None of it would have mattered, probably, if he'd spent the day at home and his daughter had told him Mike Kulac had called. Monday at breakfast she had an awakening from the daydreaming she had swathed herself in for the crossover to age fifteen, slowly driving Trumper and his doll crazy.

"Daddy, I forgot. Mike Kulac called—Saturday, I think."

"What did he want?"

"He didn't say; he had to take Rosie and the kids to her sister's. He sounded just ghouly. Daddy, can't we ever go any place? Here it's just ghouly."

Her father counted ten slowly and said, "Pretty soon, sugar." As he kissed his doll good-by at the door he said, "Can't you get a new word for your daughter? I've had it."

"Don't be ghouly, dear."

He got on the bus, grinning, no cloud in the sky, no ghouls to warn him that that Monday would be a day to remember.

He was running the line-up. By 9:30 they'd got him six men, as like the parolee as they could find in the lobby or off the street, doing obligatory citizens' duty for a small fee. He'd checked the line-up room, with an entrance to the platform from the Bureau of Identification and one for the witnesses through the Detective Division. Coming out of Detectives along the hall to Homicide at 9:50 he passed the space in front of the elevators. It reminded him of the clean man and what Mary Melissa had said about a special kind of cleanliness her attacker had had.

"Where's the boy friend?"

"It's right sad." The detective in the Inquiries window grinned at him. "Today I got news, and today he don't come. We got his car, smashed up some in the front end. Want him for something?"

Trumper shook his head. "Just a brain wave. Thought I might use him in the line-up. Isn't important."

That was ten minutes to ten. Mary Melissa Seaton ought to be in the office by now. Ryan and Chalmers had got there early and he'd already seen them. If the tree had been Mrs. Seaton's therapy, it had certainly done something for them. He wasn't conscious of thinking it must have done the same for the girl until he got the cold jolt that stopped him dead center in the door to Homicide as he saw her.

Good Lord, what's happened? He stood staring. It was like seeing a corpse in the first stages of rigor that you'd seen laughing gaily a little before. She was rigid, stony cold white, her pale rose lipstick almost scarlet against the bloodless line drawn sharply around her mouth. Under the frames of her dark glasses he could see the deep violet shadows seeping down into her cheeks. He followed her glance, slow motion, over to her father. Talbot Seaton had had time to get used to it, but his face was like an old shoe pulled out of a mudhole. Ryan and Chalmers were standing there, motionless, stunned.

He went on into the room. "What's happened, Miss Seaton?"

"Nothing." Her mouth hardly moved.

Captain Justice came in briskly, across from the iron stairs. "Sorry I'm late." He paused briefly to nod to all of them and went on to his door. "Excuse me a minute. Trump, can I see you?" Inside he closed the door. "What's happened? She looks like a zombi."

"She says nothing. I just got in. You better talk to her."

"Get her father in here."

Talbot Seaton didn't know. "She woke up this way. I haven't dared push her. Last night she was fine."

"The K-Nines were out there. They said everything was quiet. Did she talk on the phone?"

Seaton shook his head. "It's right by my bed; I'd have waked if it had rung. Her own phone's unlisted."

Oh, no, I slipped up. Trumper looked at the captin. "I'll get a check on it."

"Talk to her, captain," Seaton said. "We're desperate. I tried to get her not to come, but she insisted."

He might as well have talked to a zombi, or a mechanical doll. Nothing had happened; nothing was wrong; nobody had called her. "Is there something we've done, Miss Seaton?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, you've never been to a line-up, I guess," Justice said casually. "Let me tell you how it works." She seemed to relax. It didn't make any sense that Trumper could see.

"You go ahead, Trump. It's getting late; let's get through with it. You got the list? How many on it?"

"Seven." Trumper handed it to him, seeing the girl relaxed even more. The captain was taking his time, giving her a chance, reading through the list slowly.

"All right, go ahead." He handed it back, and Trumper went out, fast so he wouldn't have to talk to Ryan and Chalmers. It was 10:27 then.

Outside the door the detective from Inquiries was waiting for him. "The boy friend's arrived. Want him, he's yours."

"Forget it. It's too late."

"He's mighty pretty this morning."

Trumper managed a sour half grin. He was sourer when he saw Judas Iscariot coming out of Detectives.

"Can I see you for a minute, Trump? You're running the line-up, aren't you? Can I come to it as a witness, not a reporter? You might have somebody I saw with those friends of mine."

Trumper hesitated. It could be. "Go ask the captain."

On the bench five feet from them, his open newspaper up in front of him, Alvin

an untold story of the Civil War

THE HERO WHO HUNG BACK

by Ashley Halsey Jr.

COMING IN THE NEXT POST

felt his mouth as dry as the dirt in a rat run. Thursday night, when he'd stopped the tall lank man outside Headquarters, to be sure he had a witness, he hadn't recognized him until after he'd got inside the building. He remembered him then, a friend of those other two, the boy who'd killed himself and the girl out at Mount Vale. He'd seen him around with them. *What if he saw me then? What if he remembers me now?* He felt the heavy sweat breaking out over his body. He was cursing the girl who'd told him the line-up would be at ten o'clock, when he'd called her at half past two to tell her what he'd do if she kept on going to the police. His triumph at knowing what they were up to, the sense of power and gratified malice he'd had sitting there right under their noses, had been so great he'd told her to go ahead, go on with the farce.

What if she told them? Damn her, I'll fix her. I'll do what I told her I'd do.

A paroxysm of fury caught him from near panic as the reporter moved down the hall with his ambling gait, and the mean, brown-faced detective started on. He got to his feet, controlling his hip and his breathing. *She wouldn't dare tell them. She knows what I'll do if she opens her mouth. I told her and she knows I mean it.*

He went over to the elevator. The brass pointer showed him it had stopped at the fourth floor on its way down. In just a few seconds. . . .

At 10:38 Captain Justice came into the line-up room and sat down by Trumper in the front tier of seats, leaving a vacant place between them.

"They're here. You ready?" Justice leaned over, holding his hand in front of his mouth. "I don't get it, any of it," he said under his breath. "That girl's scared to death. She says she'll do this and that's all—she's through. But I've got a feeling she'll just be going through the motions; somehow she knows the fellow won't be up there. Let's get on with it." He looked up at the platform where the lights shone on the row of men there behind the copper screen. "I thought you had seven."

"I put one more on. Number Eight. She kept talking about the man being clean, and I thought of this fella been waiting at Inquiries. He don't look so clean now; I scared the devil out of him picking him up just when he was getting in the elevator. He's still sweating."

"All right. Get them started."

Trump signaled to the officer at the door. The first witnesses were Talbot Seaton and Chalmers, Seaton wholly negative. Archie Chalmers followed Seaton to the rear corner of the darkened room. The third witness was John Isham, his eyes moving slowly from man to man, resting intently on each face.

Looking up at the line in the glare of the lights, Dave Trumper shifted uneasily in his chair. There was something queer, abnormal, in the room, a sharp rising of tension. He could feel it stiffening the hairs at the back of his neck, and looking at Justice, he saw him alerted, feeling it too. It was in each of the men on the platform, standing there stiff and taut.

Somebody's scared. It was as if Trumper could smell it, see it in the perspiration that was only partly from the lights beating down on them and the summer heat of the room.

Isham's eyes moved back to the left and went again from man to man, slowly scanning every face. He turned to Trumper then, shaking his head. "Sorry. I've seen Number Three in police court." That was the parolee. "Number Five I know. He's a tout for a bail bondsman I used in a story last month, and he's probably in the numbers. He hates my guts. And Number Eight, that little creep on the end. I seem to have seen him someplace." He shook his head. "But I never saw any of 'em back there."

Trumper did a thing then that any police bible would have told him was a deadly sin or that he could have written for a police bible himself. "You talked to Number Eight out front Thursday night. Around eight o'clock."

Isham thought an instant and nodded. "That's right. Somebody stole his car."

"He's been hanging around ever since."

"I guess that's it then. Sorry. Very sorry." He went on to join the others.

Something flickered for an instant in Trumper's mind, something about his seeing the two meet there, that night he had the inside duty. But Ryan was coming in now, and he turned to look at him in the glow from the screened platform. The hairs prickled again on his neck. He'd seen murder on faces in that room, before, and he saw it now, the cold quiet kind that scared him.

Nat Ryan's eyes raked across the eight figures up on the platform, scalded with

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SCREAM a hatred he hadn't known he could feel. Whatever had happened to change Mary Melissa had happened at her home, after he and Archie had left last night, sometime before morning when her father had first seen her. It meant Trumper was right—there was no safety for her so long as the man was free, not even when she was guarded as she had been then, with the K-9 team on the grounds.

When Nat had looked at each face, he went back over them again, as Isham had done. None of them meant anything. He shook his head at Trumper. But as he started back toward the others, an afterimage of the brightly lighted line bloomed on his retina, one face up there standing out sharp and distinct.

He sat down next to Archie and turned to look up at the face of the man at the right-hand end. What his mind had seen was the short neatly dressed man as he'd seen him out at the Seatons'. He seemed to remember him as taller, but there wasn't any doubt. It was the same man. He'd been there on Wednesday, the day Archie had started drinking at breakfast, not at lunch.

His eyes bored through the darkness. He wondered for an instant if he ought to go back and tell Trumper. But Trumper must know who the man was or he wouldn't have him up there. And all Nat Ryan could do was tell him he'd seen him. He didn't know there was anything wrong with him. Mary Melissa would know that, and Captain Justice was at the door then, the officer opening it, to let her in.

He felt a touch on his arm. Archie was leaning toward him, his mouth at his ear. "Watch Number Eight," Archie said under his breath. "That bow tie and that chin."

Ryan nodded. That probably settled it. "He was at the Seatons' Wednesday." He felt a slow, colder anger as his memory flashed more of the events of the day into focus. "Good Lord, I even helped him get his stuff out of his car!" *Yesterday if we'd known it* —— Today was too late. He heard the door shut. She was in there.

Hearing the tap of Mary Melissa's heels as Captain Justice led her over to the chair between them, Trumper felt again the electric tightening of tension, not only in the corner behind him but also on the platform, the eight men there frozen like statues. It was a return of the fear nearing panic he'd sensed when Isham was there, and for an instant he felt a tenseness himself, a chill along his spine. *Maybe we've still got something. Maybe we have.*

Then the quality of her steps underlined what Justice had said. They were taut but alive, not the steps of a zombi, and when she sat down between the two of them, he didn't have to look at her to know that the paralyzing fear she'd had in the office was gone. She knew, somehow, there was no danger to her in this room. *Like here it's a haven; she's perfectly safe.* She'd taken off her dark glasses, and as Trumper looked at her then, her eyes seemed black, not gray, her face taut but not frozen white as it had been, her hands holding her bag normally. Whatever had turned her into a zombi wasn't in the room and wasn't on the platform and she knew it wouldn't be.

As her eyes met his, Trumper saw she realized she'd given it away, had let him see clearly that she knew that. He saw her throat move, her hands tightening on her bag, before she could make herself raise her face and look up at the yellow glare of the narrow stage with eight motionless figures staring straight ahead. Unconsciously his own eyes moved up to the platform. If they had not, he might have seen where hers were focused, what spot they froze on. He looked back at her almost instantly but too late. In that instant she had frozen again, motionless, her face white, eyes staring blindly ahead of her, a pillar of salt in the form of a girl. Her bag slipped from her hands, in the intense silence its thud on the floor like the crash of a cannon.

For an instant as galvanic as that room with its history of triumph and heartbreak had ever known, Trumper's heart beat fast. *He is up there. We've got him.*

"Which one is it?" He saw her sway then and put his hand out quickly, catching her arm. She jerked it away as if his hand had burned her. "Don't touch me!" It was a whisper of revulsion that only he heard. Then her voice, high-pitched, wet taffeta tearing, ripped through the room humming like a high-tension wire.

"Not any of them! He isn't there! Daddy, where are you? I want to go home!" It was like a sonic shock, her voice breaking through the barrier. In the long instant of stunned silence, as

As often as not, adult education is left up to teen-agers.

Frederic G. Houle

Trumper felt suddenly there was nothing where his stomach had been, he heard John Isham.

"Good Lord, what's she done?"

Talbot Seaton coming quickly from the corner put his arms around the girl as she ran wildly to him. Captain Justice bent down and picked up her bag.

"Get those men off there. Hold them till I come."

The officer on the platform was herding the eight men through into the Bureau of Identification. Trumper waited till the door to the platform was unlocked. Up there he looked back, saw Justice going out with Mary Melissa and her father ahead of him, started on and stopped, looking back again, his face darkening. But Ryan and Chalmers were sitting in the corner, alone, talking in low tones. He hesitated an instant and went on. His concern was with the eight men. One of them was the rapist. Which one—and what could he do about it? That was his problem, and the officer of the B. of I., waiting to lock the door behind him, stated it sardonically.

"You expecting a confession out of that bunch? You can't beat it out of 'em, and how long can you hold 'em?"

All eight would be gone quickly, the mad dog with the rest. They'd still get him—if they were lucky. What he could do to the Seaton girl in the meantime. . . . Trumper thought of the girl at Mount Vale, feeling the cold prickle along his spine, sick for a moment. *And what good'll it do to get him now that she's quit cold on us?* Without Mary Melissa as witness they couldn't prosecute.

And even if she changed her mind again, Judas Iscariot's low cry, "Good Lord, what's she done?" rang in his ears. He knew too well what that meant.

Inside, in the Bureau of Identification, the parolee was telling it to the others. "None of you guys has to worry—she said it ain't any of us."

Chalmers and Ryan stopped at the door. To their left along the hall Captain Justice was taking Mary Melissa and Talbot Seaton through the platform door and the back elevator down to the basement garage.

"How long can you hold them?" Ryan asked the officer at the door. He nodded at the line-up going into the B. of I.

The officer shrugged. "One of 'em's in the numbers. His lawyer's here already, right out there waiting."

"Thanks."

They stopped at the Bad Checks desk in the hall. "May I see your phone book?" he asked the girl there. "Yellow, if you've got one?"

"Sure, here it is."

They took it to the window. Nat turned to the P's. Archie Chalmers put his finger on an advertisement. They gave the book back to the girl and took the iron steps down.

"Let's catch a cab," Nat said. "Your car's too easy to follow down here." They turned the corner of the building and set out to the right on Fayette Street.

Archie looked over at him suddenly. "Blake versus State, 157 Maryland 1929. *Wigmore on Evidence.* You remember it?"

"Not by name."

"Right here in Headquarters, 1928. A rape, and this girl was in there looking at photos. She didn't pick the man out. Then she and two detectives walked down that hall, and she saw the man who'd attacked her right there. Right in their laps. Like this little swine. You remember it."

"Yes." Ryan's face twisted. "And you remember why Wigmore has it? The detectives were ruled out of court at the trial. Their evidence was hearsay."

"That's not our problem. Here's a cab."

They gave the driver an address on Cathedral Street, and when they arrived, they got out on the corner. Archie pointed to a brownstone house three doors ahead. "That's it—second floor."

"Take it easy," Nat said. They went up the stairs. There was a door with a card that said RING, PLEASE, AND ENTER.

They went into a small elegant salon with French-gray paneled walls, an antique mirror over a carved mantel, two chairs, a pair of Directoire sofas in pearly-pink satin. In silver frames on the mantel and tables were a half dozen portraits of brides.

"One second, please." A man's voice called from inside. Then he came in, a dog-faced man with lively brown eyes.

"You're Mr. Meade, aren't you?" Archie asked.

"Ritter Meade. What can I do?" He looked smilingly from one to the other.

"I'm Archibald Chalmers."

The dog face fell, the happy eyes clouded. "Oh, I'm sorry!" he said softly. "I just can't tell you, Mr. Chalmers. I've kept the proofs; I didn't think ——"

"It isn't the proofs, Mr. Meade," Nat Ryan said. "When you were taking the pictures at Miss Seaton's on Wednesday, you had a man with you. Short, wearing a red cap."

"That's Alvin—Alvin Tibble. He's my wife's brother. Sometimes she makes me take ——" Ritter Meade came to a slow stop, his Gothic dog face beginning to change. "What do you—what do you want with him?" His voice sounded strangely hollow.

"We'd just like his address. We'd like to see him." Archie said it quietly.

It was very strange then. It seemed to Nat it was like watching a house being demolished. One moment the façade hangs intact, and gives then, slowly at first, and collapses into a pile of still-moving rubble.

"Oh, no!" Ritter Meade breathed the words hardly voiced. He put his hand to the table like a man drunk or crippled or relearning to walk, supported himself by the back of a chair until he got to the sofa and let himself slowly down. "Oh, no!" That was strange too. He did not look as if he were sitting there crying, but as if he were sitting there alone with the rain pouring down his face.

"I knew it. I must have; I've been so afraid." His big gentle hands were slack on the pink satin. "I've told her he's a psycho. His bed—the girls' shoes. They were my customers; they weren't the kind to give him those. I told her he was stealing them. I knew it would lead to—something horrible. She wouldn't believe me."

He looked up at them, eyes unseeing. "I knew the beer was doped Thursday night. He'd brought it before and I thought the same thing then. And his clothes in the washer. Oh, Lord help us."

He sat staring blindly as they waited. After a long moment he reached slowly into his back pocket and brought out a key ring. He took one key off.

"I'll put this here." He laid it down on the salver on the coffee table. There were some cards on it. "Take one of them, the address is on it. I couldn't ever do anything about him because of my wife. It would be like killing her. But I—I won't try to stop you."

The dark eyes were full of pain, searching their faces. "You're going to kill him, aren't you. If I had my camera that's what it would say." He pushed the salver toward them and got slowly to his feet.

"I'll go away. I've been away since Friday. We had another big row about him. I wanted to find out if the beer had been doped. I took the pitcher back to the tavern. But my wife —— It doesn't matter. I'll just keep going. I've got connections in Caracas. I won't be here to testify against him or you. I can't hurt my wife; I love her." His eyes moved around the room and back to them.

"I see so many things now. He's a—a monster, a monster. But I always knew she was safe; I didn't have to worry about her, even if he did hate her. She had the money. If she died, he'd lose it; she was safe. I'll let her know; maybe someday she'll want me back. Please go now."

They left. Nat stopped at the front door. "You've got the gun?"

"That's right. I got it at home Saturday noon. That's what I was going out for when he followed me."

Nat held out his hand. "I'll take it."

"Why?" Their eyes held steadily.

"Because it was you Meade was looking at when he said what his camera would say. I don't want you to go berserk. He might not be the right—monster. I want to hear from him first. If he is, you can have it."

"All right." Archie handed the gun to him. "But I'm doing the shooting—don't forget that. I've already told you I'd rather do it alone."

"You've told me." Ryan checked the safety and slipped the gun into his pocket. "I want to see this bed and those girls' shoes first."

"All right. Let's get there." Archie looked at the card with the address and slipped it into his pocket with the key. "We haven't got much time. They can't hold them long."

TO BE CONTINUED

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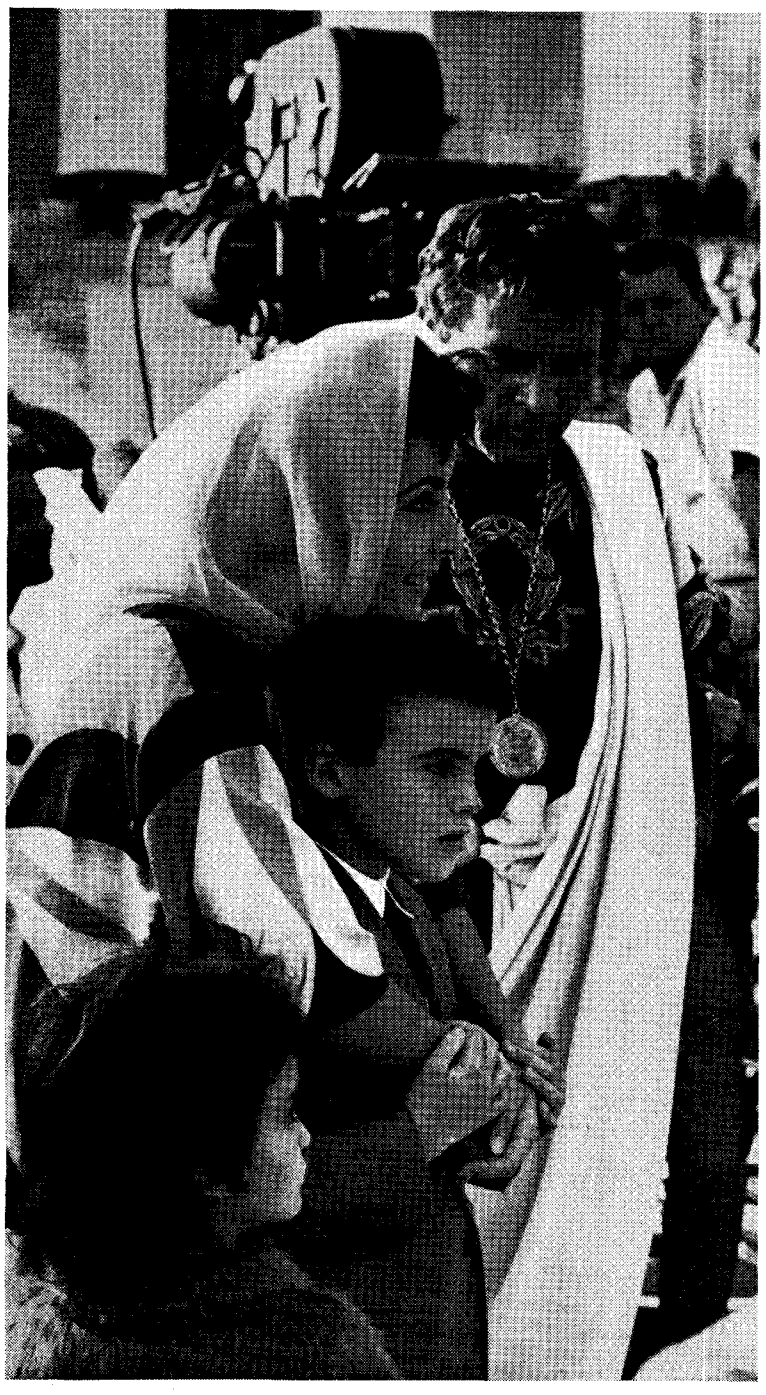
Actor With Two Lives

Richard Burton, urbane star of *Camelot* and *Cleopatra*, darling of the critics, is still a brawling Welshman offstage.

By ARTHUR AND BARBARA GELB



"Mark Antony" Burton and "Cleopatra" Taylor on the set with the actress's children, Michael, 7, and Liza, 3.

In the unstable realm of show business, where the road from rags to riches is taken for granted, the rise of Richard Burton is a legend. Born into an impoverished family of uneducated, Welsh-speaking miners, Burton has become one of the most polished and sophisticated actors in the world.

As a boy, he struggled to learn English, hoping to escape the coal pits of his native Welsh village. He did escape; at the age of twenty-four he was playing leads in Shakespeare. In demand ever since for roles that require classical acting and regal bearing, he recently left the part of King Arthur in the Broadway musical *Camelot* to portray Antony, opposite Elizabeth Taylor in the movie *Cleopatra*.

Despite Burton's glitter, the dark, rough edges of his character are still visible. In fact, he clings to them. The result is a fascinating study in contrasts—a blend of peasant and nobleman.

Today he speaks the queen's English as fluently and wittily as Noel Coward and can hold an intellectual conversation in French. But he often lapses into the mournful-melodic-guttural language of his Welsh heritage.

Burton is a polished raconteur, at ease with Greta Garbo or Winston Churchill, in any place from Hollywood to his estate in Switzerland. But he also likes to visit disreputable saloons and get drunk in the company of his coal-miner brothers during trips to his birthplace, Pontrhydyfen (pronounced "Pontradeven").

Endowed with an animal magnetism, Burton, at thirty-six, is unconventionally handsome; but he doesn't look like a movie star. Because he is barrel-chested and has astonishingly broad shoulders, he seems shorter than his five feet eleven inches. He has unruly brown hair and a pitted complexion. Offstage his appearance suggests the coal miner he might have become.

On a recent visit to his home village, Burton asked an old mining comrade of his father to show him the trick of loosening a coal face with the single tap of a mallet. Highly skilled miners dislodge a wall of coal this way by determining the precise spot where the blow must be struck. Burton's instructor carefully explained the process and handed over the mallet. Burton shattered the huge sheet of coal with one blow.

Burton has felt the urge to demonstrate his physical prowess since childhood, when he first decided to become an actor. Acting was considered a "sissy" profession by the coal-mining population of Pontrhydyfen, so Burton was as unactorlike as possible offstage. Though he had painfully learned to speak flawless English by the time he was in his teens, he spoke only Welsh to his family and friends. He expressed contempt for any show of emotion or sentiment, gave in to black rages, drank hard and was always ready to use his fists.

Burton pays little attention to his wardrobe. Most of the time he wears the same blue sport jacket day after day, and the same green topcoat year after year.

Stewart Granger, one of the first to recognize Burton's talent, told him he looked "atrocious" when he turned up for lunch one day in a baggy, twenty-two-dollar suit. Burton smiled and said, "I'm not a glamour boy."

Burton's taste in food is no more refined than his taste in clothes. His favorite snack is an order of French-fried potatoes between two slices of white bread.

Burton's wild, Welsh rages became legendary in Hollywood during the filming of *The Robe*, with Victor Mature and Jean Simmons. On the set one day he deliberately ran his head into a wall after failing several times in attempts to perform a stunt called for by the script.

"When he explodes on a set," says Henry Koster, his director for the film, "it's usually because he gets annoyed with himself for not doing something the way he thinks he should do it."

John Gielgud, whose acting style most influenced Burton at the start of his career, and with whom Burton has appeared on Broadway, refers to the younger man as "that terribly rough boy." Once, in describing another actor to Burton, Gielgud said, "He's built like a peasant, Richard—like you —— oh, terribly sorry!" Burton didn't mind at all, nor does he mind when Gielgud, about to tell a story, says, "It's a terribly filthy joke, which you'll enjoy, Richard."

One outburst of Burton's rage, which was inspired less by artistic frustration than by whisky, occurred after an afternoon of celebrating St. David's Day, March first, a Welsh holiday comparable to St. Patrick's Day. Burton was appearing in a play with Michael Redgrave in England's Stratford-on-Avon. He got so carried away during a fight scene that he lifted Redgrave and hurled him against the scenery, nearly bringing the set crashing down.

Burton indulged in his wildest exhibition on his twenty-first birthday, November 10, 1946, a year before he was mustered out of the R.A.F. A bored navigator ("I was the worst that ever flew."), Burton commemorated the day by getting roaring drunk with a fellow airman. They decided it would be amusing to break a few window panes. Burton tapped a pane in his barracks, using a sharp jab of the fist that shattered the glass without cutting his skin. He found the sensation pleasant. With his friend, Burton systematically worked his way through the entire building, breaking 156 windows. The next day he and his friend were sentenced to a week in the guardhouse.

Apparently Burton regards violent physical action as evidence of virility. His father, who spent his life in the coal mines—as did his grandfather—once had his teeth kicked out by a fellow miner. He considered it a joke, and so does Burton, who likes to tell stories about his family's exploits.

"We were called the Jinx family because we were the scourge of our end of the village," Burton says. "I had tremendously rough brothers. We all played

"I'm no glamour boy," says Burton, an explosive ex-coal miner

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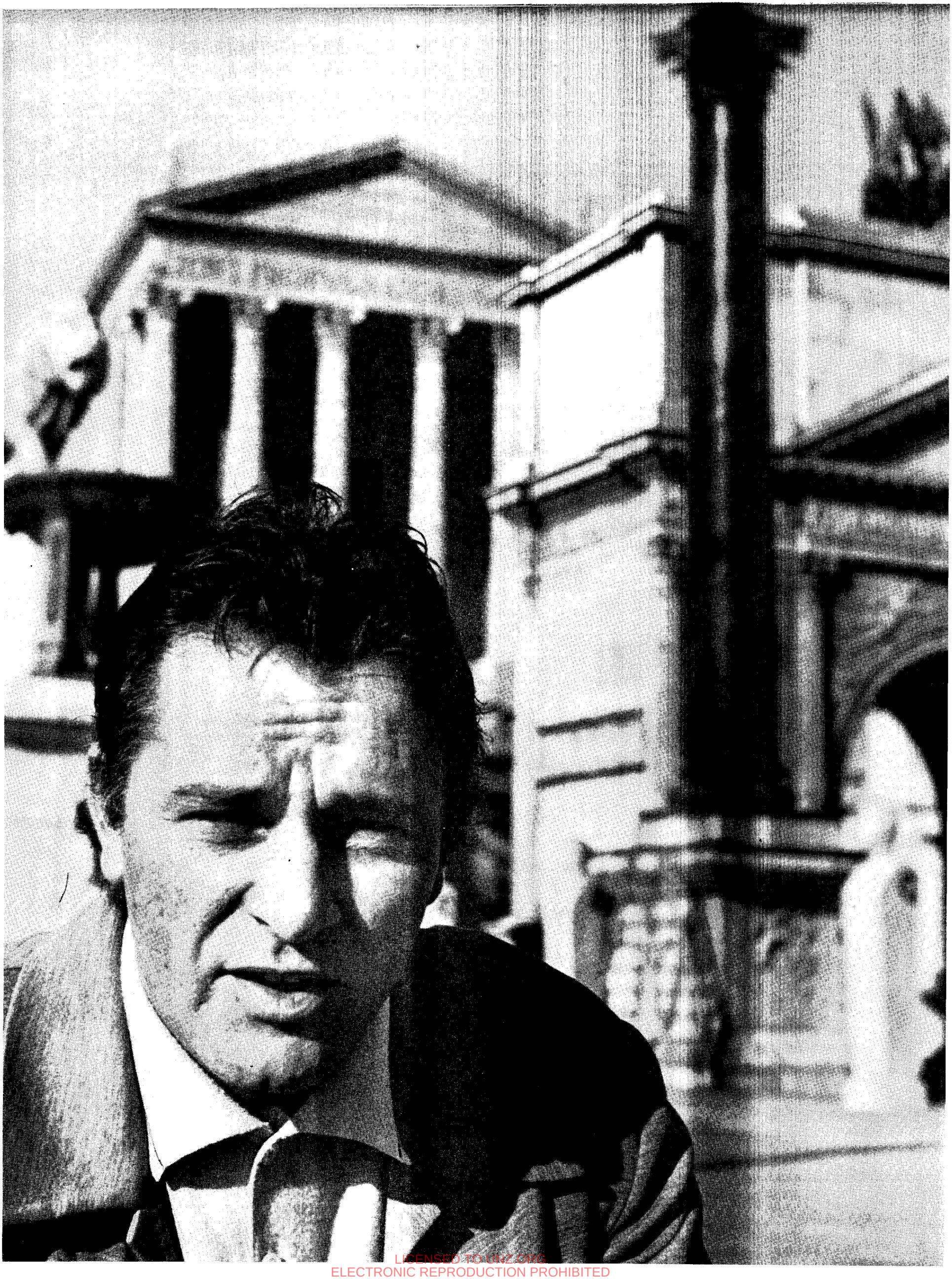

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BURTON

The Burtons in their Via Appia apartment: he and his wife, Sybil, were married 12 years ago. "She's Welsh too," he says, "but posh Welsh, not like me."

Rugby and 'proved' we were manly by walking across the ledge of a high bridge between our village and the next. Naturally, you'd crack your skull if you slipped."

The blend of the crude and the refined, the strong hint of the savage lurking beneath the charming manner are vital ingredients of Burton's appeal as an actor. Both qualities are always discernible, whether he is playing a sulky young prince in the Broadway play, *Time Remembered*, or an uncouth Englishman in the motion picture, *Look Back in Anger*.

The late Moss Hart, who directed him in *Camelot*, declared, "Actors like Burton are born once in fifty years. Unlike most stars, he has an imposing personality offstage too. Most stars are not really people. Their magnetism disappears away from the footlights. Burton stays full-size."

To date, Burton has appeared—here and in England—in sixty plays, fifteen movies and five major television productions. His salary keeps climbing, and his popularity shows no sign of diminishing. Perhaps his only failing, professionally speaking, is a lack of selectivity. He has a tendency to pick roles that offer him a chance for bravura acting. He rarely considers the overall quality of a script. As a consequence he has made some notably bad movies.

When Burton left *Camelot*, Hart told him, "You're rich now. Don't waste your gift. The next five years may decide whether or not you'll become the leading actor of the English-speaking stage."

Burton has another view. "You simply have to do movies to keep your reputation—and your earning power—at a peak." But he finds unbroken movie work tedious. "After a while," he says, "your gums begin to ache, and you long to get back on a stage."

Although his tentative commitments for the next few years include a number of movies (among them: *Of Human Bondage*, with Marilyn Monroe, and *Cool of the Day*, with Audrey Hepburn), he definitely plans to play serious stage roles in London and New York in such proven vehicles as *Othello* and *Peer Gynt*.

Burton has opened and sauntered through innumerable doors that remain locked to the less gifted. He won his first London role at the age of seventeen during World War II. The part was that of a Welsh boy in a play by Emlyn Williams called *The Druid's Rest*. After that came a year at Oxford, three years in the R.A.F. and some juicy roles in London's West End. Success was easy thereafter, but the scars of his childhood stayed with him.

Burton was born Richard Jenkins, the twelfth child in a family of thirteen. His mother died two years later, after the birth of his younger brother.

"The ten pounds we borrowed to pay for my mother's funeral haunted us for years," he says. "There was a tremendous celebration when our family finally paid off the debt. We were terribly poor. There were years," he says, "when we lived on free soup doled out by charitable organizations. But we were never unhappy. We were devoted to each other."

Burton maintains that he developed no inhibitions or "anything that people living under such conditions of poverty might be expected to develop." And amazingly, he not only survived but displayed an entirely self-inspired thirst for the life that lay beyond the barren hills surrounding his little green valley.

With the help of a teacher in his elementary school, where the curriculum was presented in Welsh, Richard learned to speak English. At thirteen he became

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the first boy from his village in thirty-five years to enter an English-speaking grammar school—in Port Talbot, about two miles away. It was there, two years later, that his real battle for self-improvement began—he decided to become an actor.

Young Richard Jenkins seemed to have no potential for the craft; that at least was the initial opinion of Philip Burton, a brilliant scholar of classical and contemporary literature, a writer for the B.B.C. and occasionally a director in the professional theater. Philip Burton had taken a wartime teaching job in Port Talbot. Burton regarded young Richard dubiously when the boy told him of his ambition. Richard was chubby and had a dreadful speaking voice. His English, though serviceable, was neither grammatical nor free of accent. Ultimately, however, Burton was impressed by Richard's determination and personality. He decided to take the boy in hand.

For the next two years Burton drilled Richard, chipping away the rough edges of his manners, erasing his Welsh accent, teaching him to walk unself-consciously and instructing him in voice control.

"I discovered that Richard had quite an unusual talent," Philip Burton recalls. "Most notable was his feeling for poetry and language. He was in love with words even before he could understand them."

Eventually Richard was reciting difficult speeches from *Hamlet* and *Richard II* with silky fluency and vibrant tone. Partly out of gratitude to his mentor, and partly because he did not want to be typed as a Welsh actor with the unmistakably Welsh name of Jenkins, he took Burton's name for the stage.

Today he divides his loyalty between Philip Burton—whom he considers his adopted father—and his brothers and sisters in Wales. He is particularly solicitous of his eldest sister, Cecilia, and her husband, Elved James. Cecilia reared Richard after their mother's death.

Burton attributes to Cecilia his ardent ambition to succeed. "I really set out to conquer the world for Cecilia so she would be proud of me," he says. "She looks years older than her age because of early malnutrition and all the terrible labor of trying to get money. I had an enormous desire to make up for all her years of humiliating poverty."

In spite of Burton's candid identification with his working-class roots, his offstage personality is often flamboyantly theatrical. His language is sprinkled with extravagantly colorful phrases. Like a number of other English-trained actors, he addresses everyone—regardless of sex—as "love" or "dear."

Burton has been told since childhood that he has "the eyes of a devil"—a reference to his habit of casting a penetrating, sidelong glance at a companion. He is aware that this quick flash of his blue-green eyes has an attractively diabolical quality. Lauren Bacall, an old friend, calls him "wicked Richard."

Dawn Addams, who appeared with him in *The Robe*, says "Richard is a remarkable actor on the stage and in films. But in private life he is an even better one. When you're with him, you believe him, but afterward—you wonder."

Burton cannot conceal the fact that he has an actor's ego. But what distinguishes him from some of the other peacocks of his profession is his sharp wit; his most egotistical remarks are delivered with an air of disarming self-mockery.

Telling about the time in 1953 when Winston Churchill paid a flattering visit backstage at England's Old Vic after seeing him perform *Hamlet*, Burton quipped, "He said some nice things about my performance—but he really came backstage to use my lavatory."

It was Churchill's public enthusiasm for Burton's performance—he called it "The most virile Hamlet I ever saw"—that was largely responsible for a record run of 230 performances. Later Churchill selected Burton to record the offstage voice for a television documentary series, based on his life, and requested that he portray Churchill in the projected Paramount motion picture, *The Early Years*, about the British statesman's youth.

While playing in *Camelot*, Burton tripped one night during a dance sequence with his co-star, Julie Andrews. It happened to be the night that the celebrated English ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, attended the show. When Miss Fonteyn went backstage to see him, Burton had an explanation ready for her: "I tripped on purpose to make you feel superior."

Burton and his wife, Sybil, a former actress, have been married for twelve years. "She's Welsh too," he says, "but posh Welsh, not like me." He admits that he induced Sybil to give up her acting career because she was upstaging him.

They met during the filming of an English movie called *Woman of Dolwyn* in 1948 when Sybil was only eighteen and Burton was twenty-three. They were married in February of the following year. In 1951 they performed together at Stratford-on-Avon in *King Henry IV, Part I*. The press was ecstatic about Sybil, who played Lady Mortimer—but only temperate in its praise for Burton, as Prince Hal, and Michael Redgrave, who headed the cast as Hotspur.

"I think you'd better pack it in, dear," said Burton. At the end of the run Sybil obligingly did.

It was probably this decision that has enabled the Burtons, despite their peripatetic existence, to maintain domestic unity. Sybil, who has prematurely gray hair, is slim and crisp-mannered with sharp, delicate features softened by a ready smile. With the assistance of a Swiss nursemaid, she sees to the well-being of the two Burton children, four-year-old Kate and two-year-old Jessica, while they accompany Burton on his far-flung film-making journeys.

Burton has little time to spare for his children. Shortly before he left for Rome in September to film *Cleopatra* he obliged a photographer by accompanying Sybil and the children to a Manhattan playground to pose for pictures. Awkwardly guiding Kate across the street on her tricycle, he admonished her for lagging and reduced her to tears. When his coaxing failed to bring a smile to Jessica's face as he pushed her in a swing, he shrugged, tugged nervously at his tie and abandoned her to Sybil.

"Richard's never been to the park with the children before," said Sybil. Burton, mopping his face with a handkerchief, explained that he spends time with his children at home in the late morning. "The park is very exhausting," he says.

Out of his element as the patient father of two small girls, Burton is very much in it as the center of attention at any gathering, whether it is a huge Hollywood party or a small get-together in his dressing room. He seems to have an urgent need to surround himself with hordes of fellow celebrities and hangers-on. The apartment he has rented in Rome during the filming of *Cleopatra* is, by design, big enough to accommodate not only his family but also fellow actor Roddy McDowall and McDowall's partner in a photography business.

During his ten-month tenure in *Camelot*, Burton's dressing room at the Majestic Theater was always jammed with actors and an entourage of secretaries, agents and a scattering of worshipful young women with no apparent ties. On most matinee days, at least a half dozen people accompanied Burton to dinner at a nearby restaurant between his afternoon and evening shows. His majestic departure through the theater's stage door—where patient autograph seekers immediately closed in on him—was a spectacle to see.

His dressing room was known throughout the theater district as "Burton's Bar." Stuffed with a couch, armchairs, a costume rack and a large refrigerator, it was a daily rendezvous for such celebrities as Alec Guinness, Tammy Grimes, Mike Nichols, Jason Robards Jr. and Phil Silvers. "Why not?" Burton remarked. "It's the cheapest bar in town."

But it also happened to be the best free show in town. Apparently inexhaustible, Burton would keep up a patter of jokes, stories, imitations and recitations while changing into street clothes and removing his make-up, seeing to it all the while that his guests were supplied with drinks.

A remarkable mimic, Burton can take off almost anyone with uncanny skill. His forte, though, is fellow actors, particularly Gielgud, Redgrave and Laurence Olivier.

At a party in New York he once flabbergasted Vivien Leigh, then still married to Olivier, by mimicking her husband's voice from across the room. Miss Leigh, who believed Olivier to be in England, swung around in astonishment, convinced that her husband had somehow turned up at the party.

Olivier is an old friend, to whom Burton bears a passing resemblance, and whose mannerisms (probably unconsciously) he sometimes uses on stage. One of the stories Burton likes to tell includes an exchange that took place between himself and Olivier when they were both in Hollywood.

Burton had just been offered the role of King Arthur in *Camelot*. Though eager to accept, he hesitated because he had never done a musical. The authors of *Camelot*, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, insisted Burton could sing, assuring him they had heard him harmonize with Olivier at a party. Puzzled, Burton took his problem to Olivier.

"Larry," Burton asked, "have we ever sung a duet at a party?"

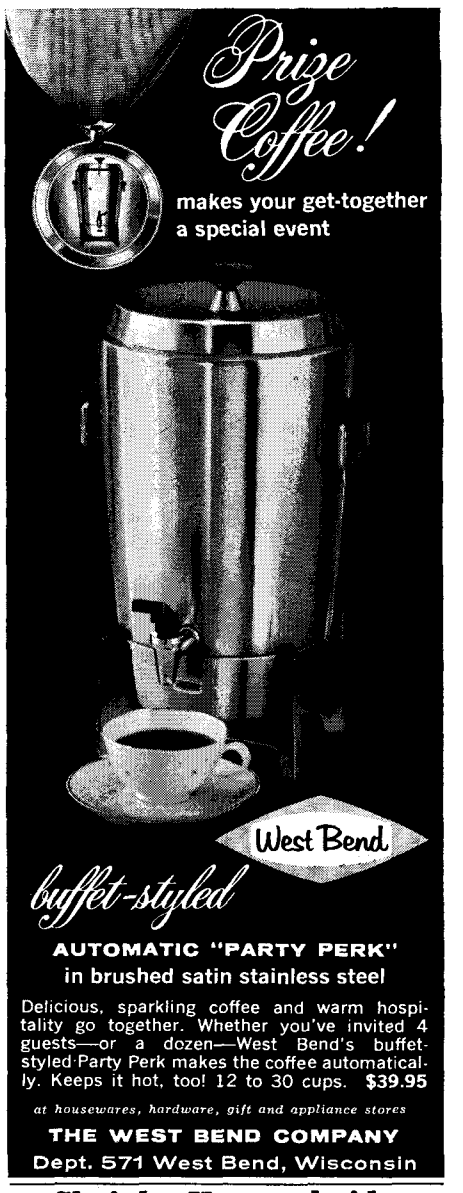
He mimics Olivier's reply in a dry, clipped, nasal voice: "Not to my knowledge."

"What shall I do?" asked Burton.

"The money's good," replied Olivier. "Say nothing and carry on."

Burton did. As a result he now commands one of the top salaries in show business. Recently, with typical Burton swagger, he confided to a friend that Twentieth Century-Fox valued him so highly it gave the producers of *Camelot* $50,000 to release him from his Broadway contract six weeks early to film *Cleopatra* in Rome—a premium paid in addition to the $250,000 promised him for the movie. He noticed that the friend was somewhat less than bowled over. Remembering that Elizabeth Taylor's $1,000,000-plus for the film had been highly publicized, he admitted with a mocking grin, "Of course, the *girl* is getting more."

THE END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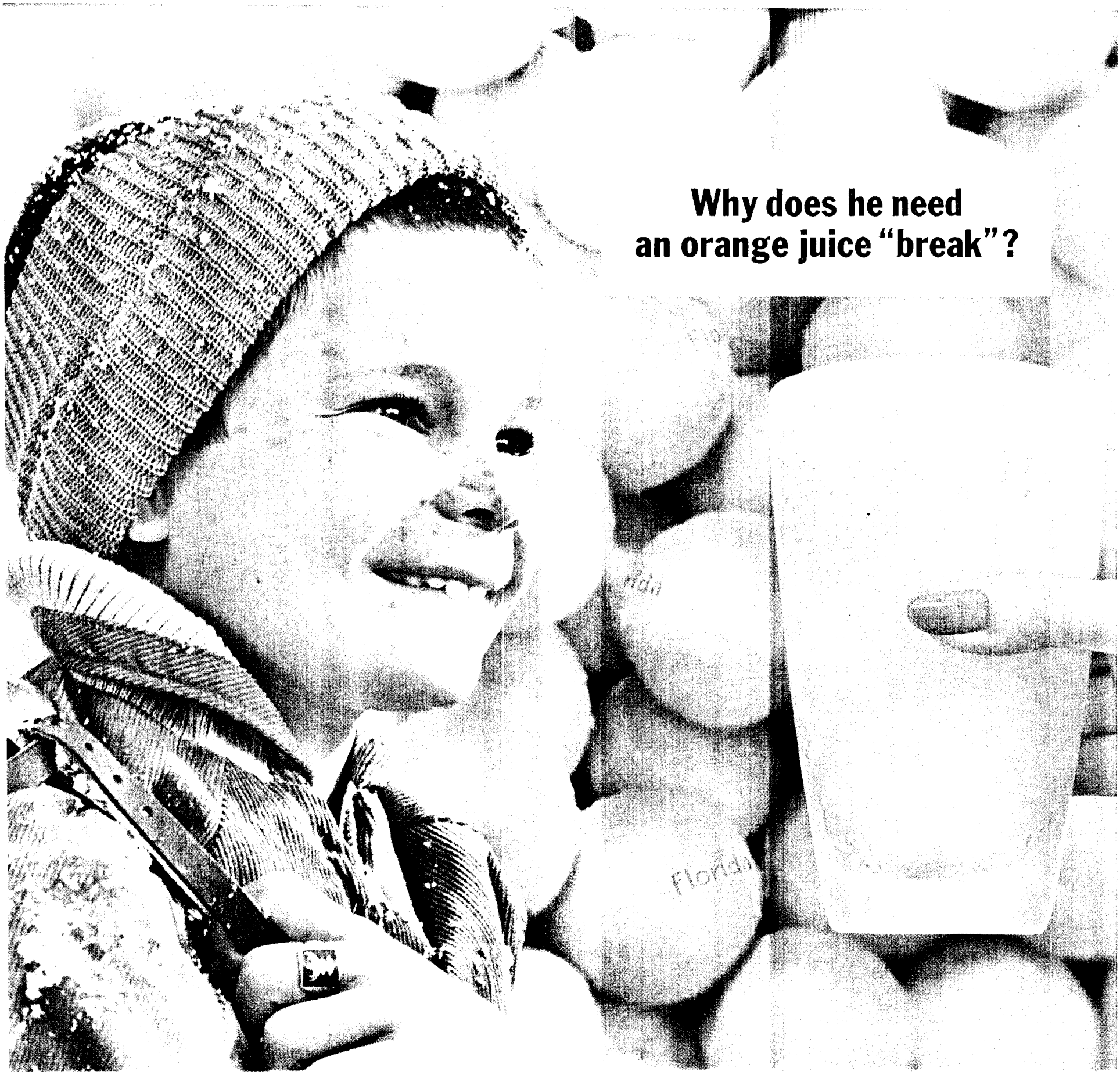

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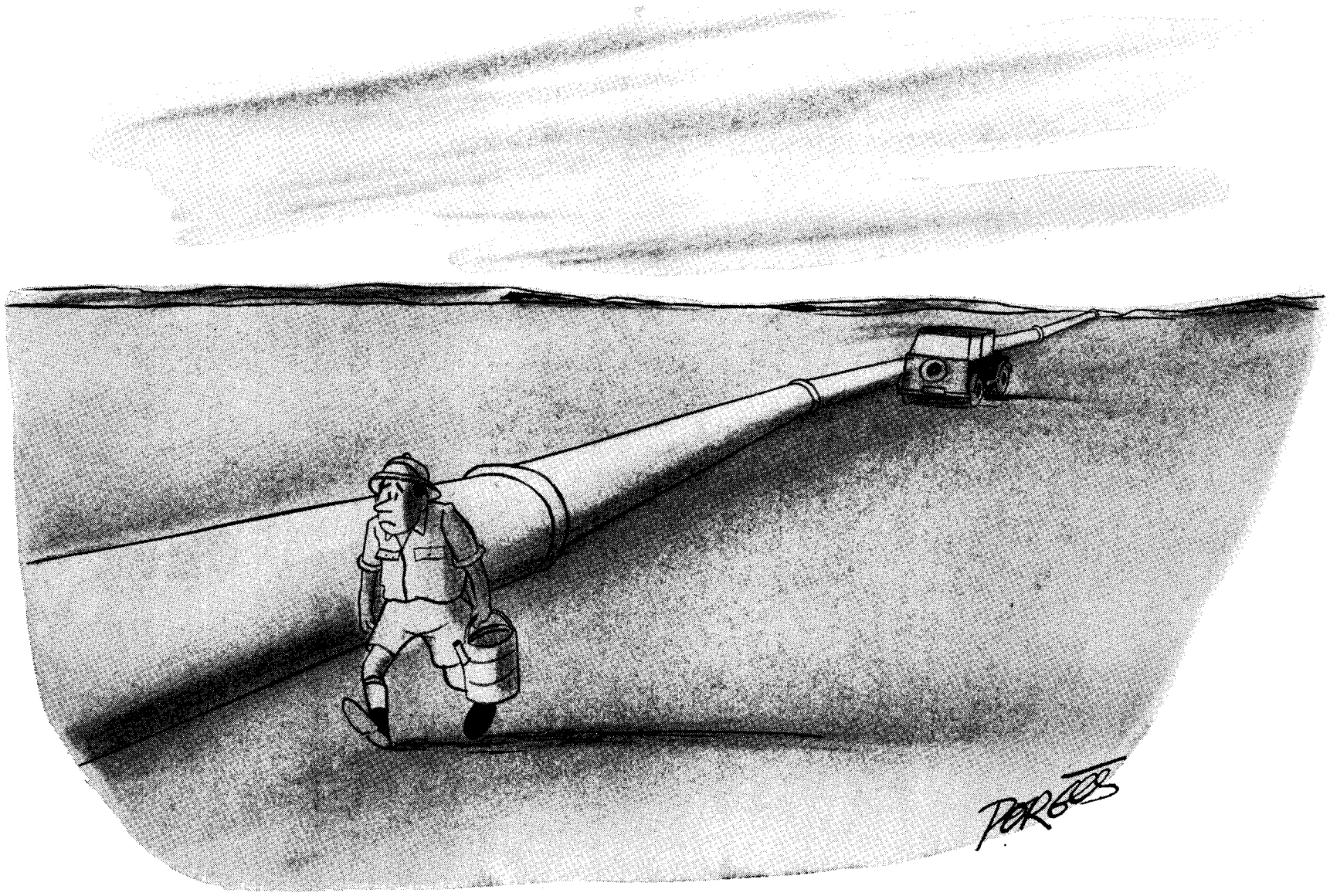
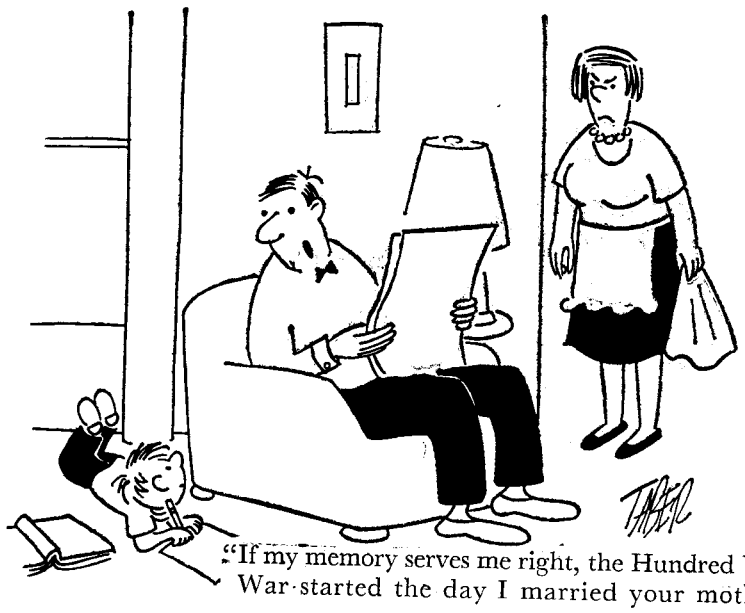


"We guarantee you won't sleep through this one."



"If my memory serves me right, the Hundred Years' War started the day I married your mother."

over

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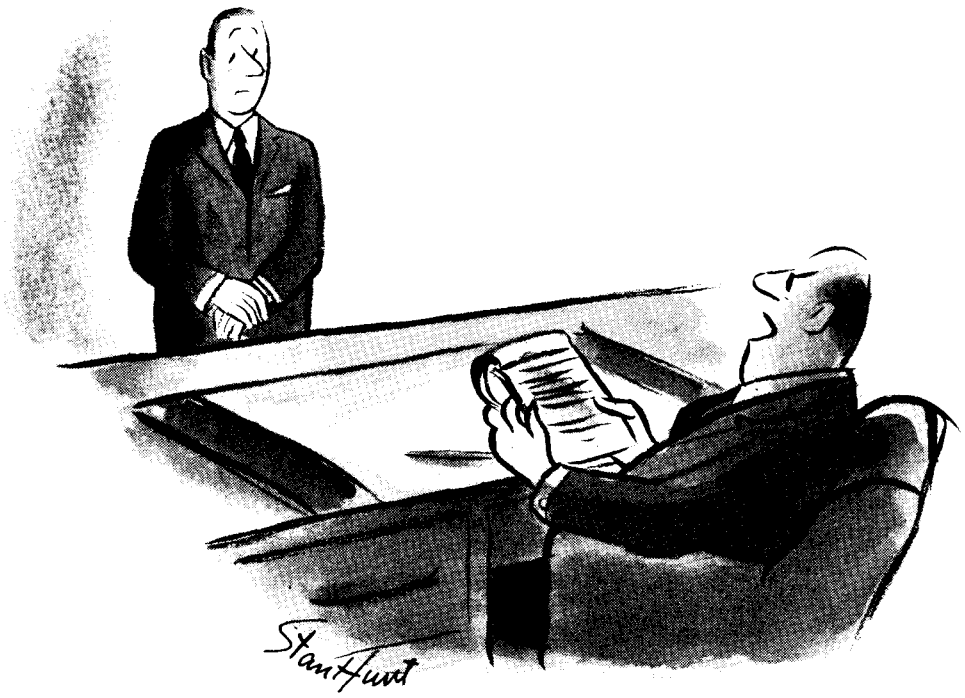

"This is the best thing you've ever done for us, Hewitt, and frankly it stinks."

"I understand you're quite interested in boats."

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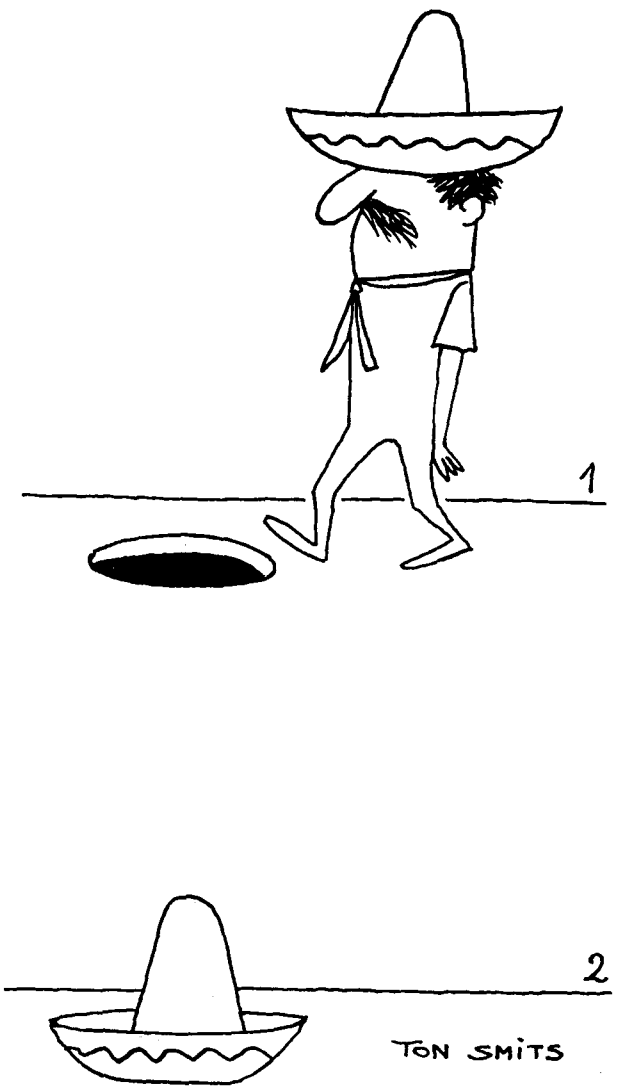
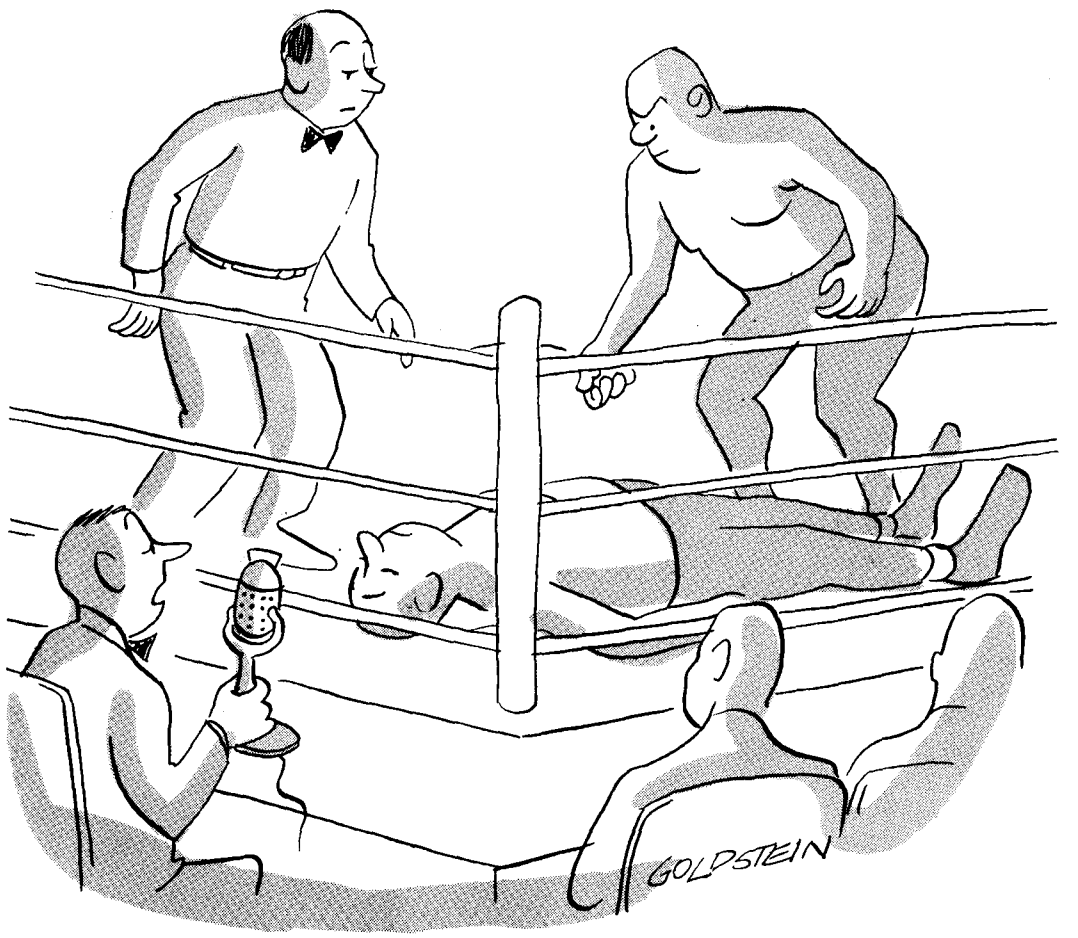
What it Says on the Box

This game provides friendly competitive play for children of all ages ("Put down that game board, put it down this minute. Now, just because Robbie sent you to jail is no reason to ——") and teaches good sportmanship ("I'm sure Harvey wouldn't deliberately skip the Stuck in the Mud square, he probably just miscounted and ——"). The simple rules are easy to follow ("No, see, if you land on a blue square after a red square, then you progress to a purple, unless there is someone already there, and then you go to the nearest yellow square and lose two turns.") and will provide hours of exciting fun for the whole family ("Well, of course if you kids would rather watch television. Your father and I just thought that it would be fun for the whole family to. . . .).

BETSY BYARS



"She was blond, petite, blue-eyed and a bluecoat."



"That sickening thud was brought to you through the courtesy of Ace Beer."

Natural Selection

I hate a man who's never late—
Whose every sock has got a mate—
Who's never missed a single date,
And never even tarried.

Give me the man who's unaware—
Who loses things—who's never there—
And we will make a perfect pair.
In fact, we do: we're married.

ARLINE LLOYD

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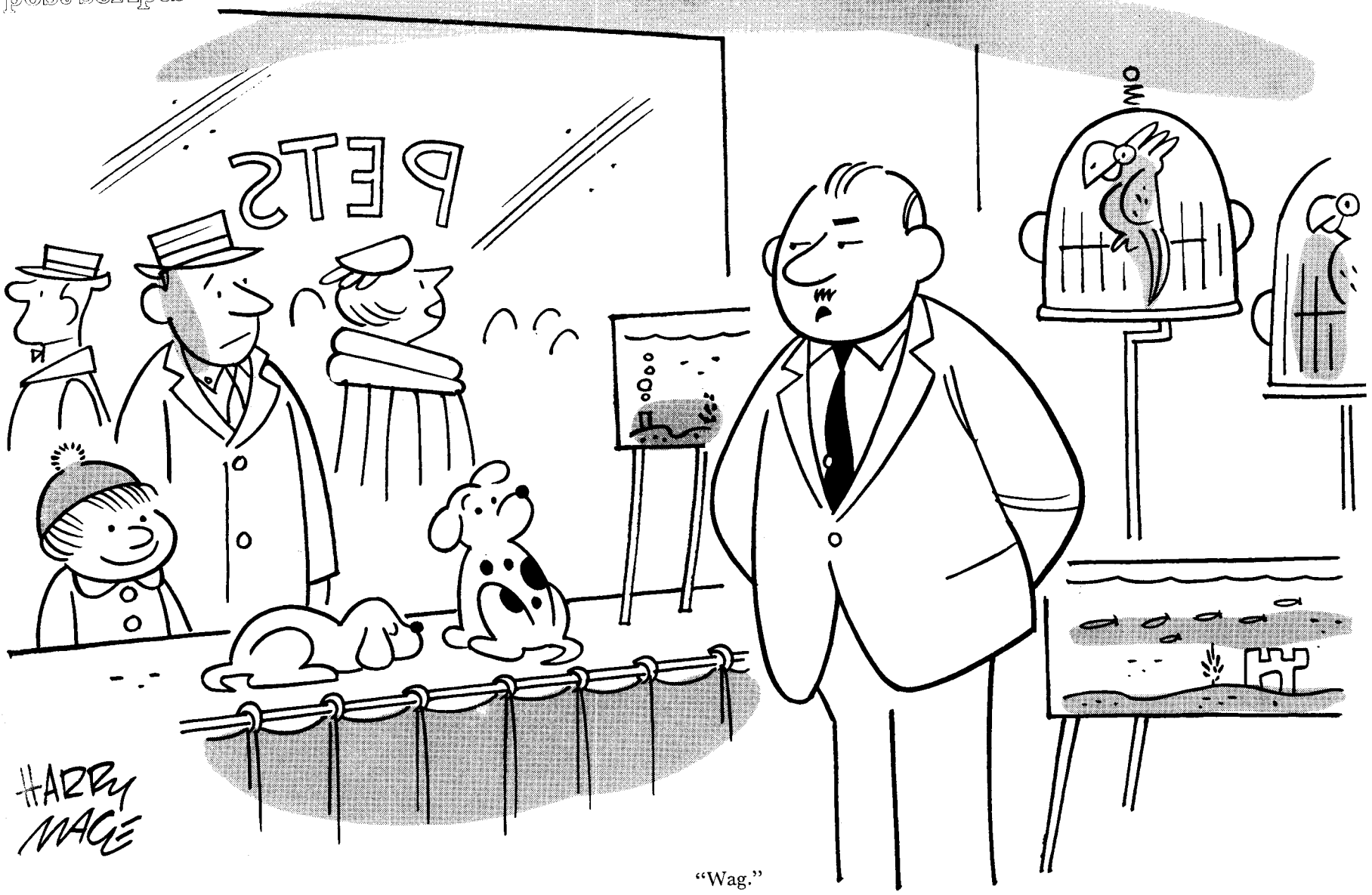
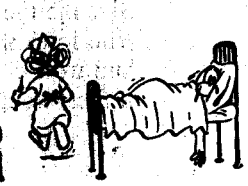


"Wag."

"I don't care if your husband is Lord Godiva, you'll have to get off the street!"
BILL SHELLY

"I find it relaxing, and it takes my mind off Ethel's cooking."



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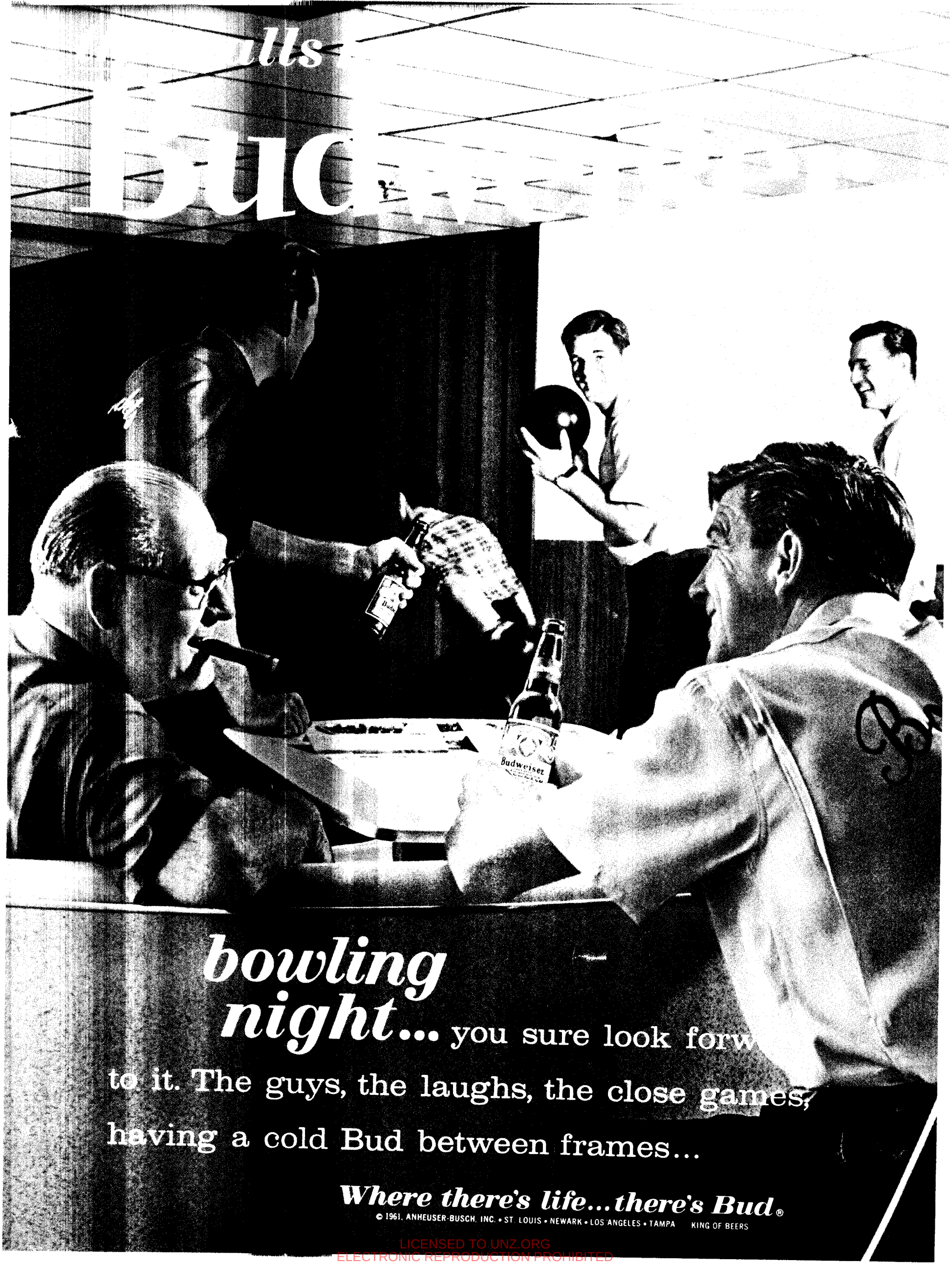

bowling night... you sure look forw

to it. The guys, the laughs, the close games, having a cold Bud between frames...

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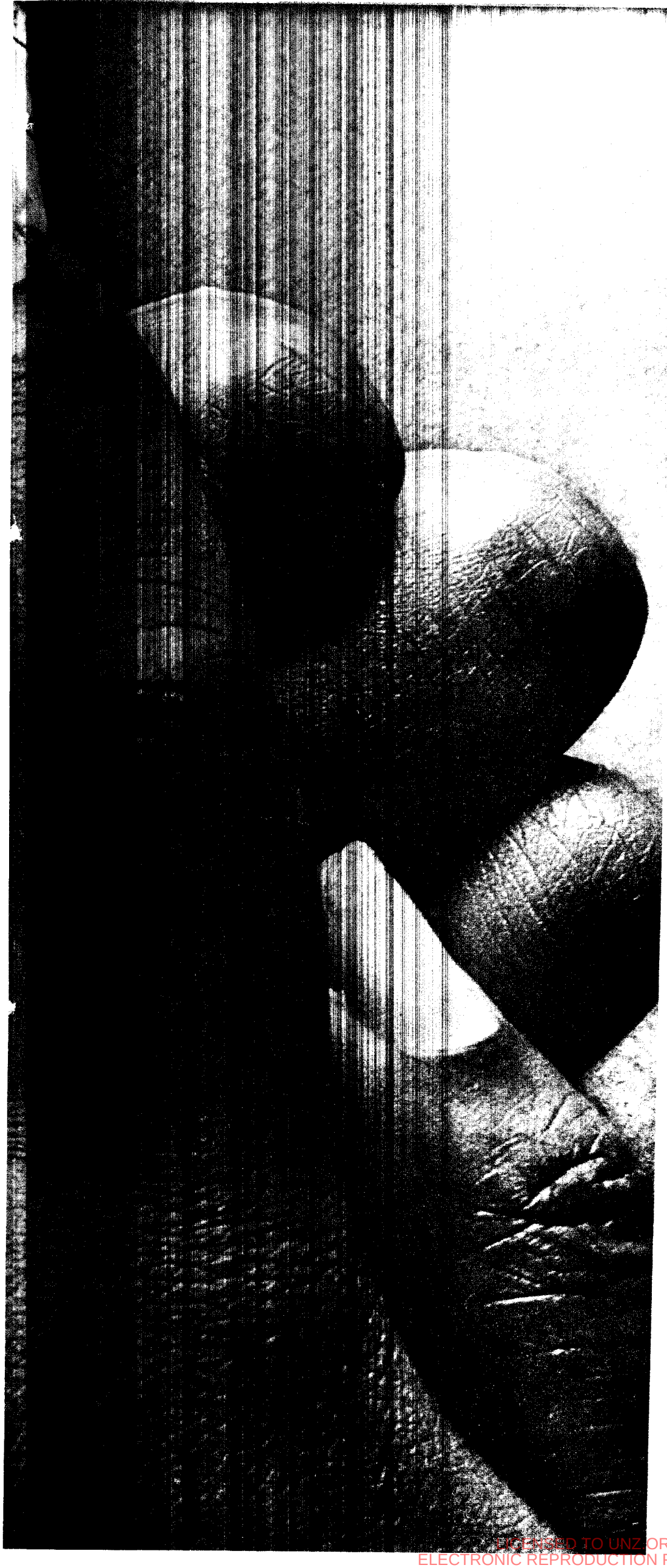

A SON DIES!

A SHORT STORY BY WINIFRED WILLIS

For nine years now, ever since the war in Korea, I have wanted to tell this story, to see if it will make my heart easier. It is not a new story, it is very old, and yet for Bob and me it never happened until it happened to us. Our being Negroes isn't so important, except for that time when we waited for the man to look up from the book and answer us, and because, being lightheaded and queer from weariness, I felt that my whole world rested on what he would say. For when you suffer such a grief, you can bear it if you can find some meaning in it. And it's odd what little things can help you find a meaning, or take all hope away and leave you nothing.

Bob and I live in New York City on West 143rd Street, on the fourth floor of a co-operative apartment house. Bob has worked in the post office ever since he was a boy, and he has moved right up all that time, so that now he has the rank of postal inspector. We have had a happy life. We've traveled, we've gone to the theater, and listened to great music. And we've had a nice home where our son Damon could be proud to bring his friends anytime, in spite of the dusty, crowded street outside.

Whenever we had enough money put by and two months' leave piled up, the three of us would go on a trip. One year we went to California, another year to Mexico City. And in 1947, when Damon was thirteen, we went to Europe. We went first to Southampton, England, on a beautiful big liner, and rented one of those little cars and drove through Southwest England, across the moors and along the coast. We went to Land's End and stood looking out over the gray water toward home. We drove through the fishing villages on the Bristol Channel where the jetties and sea walls were still twisted and broken from the German bombings, and Damon said, "I wonder what it would be like to be in a war," and Bob said, "I hope you'll never know." We had two days of sight-seeing in London, and then went across the English Channel to France and by train through the rolling farm country to Paris. We lived in a little hotel on the Left Bank of the Seine. We had a whole week before we had to go home, and we walked over every inch of the city, through the gardens and the galleries,

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SON along the old cobbled streets behind Notre Dame, and the wide boulevards. We ate in the tiny restaurants with the students from the Sorbonne, and Damon chattered away with them in some kind of French that they seemed to understand, though he'd only had a year of it at school. We got into the habit of having a little wine with our supper, and though Bob was raised strict Baptist, he never flinched, not even when Damon would smack his lips and roll his eyes over his glass, imitating a Frenchman.

Oh, what a trip that was, so long planned for and so perfect when it came, a time we never tired of living over again and again among our three selves.

When Damon was seventeen and a half, he entered a college up in Massachusetts. We knew, with the war on in Korea, that he might not be there long, but it was a proud day for us when he went there, for neither Bob nor I had gone to college. We drove up to see Damon now and then, taking his girl Betty along with us. Betty had grown up in our neighborhood, she and Damon had gone through school together, and suddenly, about the time they both turned seventeen, they fell in love. Betty is a beautiful girl with golden-brown skin and dark curly hair with glints of red in it, and she loved books the way he did, and long arguments and discussions about everything under the sun.

There was one of those historic old inns in the college town, but the three of us stayed in the guest house on the campus, where sometimes it seemed as though everyone in the school was going out of his way in order to make us feel comfortable and at home.

Damon got on well with people, because he liked and trusted them from the start. Sometimes, if a person rejected him because of his color, he would draw back into himself and go on about his business, but in time they liked him in spite of themselves, because you couldn't help it. He was gay and friendly by nature and he had a quiet way with him when anything went wrong, as though he knew there was a solution somewhere, and he was bound to find it. Our old pastor said of him once, "He has the gift of grace," and that's the best way I know to put it. He was religious, but in his own way, not caring too much for churchgoing. He loved the out-of-doors more than churches, though he would go with us gladly if he thought it pleased us. Often on Sundays he would travel to the end of the subway line and wander for a whole day in the open fields, over hills, along a river. That was when he was a lone wolf, before he fell in love.

He was six feet tall by his nineteenth year, slender and quick, with brown eyes and a medium-brown face—because his father is quite dark and I am light. He was a good student when he put his mind to it, and a great reader. He would read anything that came his way—novels, adventure stories, comic books, or books on philosophy and physics and astronomy. He did more reading than studying that year at college, because, as he put it, he felt "sort of scattered," knowing well that he would most likely be drafted, and half wanting to go and half wanting to stay. And so it turned out; he was drafted in the early spring, during his second term.

Bob and Betty and I had time to go to see him once in the Army training camp in the South. He met us at the bus station in the town, looking so smart in his uniform that I had a hard time not to cry. Damon took us over every part of the camp where visitors could go, and introduced us to his many friends. The two days passed like a dream, and then it was Sunday evening, a soft Southern spring evening like there are no words to describe and the air full of the homesick smell of magnolias, and Damon standing close to the bus just outside the open window I was sitting by. Until we started to move, he talked and kidded with Betty and his father, as offhand and casual as you please, but when the bus began to roll, he reached up his hand to me, and I put out my hand and took hold of his, and he ran a few steps alongside the bus, looking up into my face, not saying a word, either of us. We never even said good-by.

The bus moved a little faster, and our hands pulled apart, and he looked after me and I looked after him until he had faded away to nothing in the blue mist of the evening.

He was a corporal when he went to Korea, and a little later he had "Sgt." on the return address of his letter without mentioning it in the letter itself. We knew how pleased he was and we wrote to him right away to congratulate him.

The last letter we ever had from him was lying on the living-room table the morning we received the telegram from the Defense Department. It was lying open, the way I'd put it down after reading it to Bob, for I always answered his letters so quickly that it wasn't worthwhile putting them away in my desk first.

"My time out here won't last forever," he had written. "When I think about being home again and back at college, it seems like I'm dreaming. But I'm not sorry I'm here; in a way I'm glad I'm here, though I'll be a lot gladder when it's over and I'm telling my grandchildren about it than I am right now. The thing about it is, when you've been in the Army and helped to fight a war, you feel different about your country; it is really yours in a way it never was before. . . . My gang here is a swell bunch of fellows. Whenever we have any time we chew the fat, and we sure mull everything over, and I mean everything. It reminds me of bull sessions at school, only then everything was sort of theoretical, and here everything is real. . . . Oh, boy, the way I'm going to work when I get home. I have an idea but it's only an idea, so don't get excited. I've been thinking I'd like to be a doctor. Out here you see what a doctor can do for people. I know it means long years of study, but if you really want something, you can work it out, especially when you have two parents who are always back of you, like mine. . . . Give Betty my love, even though I just finished a letter to her. You lucky stiffs, to be able to see her just any old time. It gives me a big thrill when you write you've had her to dinner or to a movie. I know you think I'm too young to decide, but I've decided. She's the only girl for me as long as I live. . . ."

That evening—the evening before the telegram came—we took Betty out to dinner at a little Italian restaurant in the Riverdale section, where we had sometimes gone with Damon in years past. Over our spaghetti and chicken we talked of him, of course. I couldn't help watching Betty, to see how she looked when she spoke of him, but she looked just the way she always had, open and honest, not trying to hide anything. So Bob and I decided, after we had let her off at her house, that there wasn't any new understanding between them, nothing more definite than they'd had for the past year or so. At home, while we undressed and puttered around, we kept talking about the two of them, and I remember I said I'd be perfectly happy to have them marry later on, if they'd just wait a few years to be sure of themselves and to give Damon time to finish college and decide about medical school and all that. Saying that made me feel quite noble, believe me. It's surprising how self-satisfied you can be, and how possessive, before anything has ever happened to make you understand that love is not holding on, but letting go.

We went to bed, and Bob fell asleep, but I lay awake beside him with a queer feeling I'd never had before, though I've had it since—a trembling high up under my breast, in the hollow place that's there. I put my hand there, and I thought

in the February 3 issue:

WE TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME *by Hannah Lees*

I could feel the fluttering. I was short of breath, too, the way I get when I am frightened. I thought of waking Bob, but he was sleeping like a child, and I couldn't bear to disturb him. I just lay there with my hand on the fluttering just below my heart, wondering what made it, when I'd never had it before.

At three minutes to four I looked at the illuminated alarm clock on my table, that was set to go off at six as usual. Right after that I must have drifted asleep, for I thought I was walking up a long, long hill and I was so tired and not getting anywhere with all my effort, never getting any closer to the top. Then the doorbell waked me, and I heard Bob opening the front door, and I realized that he must be up and dressed ahead of me, because it was a little after seven o'clock. It seemed strange that the alarm hadn't waked me. Who was at the door so early? Why didn't Bob move or make any sound?

I called, "Bob! Bob!" He came slowly into the room then, holding the open telegram in his hand. I saw the yellow paper and the yellow envelope, and I knew what it was.

A long time afterward I asked Bob why he hadn't called me that morning instead of getting up. He said, "I woke up a few minutes before six. You looked so peaceful and so far away. I reached across you and turned off the alarm before it rang. I just had a feeling I wanted you to stay asleep. I don't know why." Then I told him about the fluttering I had had below my breast and the dream of the long, weary uphill climb. I guess all parents talk that way and recall signs and warnings they had before a sorrow. I can't help thinking that in some deep part of us we know the things that are going to happen, but we try not to know; we are afraid. As it says in that wonderful thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, we see "through a glass, darkly," but we dare not see "face to face."

I remember that morning pulling on my clothes with numb fingers and saying over and over, "It's a mistake. I know it's a mistake," and Bob standing there with his back to me, staring out the window. We went down the dark stairs and out into the hot, bright street and walked the four blocks to the telegraph office. I waited outside, and through the plate-glass front I saw Bob talking to the woman at the desk, and I saw her go to a file and bring out a paper and hand it to him. He read it and gave it back to her, and we walked home again. He didn't have to say there had been no mistake. I knew it all the time.

The apartment was full of the morning sunshine, clean and cheerful, everything so familiar, and so strange. I remember sitting beside Bob while he telephoned to his family in the South, hearing him talking to his sister and asking her to phone my family and our friends. Then he called our minister, Doctor Hitchcock, who had said that Damon had the gift of grace, and suddenly it came over me, as though it were for the first time, that the gentle old man had lost his youngest boy in World War II. I had known about that for years, but now for the first time I was aware of it.

We waited for Doctor Hitchcock to come, and suddenly I couldn't wait, I couldn't sit, and I got up and went down the hall to the door of Damon's room, but Bob came after me. "No, Jena, no," he said, and he led me back up the hall to the kitchen and made me sit at the table while he made a pot of coffee.

I was beside the window with the green plants in a row on the inner sill, and on the outer sill there was a little pile of dust that would spread out into a thin wave in the faint breeze and lap toward me gently and then draw away, changing its shape again and again like sand on a windy beach, and I watched it with a growing terror, because this whirl of dust was real, and I was real, and Bob making coffee at the stove was real, with his poor face bent down over the pot as though to hide from me, and the thing that had happened to Damon was real. For one terrible second it was all real, and then the curtain dropped down again over the bright kitchen and everything else, and I seemed to forget, to drift, to be someplace else, and I just sat there until Doctor Hitchcock came.

He sat down with us, the beautiful old man with his silver hair and dark face and gentle voice. But he hardly talked at all, and he said nothing about God's mercy and the usual things. He just sat with us, and after a while, as he was leaving, he said, "My children, I know the place where you stand. I have stood there."

After he had gone and we were alone again in the strange, familiar place, Bob said, "Jena, our folks won't get here until tomorrow evening. The—the service

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isn't to be until three days from now. Let's not stay here."

I stared at him stupidly. The service. The funeral, he meant. That was for Damon. A funeral for Damon.

"We'll get the car," said Bob, "and go away."

It sounded so unbelievably simple. We'd leave it all behind. I stood watching him while he laid our night clothes and toilet articles in a small bag, and just then, like something exploding in my brain, I remembered Betty. I went to the phone and dialed her number; but when her happy young voice came over the wire, I couldn't speak. I handed the phone to Bob. So many times since I have wondered why I did not go to her instead of phoning, but at the time I could not. Long afterward you think of so many things you wish you had done differently.

We left home just as the little clock on the mantel chimed twelve noon. We walked the four blocks to the garage and then, because we could not have gone the familiar way that led to New England and Damon's school, we drove down along the river and through the tunnel and westward across New Jersey.

For a little while it seemed more bearable to be moving than to be sitting still. For a little while there was the feeling that everything was going to change. I

Not all women talk for hours on the telephone. Some have to listen.

Homer Phillips

was staring out of the window, seeing nothing, and over and over again a voice inside of me kept saying, no, no, no, no—over and over again. I felt dull and even relaxed, and all my attention was concentrated on the voice saying no. But suddenly Bob began braking the car, then he pulled sharply off the road and came to a stop by a stone wall bordering a field. He just sat there a moment looking straight ahead, and a deep, long groan of terrible pain came from him, out of the depths of him; and he said softly, "My God. Oh, my God."

The truth had hit him, too, now. It was all the more awful to watch simply because he had seemed so very calm and strong from the beginning. I sat there, looking at Bob's face, my heart frozen with fear.

He opened his door, walked around the car and jumped the stone wall and wandered out into the field. He stood still, one hand covering his eyes, and I knew all through me the agony imprisoned under his hand. For that moment I thought of Bob, the living, and of nothing else. That was the time that saved me.

"Help him, God," I said out loud. "Help me to help him."

In a moment he came back to me. He reached his hand in the window and gently touched my cheek and smiled at me. His lips were shaking, but still he could smile.

"You all right now, Bob?"

"Yes, Jena. It was just—it all came over me, for the first time."

"Now you're all right?"

"I'm all right."

He walked round the car and got in and released the hand brake. His eyes rested on the gas gauge, and he said in an ordinary voice, "We better stop at the next gas station."

"There's one up ahead on our side."

"O.K., we'll stop there."

While the attendant put gas in the car I went into the ladies' rest room and let the cold water run over a paper towel and pressed it to my eyes. I looked at myself in the mirror, and it seemed the face of a stranger. I couldn't remember having wept, but my eyes were swollen slits in my face and my mouth was a hard, tight knot. My hair was a mess, hanging in wisps from the loose bun at the back of my head. I tried to rearrange my mouth, to make it look more like mine. I took the pins out of my hair and combed it and wound it up again neatly. I was doing this for Bob, and for me, because I knew now that if we did not do our best at every separate moment of this day we would both be lost.

We drove on along the great highway, past the shabby little houses, the low, modern factory buildings, the signboards and roadside stands. A young boy walked along the edge of the road, wearing an old wide-brimmed hat and carrying a knapsack over his shoulder, looking very much the way Damon used to look when he started off for a hike at the end of the subway line. The sky was a hot, cloudless blue, and the cars and trucks shimmered in the sun.

"Talk to me, Bob," I said.

"Yes, honey, I'll try." He put his hand over mine, but we stayed silent, for neither of us could think of anything to say.

Ahead, on our right, a country road went off at an angle, winding away through the fields. Bob saw it just as I did, and swung into it. It was a well-traveled road, too, but it wasn't a big through highway. It took us past small farmhouses and great barns, with here and there a spreading tree or a clump of trees making deep shade on sun-scorched grass.

"Wherever this goes," said Bob, "it's a lot prettier."

I started to say, "What does it matter where it goes?" but then I didn't say it.

We came to a hot-dog stand, and Bob slowed down. "You never even had a cup of coffee this morning, Jena," he said. "Would you try some now?"

"I'll try," I said.

The smell of it made me feel faint. My throat was so dry and stiff that it didn't seem anything could go down it. But I drank about half a cup, and so did Bob, and the redheaded boy who served us kept singing softly to himself, one of those tuneless love songs that Damon used to sing now and then, that had only one or two words in it, like "You—you—bee-yutiful you. . . ." We happened to be the only customers, and I thought the boy was pretending not to notice the way we looked. He was a sweet boy, about Damon's age, and he urged us to try the crullers, but we said no, thank you, not now.

We drove on, and the country began to get quite hilly, and we would go for a long time without seeing a village. The shadows were lengthening, and the air that poured in the windows had a cooler breath. Suddenly, like a light turned low, it was evening. We had not known how terrible evening could be. Last evening this time we were driving up along the Hudson River toward Riverdale with our son's girl, and with the thought of our son in the world somewhere, and we were parents and had a home. Now everywhere I looked I saw the peace of this

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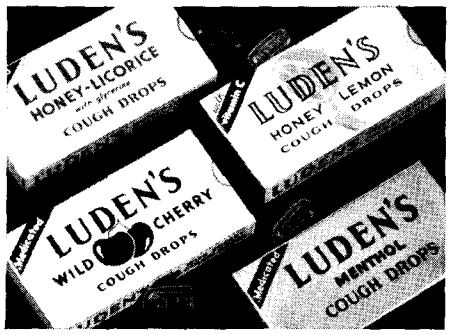

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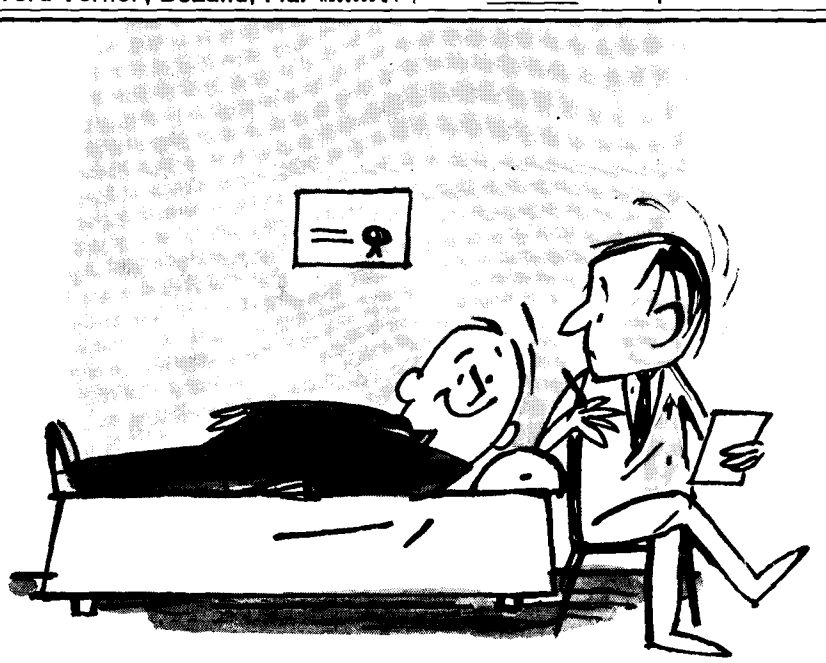

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SON hour, but I saw it through a dark veil. A group of cattle were standing at a fence, their white moon faces turned up to us. A woman came out of her little house and stood on the steps, peering along the road, waiting for someone. Some kids, clutching their wet, rolled-up bathing suits, alighted from a little country bus and went their separate ways, waving and calling good-by to one another. Somewhere off to our right a train whistle sounded, not one of those horns they have everywhere nowadays, but a real, old-fashioned, long-drawn-out whistle full of lonesomeness and the sense of far-off places. It sounded again, and there was the long rumble of a freight and a stream of white smoke rising beyond a row of trees. I put my hand to that place below my breast, the hollow place, the center of my pain.

Suddenly I was so weary that it was like a big wave sucking me down; I felt myself drifting, my head sagged, and I didn't try to lift it. I was walking with Bob and Betty over the campus at Damon's school up in Massachusetts; we were looking for him everywhere, and then Bob's voice cut through the dream, saying, "We'll find a place to stop for the night. You're half asleep."

I couldn't answer him before I drifted off again, and then I came to with a start, because the car was standing still. We were in front of a small motel, and Bob was sitting there beside me looking the place over. It was a modest little place, a dozen cabins set in a semicircle around a grass plot.

At the far end of the cabins there was a big maple, a lovely old tree, and the cabin nearest to us was marked OFFICE, and just below that a smaller sign read VACANCIES. In the middle of the grass plot a big stand-up sign proclaimed, SHADY REST MOTEL—WELCOME.

"This ought to be all right," I said.

Bob looked down at me. "I thought you were asleep."

"I guess I was."

"You wait here while I go inside."

"No," I said. "I'm coming with you."

"Please," he said.

"I'm coming with you," I said.

We entered the open door of the office cabin, and there was a man sitting at a desk and smoking a cigarette. He was small and thin, with thin gray hair and a tight mouth. He just sat there looking at us through his steel-rimmed glasses, without any particular expression on his face, and Bob was looking back at him exactly the same way.

"Good evening," the man said.

"Good evening," said Bob. "My wife and I would like to rent a cabin for the night."

For several seconds the man did not answer, but sat there looking first at Bob, then at me, then out the open door. And it was during this time that I had the queer, lightheaded feeling, as though I had no body at all and was floating around up above this room and our two selves and that silent man, waiting to hear whatever he would say. I felt as though not only Bob and I, but the whole world, and maybe the universe, were waiting for him to open his mouth and speak. I felt that when he spoke he would be settling something more important than anything else, something that had to be settled if anything was ever to matter again.

And so many things were going through my mind. So many memories. I saw the old inn near Damon's college with the thick vines covering the porte-cochere under which the parents drove their cars when they came to visit their sons. I saw our little hotel in Paris facing the Seine River and the view from our windows of the lovely bridge and the barges and boats moving under it and the fishermen sitting on the river wall. I saw the Army camp in the South and Damon showing us around it. I saw our own dining table at home at the far end of our living room, with three places set and the green candles lighted in the silver candlesticks and the glossy white napkins folded at each place and a vase of flowers in the center of the table. I saw the way Damon's

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"FIVE AHEAD OF US!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

letters looked through the little holes in the door of the letter box in the downstairs vestibule; and I remembered his last letter where he said: "When you've been in the Army and helped to fight a war, you feel different about your country; it is really yours in a way that it never was before. . . ."

I think in that little time I remembered everything, good and bad, that had ever happened to the three of us, and I felt that all of it had some meaning that would become clear to me when the man at the desk would speak.

He stood up and reached for the registry book and turned a couple of pages, slowly. Then he looked right into our faces and smiled. "I have a nice cabin available," he said. "You folks sure look beat. Guess you've been on the road a long time."

"Thank you," said Bob. "Yes, we have." He signed the register and paid six dollars, the regular price for a double cabin—we could see it posted on the wall. Our cabin was the nicest one of all, the one at the far end close by the giant maple tree. Everything was neat and clean, with two single beds, two chairs, a bureau and a tiny toilet-and-shower room. The man said he hoped we would rest well and that there was a diner down the road a piece where his patrons usually ate and that we could sleep as late as we liked in the morning.

While Bob lay down on one of the beds and closed his eyes, I undressed and had a shower, put on my nightgown and lay down on the other bed. Bob sat up and said he would like to get comfortable, too, but then he lay back on the bed and immediately he was dead asleep. I lay on my back staring at the ceiling, and then I began to cry. It was my first crying, the kind that you have nothing to do with, that wells up helplessly, making your whole body heave and shudder; and yet you are sort of outside of it all the time. I managed to keep it very quiet, too, though I don't think anything on earth could have waked Bob just then. I kept silent, but the tears came in a great, warm flood and washed and flooded over me, and it was good, good. The hard, dry pain melted a little, the knot loosened in my throat. It went on for a long time, maybe five minutes—I don't know. Then I was still, all quiet inside, sinking down, down until I drowned in sleep.

I woke up in black darkness and groped for my bed light, but it wasn't there. I heard Bob breathing near me, but he wasn't beside me in the bed. I got up and felt around for a light switch, not knowing where I was or what had happened, and right away Bob sat up and said, "Is that you, Jena?"

"Bob, honey, I can't find the light."

He got up and turned on the two lamps. He was still dressed, just the way he had dropped down. I looked at him and around the room, and everything came back to me.

"Oh, Bob, we must go home!" I cried, and as I spoke the words a chill struck deep into my heart, the terrible sense of having run away, of having left undone the things I had to do.

"We'll go home in the morning," he said.

"Oh, no, Bob! There are so many things to do—important things ——"

"Nothing is important," he said quietly, "except to have a little time to get used to it."

I dropped back on the edge of my bed and sat there while he undressed and had his shower. When he was in his pajamas and slippers, he came over to me and touched my hair with his fingers. "Let's go out and sit under the tree," he said. He snapped off the lights, and we went out into the summer darkness. It was maybe two or three o'clock, and nobody was stirring, not even a car went by on the road. We sat under the big tree, and when we looked up through the boughs, we could see a little sliver of a moon caught in the pattern the leaves made. There wasn't a breath stirring, but the freshness of night was in the air. I took off my slippers and pressed my bare feet into the cool grass.

After a while I spoke one of the deep thoughts that was in my mind. "If it had been a mistake after all—if they had sent the telegram to us instead of to someone else," I said, "then those other parents would be where we are now."

Bob did not answer, and I went on, "But they—they might have had—other children. Or it might have been that they ——"

Bob said in a low, hard voice, "Jena, that's useless talk. It wasn't them, it was us. This happened to us. You can't wish it on any other."

I said, shocked, "I never wished it on any other."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, just now, that's what you were wishing. But you didn't mean it, Jena, I know that."

"No," I said, still shocked, because he had read me better than I could read myself. "No, not now, no matter what I meant before."

We sat a long time, our hands not even touching, but it was as though we were one person instead of two. And because of those few words we had said, that made me look into my own heart, I began to see our sorrow as our own—not yet able to bear it, or even to think on it, but knowing it was ours to live with for all the years to come.

I leaned back against the rough tree trunk and I felt the great tree and the earth and my own body as one single throb of life. And now I began to hear the other life around me as though I had new ears. A man was breathing soft and even in the cabin next to us. A child cried out in its sleep somewhere up the line, and there was the pad of feet across the floor and the low murmur of a woman's voice. Life in a circle all around us, each cabin holding a whole world of its own, and all of us together whether we really knew it or not.

That chapter of First Corinthians that I had always loved without understanding it, came to me again: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. . . ." I felt in that hour that, however briefly, the darkness had lifted; and what I saw was that there is nothing separate and alone in all the world, not even grief.

THE END

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Probably more than 1,000,000 American women are victims of alcoholism. Here are the shocking facts.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S SECRET SICKNESS

By DON MURRAY

In every American town, on almost every green, shaded street, live housewives who are desperately ill but who do not seek the treatments which are available. They remain prisoners in their homes, isolated by their own guilt and hidden by their families' shame. These lonely, terrified women all suffer the same secret sickness: Alcoholism.

The woman alcoholic is rarely seen intoxicated by her neighbors, but she exists just the same. "There are just as many women drunks in the suburbs as men, perhaps even more," says Mrs. Thomas Delaney, founder and director of CHR-ILL ("chronically ill") Service, and its alcoholism information center in East Orange, New Jersey, which is operated under the auspices of the Essex County Medical Association.

Her experience is supported by Dr. Marvin Block of Buffalo, New York, chairman of the American Medical Association's committee on alcoholism. Says Doctor Block: "In my own practice, alcoholism is as common among women as among men. And I have found that the same thing is true with other private physicians who treat alcoholic patients."

Statistics on alcoholism in the United States—80,000,000 drinkers; 5,000,000 male alcoholics; 850,000 female alcoholics—do not yet reflect the facts as they are known by workers in the field, and for good reason. Such estimates are based on public records, and most women alcoholics remain hidden.

"The stigma of being a woman alcoholic is so great that women with a drinking problem hide it," according to Mrs. Marty Mann, who is founder and head of the National Council on Alcoholism. Most women alcoholics are secret drinkers who satisfy their compulsion with primitive cunning.

"The neighbors never knew," one recovered alcoholic woman told me, "that my bedroom floor was skid row." The Fairfield County (Connecticut) Council on Alcoholism has estimated that there are nine hidden alcoholics for each one who is known.

The woman drunk is protected by her husband, her parents, her children, her family physician. In a good neighborhood there is a conspiracy of discreet silence. The woman alcoholic is treated for "female troubles" by her family doctor and admitted to the private hospital for "a nervous disorder." Her name does not appear on the police blotter and, when the woman alcoholic dies, there is rarely an autopsy. The cause of death often is listed delicately as "heart failure."

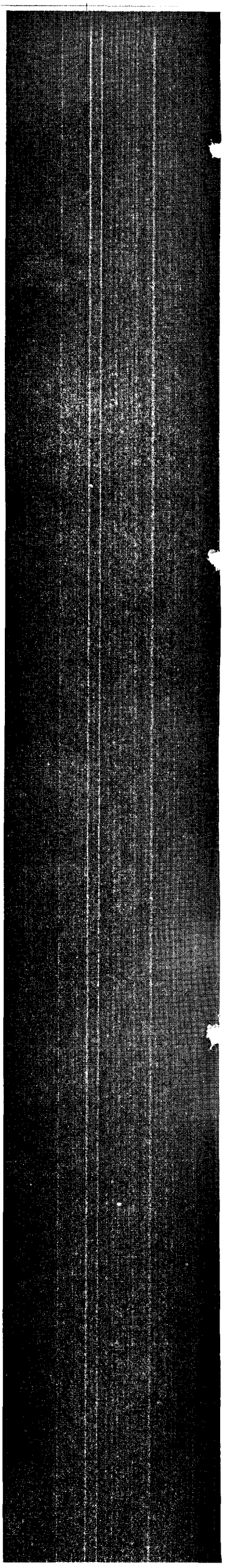
Despite this protective conspiracy, the woman alcoholic is beginning to reveal herself and to seek treatment. I have attended meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous—once a predominantly male organization—where there were as many women as men. The number of women coming for help to the sixty-one alcoholism information centers affiliated with the National Council on Alcoholism is increasing steadily.

The problem of the woman drunk is as old as the grape, and there is no evidence that the percentage of women drinkers who become alcoholics is increasing. What is startling is the fact that today most young women drink in college, in bars on their way home from work, in the suburbs after they are married. The woman who has never had the first drink cannot become an alcoholic. Since World War II the number of women drinkers has multiplied dramatically and so, inevitably, has the number of women who cannot control their drinking.

Take a drive through a pleasant New Jersey suburb with Mrs. Delaney, as I did, and you'll begin to see the dimensions of the problem of alcoholism in women.

"See that house over there, the one with the tricycles out in front?" Mrs. Delaney slowed her car, and I saw a very pleasant split-level, a home whose neatness was marred only by the delightful evidence of children—tricycles, a sandbox, a swing, an abandoned doll.

"She has five children, and she's been sober five months this time," Mrs. Delaney told me grimly. "She's a lovely girl when she isn't drunk. She was married in her teens, and she was an alcoholic as a



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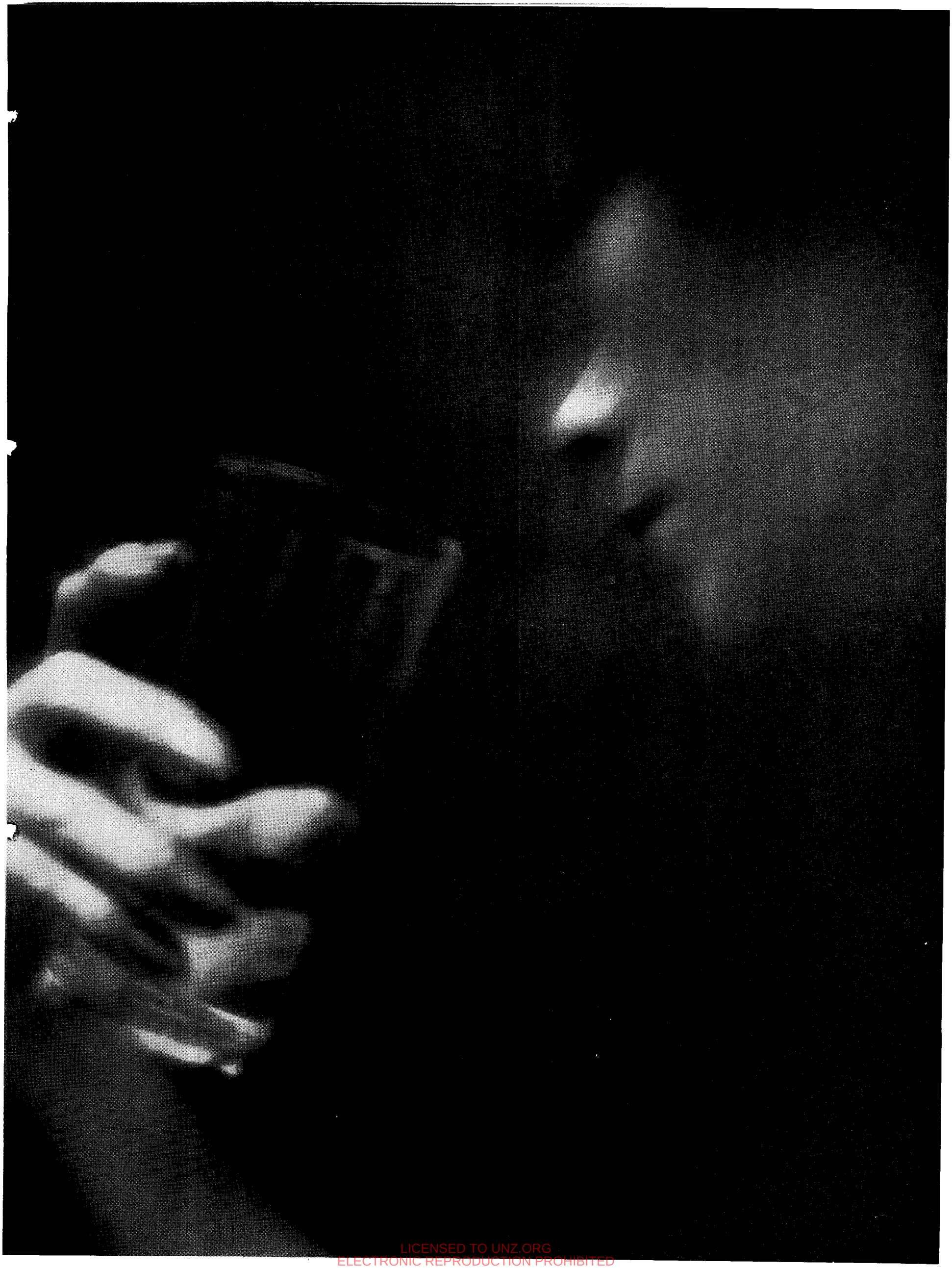

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teen-ager too. Meet her and you'd like to have her for a neighbor, yet she's been in and out of half a dozen mental institutions and tried about every cure there is. Last time she hit bottom, and she may make it now. Some have to go all the way down before they can start up."

As we drove off, I thought of what a member of the Fairfield County Council on Alcoholism in Connecticut told me. She said, "We have 12,000 alcoholics, but the alcoholics have 60,000 persons in their immediate families. We think they are all involved in the problem of alcoholism."

"This isn't the Bowery, is it?" Mrs. Delaney brought me back to New Jersey and pointed to an English manor house set high on a double lot. "The woman who owns that home is in a hospital now. She's a physical wreck who looks at least twenty years older than her real age, fifty-eight. You'd never think she was a lush if you met her. She's a lady—genteel, soft-spoken, gracious."

Mrs. Delaney nodded sadly. "It's an old story. By the time her children grew up and left home, her husband was a success. He traveled a great deal, and she was left alone. She never drank in front of anyone, but she started to drink alone; and after he died, she rarely left the house, didn't even get dressed for weeks. Time turned upside down, until night was day and day was night. She drank until she passed out, got up and drank herself into oblivion again. We never would have found her if she hadn't gone to a doctor for another ailment."

"Why didn't her children do something?" I asked.

"They didn't know," Mrs. Delaney smiled. "Women alcoholics are the most convincing liars in the world. She wrote them about her busy life. When they wanted to visit, she'd tell them she was going to Europe, or something. Only once in a while did she make a heroic effort to dress up and face them."

We drove on until Mrs. Delaney parked in front of a group of expensive garden apartments. "Career women come to us too. They take care of their parents or seek a career in a man's world, sacrificing everything for success, and then something happens. In one of those apartments over there is a young woman with a Ph.D., but she's a drunk.

"She's been in to see us, but she isn't ready for help yet." Mrs. Delaney pulled away from the curb. "Her employees don't know, although they may be wondering why she's sick so many Monday mornings. She's a falling-down drunk, but her booze is delivered, and you never see her on the street. If you met her, you wouldn't suspect it. She's charming, graceful, intelligent—and very sick."

When we arrived at her office, Mrs. Delaney summed up our trip, "People think of the woman drunk as an old hag, a blowzy creature who would never live in a nice neighborhood. They won't believe that people they know are alcoholics, and therefore they won't help them get treatment. That's the trouble. They won't admit alcoholism is a disease and that the woman who has a serious drinking problem could be their next-door neighbor, their best friend, even a member of their own family."

Information from authorities on alcoholism across the country confirms Mrs. Delaney's picture of the woman alcoholic. "The large majority of the women alcoholics I know are best described by the word 'dainty,'" writes Mary C. Clark, executive director of the Monterey Peninsula Council on Alcoholism in Carmel, California. "Their portrait is in pastel tones, the skin delicate, the voice gentle, the manner feminine." Sarah A. Boyd, director of the Berks County Committee on Alcoholism in Reading, Pennsylvania, has found that the average woman alcoholic is of superior intelligence, has a better-than-average income, is usually between thirty-six and fifty years and has two or three children. Mrs. Boyd's experience confirms the National Council on Alcoholism estimate that less than 3 percent of all confirmed alcoholics are derelicts.

Reports from alcoholism information centers in Houston, Honolulu, Cleveland, Detroit, Greensboro, North Carolina, and other cities—as well as conversations I have had with physicians, psychiatrists and recovered alcoholics—all indicate that the woman alcoholic may be shy or vivacious, young or old, too busy or too idle, married or single, but they all have one thing in common: There is a vacuum in their lonely lives that they desperately try to fill with a bottle.

The woman alcoholic has lost her way in life, and drinking has become a way of living. "Instead of facing reality, they try to change it with a drink," one psychiatrist told me. Mrs. Delaney adds, "They all need a crutch to get through life. They try alcohol, then they find they can't get along without it."

For years alcohol seems an efficient crutch. With a drink in her hand the too-busy mother finds the momentary stimulation to face another chore or a moment of calm in the confusion of children's demands, errands and social obligations. The bored woman finds a warming hour of fulfillment, another hour of fuzzy contentment and, finally, a night of oblivion.

According to studies at the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies in New Haven, Connecticut, and elsewhere, women alcoholics tend to start drinking later in life than men, and then progress faster through the final stages of alcoholism than males. Yet there are usually long years while they are clear-headed drinkers, while they have no hang-overs, while they still drink heavily by choice. But somewhere they cross over the line. They take a drink as a stimulant before a party and another as a sedative afterward. Insidiously the drink becomes all things at all times. Social affairs are planned as an excuse to drink, the five-o'clock cocktail becomes a reward—and a daylong goal. Getting the first drink—and the dozens which inevitably follow—becomes a way of life.

Alcoholism is a progressive disease, with permanent danger signals for the woman who will allow herself to see them. The National Council on Alcoholism, the members of Alcoholics Anonymous, physicians and psychiatrists and other experts recognize the same warning signs along the road which leads from the drink which is chosen to the one which cannot be refused.

If a woman has become "a slow cooker," delaying dinner so there will be time for an extra Martini, if she insists on mixing the drinks so she can "earn" the dividend, if she needs a drink before going to a party and another after she comes home, if she drinks alone, if she plans social occasions which will give her an excuse to drink, if she "sweetens" her own drinks, if she "needs" a drink to face a crisis, she'd better watch out.

If she blacks out, lies to herself and others about the number and the strength of drinks she has had, drinks "the hair of the dog" in the morning and hides a reserve supply, then she is in trouble and should seek help immediately. Doctor Block adds some advice of his own: "Pay attention to valid criticism from those in your family who care about you. If they are worried about your drinking, don't pass it off—consider it. They may have something to worry about."

Too often the woman speeds past all danger signs and becomes an alcoholic. Then liquor controls her life, then the next drink is more important than anything else—the care of a child, the love of a man, her health, her home, her reputation, her God. As her thirst begins to rule her life, a woman runs head on into a double standard. Among men, heavy drinking is often taken as a sign of virility, and the phrase, "Drunk as a lord," is a tribute. No one ever said approvingly, "She was drunk as a lady." The woman with an unquenchable thirst must lead a life of unrelenting deception.

One recovered alcoholic told me she used to slither down the side of her bed and crawl to the bathroom to make sure she wouldn't fall and develop revealing bruises. A woman alcoholic will hide a jug in the diaper pail, fill the hot-water bottle with Scotch, stash a fifth in the vacuum cleaner, spike the vinegar bottle. A career woman with perfect eyesight wore spectacles with thick, uncorrected lenses to hide her bloodshot eyes. One woman fooled her husband by keeping gin in the water carafe by her bed; another buried half pints in cereal boxes.

Many women keep changing doctors so one won't catch on to the true nature of their disorders. Mrs. Elizabeth D. Whitney, executive director of the Boston Committee on Alcoholism, has known several women who drank perfume for its alcoholic content, so their breath wouldn't smell of whisky. Vanilla extract has been a staple of women alcoholics for generations, as have many patent medicines with high alcoholic content. Many of these tonics and elixirs are still popular in rural areas and among elderly women.

A woman with a drinking problem develops an extraordinary ability to rationalize. She needs a drink because she is tense, and she needs another to perk her up; she drinks because her husband is away on a business trip, and she drinks to celebrate his return home. Women alcoholics may not always fool others, but they almost always deceive themselves, and that self-deception is the most dangerous of all, for it keeps them from seeking and accepting treatment.

The ability of a woman with a drinking problem to delude herself is astonishing. "I only drink sherry," is a popular, self-righteous refrain that may hide the fact she drinks half a gallon or more a day. A Connecticut mother, who is now a member of A.A., knew she didn't have a drinking problem because she never touched a drop until the children were in bed. Of course, she kept putting them to bed earlier and earlier in the afternoon and then drinking until she passed out. Another A.A. member told me she convinced herself she was not an alcoholic, because she always hung her clothes up neatly before she blacked out.

Richard Silver, executive director of the Seattle Committee on Alcoholism, has found that husbands often encourage such dangerous self-delusion by denying their wives' alcoholism. False pride prevents many a man from admitting his wife could be an alcoholic. Worse still, he prevents his wife from facing her problem, the first step in any successful treatment of the alcoholic.

The woman alcoholic has particular difficulties because she is a woman. As a wife and a mother her erratic behavior has a devastating effect on her family. Mrs. Delaney has found that the woman alcoholic is usually a perfectionist who swings wildly from one emotional extreme to the other. She cleans the entire house at once, or doesn't wash a single dish. She refuses to allow her husband near her, or smothers him with aggressive affection. She will have no guests in the house and then invites twelve people to a formal dinner. Her son goes uncorrected for major offenses and then has his bike taken away for a month for trivial misbehavior. One daughter does not have a birthday party, but her sisters and friends are treated to birthday lunch in the private dining room of a fancy restaurant.

The road of the woman alcoholic is not an easy one. A.A. experience has shown that a mother who is a drunk loses the respect of her children earlier than a drinking father does and is less likely to win it back. Husbands are more apt to divorce an alcoholic mate than a woman is. There is a good reason for this. A woman usually has economic reasons to stick with her husband. He is a feeble reed, but he still may be her only support.

When a woman "blacks out," an experience shared by all alcoholics and a universal danger signal, she suffers a special horror at the thought of what might have happened while she was unconscious. It is biologically and psychologically impossible for a woman to be casual about blackouts. There are promiscuous women drunks, of course, but the infidelities of a woman alcoholic are often more imaginary than real. Much of the scorn heaped on the woman alcoholic implies that she has been sexually uninhibited. Mrs. Mann, of the National Council on Alcoholism, has a blunt answer to that supposition. "Who wants a drunken woman?" she asks. "When men are interested in her, she's only interested in the next drink. When she passes out, she's vulnerable, of course, but it isn't likely anyone will take advantage of her. She's hardly an attractive woman by then, and her virtue is usually quite safe."

According to such authorities as John T. Crane, executive director of the Flint (Michigan) Committee on Alcoholism, the woman alcoholic is likely to be a plateau drinker who keeps herself on an even keel, although she is constantly sodden and awash like a bashed-in dory floating just under the surface of the water. Many experts feel the compulsive woman drinker usually has more serious emo-

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tional ills, in addition to her alcoholism, than the male—and, of course, no treatment can be given until she is sober. Her nervous system sometimes triggers heavy drinking in the premenstrual periods, or during the menopause. Mrs. Delaney, who also runs a rest home for alcoholics, finds that women drinkers are likely to suffer extreme physical damage in a short time. She believes that the physical ravages of heavy drinking cut deeper in the female than in the male.

Most alcoholics suffer extreme malnutrition from drinking without eating. Cirrhosis of the liver, the fifth highest killer of men and an increasing disease of women, is not caused by the amount of liquor drunk but by the lack of proper food. Women alcoholics often confuse their loss of appetite with the will to diet, and drink but do not eat—a certain road to physical ruin.

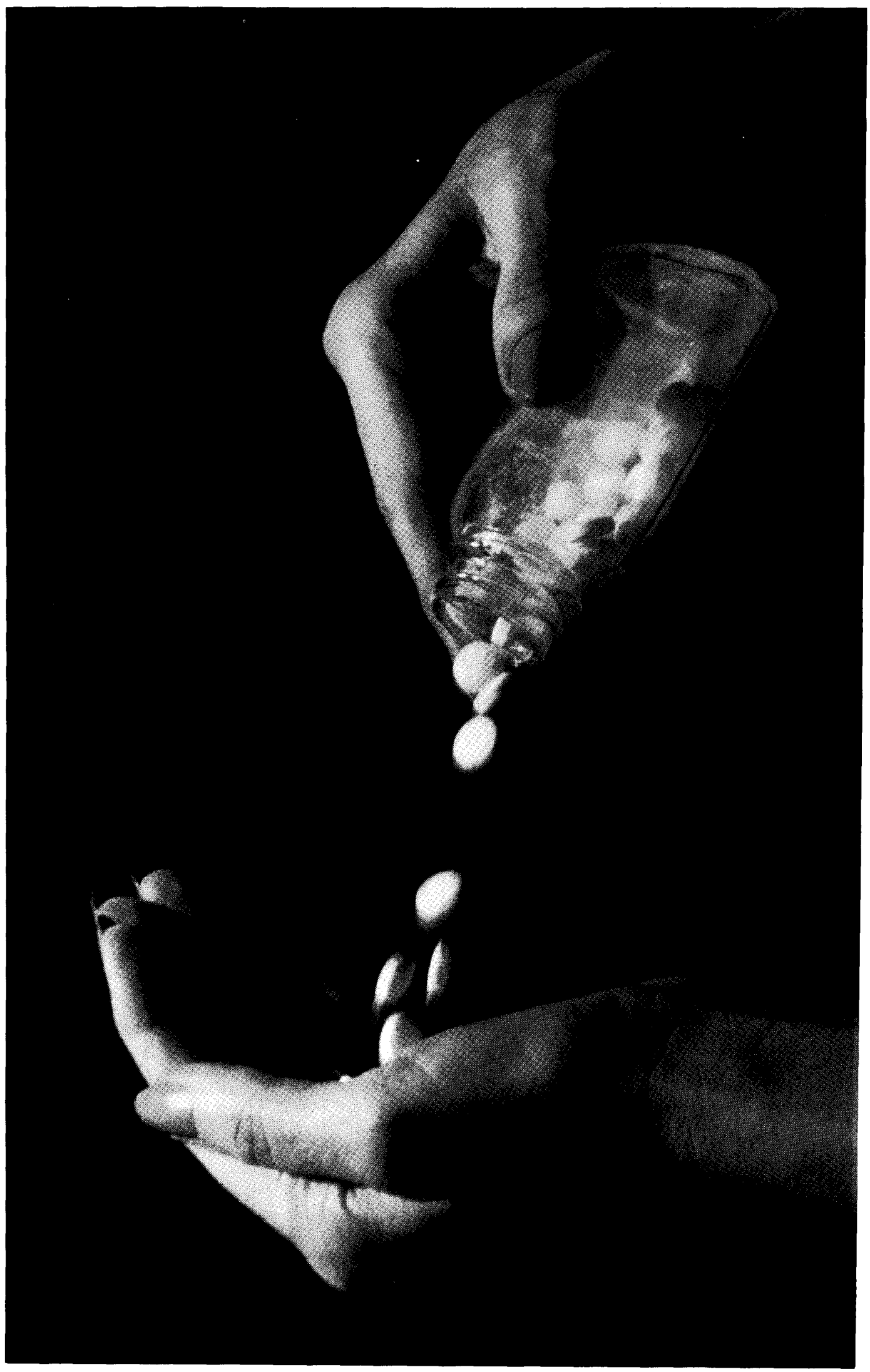
Modern drugs offer a special hazard to the woman. Doctors often casually prescribe barbiturates, bromides and tranquilizers to calm their nerves, ease their female difficulties, cure their insomnia. Mrs. Delaney believes the woman alcoholic is particularly addictive, and Alcoholics Anonymous has issued a special pamphlet on the subject of drugs and the alcoholic. For whatever the physiological facts may be, the person who depends on alcohol to face life is likely to let drugs take control of him too. In some especially tragic cases a woman who has won the struggle to stop drinking is set off on a binge by a cough syrup liberally laced with alcohol, or she substitutes capsules and pills for the bottle until she finally becomes a drug addict.

With or without the problem of drugs, the woman alcoholic faces a long, lonely struggle, but she can face the future with hope today. Education has already removed the stigma which once kept the victims of tuberculosis and cancer from receiving treatment. Education is changing the public attitude on mental illness. The same process of illuminating truth is removing the dark shadow which falls over the woman alcoholic.

Today the facts about alcoholism can be obtained from the National Council on Alcoholism, 2 East 103rd Street, New York City, or its sixty-eight affiliates which operate sixty-one alcoholism information centers in twenty-seven states and the District of Columbia. There also are tax-supported agencies working with alcoholics in thirty-nine states. The techniques of the Alcoholics Anonymous recovery program have been proved by the lives of more than 250,000 members, and groups can be reached through a great many local telephone books or by writing Box 459, Grand Central Station, New York City. One of the best books of many on alcoholism is *Marty Mann's New Primer on Alcoholism*, published by Rinehart and Winston.

When the Boston Committee on Alcoholism was formed sixteen years ago, it was the first of its kind. Now Mrs. Whitney, its founder, can say, "This is what we tell women who come to us today: The stigma of being a woman alcoholic is being removed, and treatment is available for every woman who wants it."

Once the housewives' secret sickness is brought into the open, it then can be healed successfully. THE END



"The woman who depends on alcohol in her struggle to face life is also likely to let drugs take control of her."
Photographs by Ben Rose

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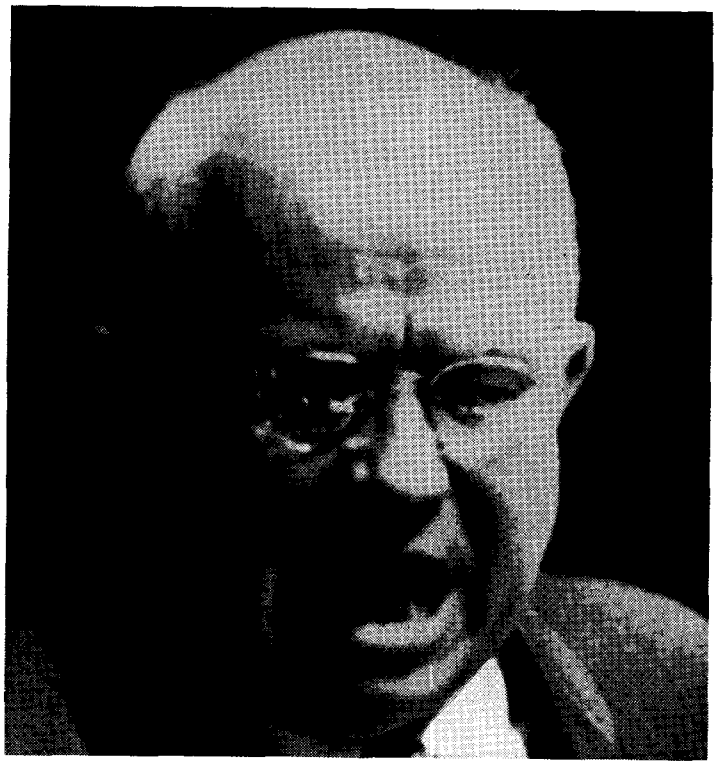
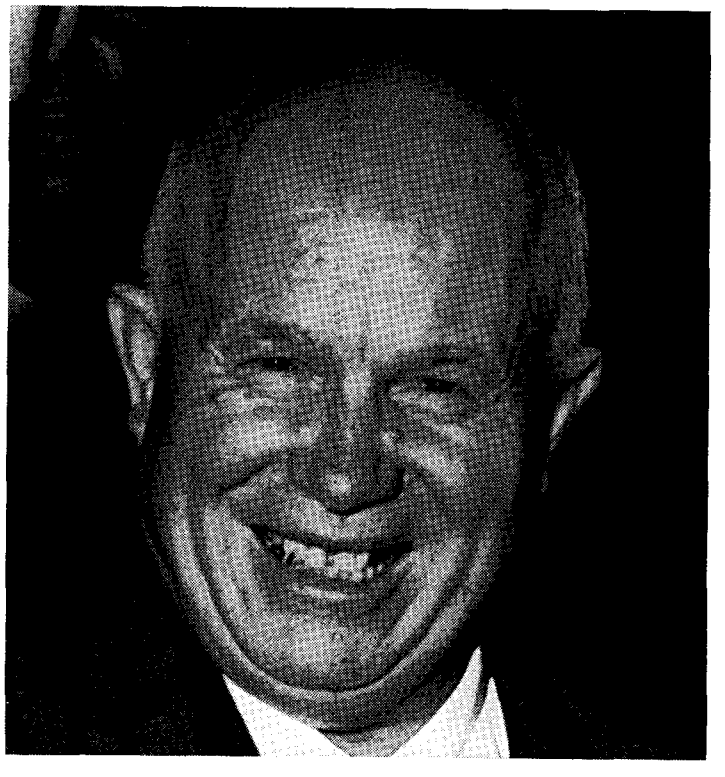
EDITORIAL





MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S DOUBLE STANDARD

There are some people you just can't get through to. The kind of rational two-way communication most of us have with our fellow human beings is not possible with such people.

Take, for example, the classic psychotic, the man who thinks that he is Napoleon. If you talk to him, you have to accept his premise—that he is Napoleon. And since this happens not to be true, it simply is not possible to have a rational discussion with him.

For the same reason, it is not possible to have a rational discussion, looking toward mutually acceptable agreement, with a convinced Communist—like, for example, Nikita S. Khrushchev. For when you talk to a Communist, you first have to accept his premise. His premise is that the Soviet brand of Communism is the ineluctable wave of history, and that any resistance to the wave of the future—in, for example, Berlin—is by definition aggression.

This premise produces a peculiar Communist double standard. Take a fairly recent example of this double standard. After President Kennedy granted his celebrated interview to Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubei, editor of *Izvestia*, Adzhubei printed an "answer" to the interview. "Appraisal of such pronouncements," Adzhubei wrote, "depends directly on the degree to which they are permeated with good will."

A few weeks previously father-in-law Khrushchev had made two long speeches to the Twenty-second Soviet Communist Party Congress in Moscow. Now consider the extent to which Khrushchev's "pronouncements" were "permeated with good will" toward the United States.

The United States, he said, had taken the place of "Hitlerite Germany" as the "main aggressive core" of "world reaction." As such, the United States was behaving "like some decrepit, greedy old man whose strength has waned and physical capabilities weakened, but whose passionate desires have been preserved." Khrushchev also compared the United States and other "imperialists" to "thieves," "robbers" and "pigs," and he referred to the "wolfish habits" of us "imperialist maniacs" and "predatory tigers." Makes you fairly glow with good will, doesn't it?

The point is that neither Khrushchev nor Adzhubei nor any other convinced Communist could see any contradiction whatsoever between Adzhubei's editorial and his father-in-law's "pronouncements." It would be as useless to suggest that there was a contradiction as it would be to tell the psychotic that Napoleon had been dead for quite some time.

To a convinced Communist, we "imperialists" are all those things Khrushchev called us. Under the Communist double standard, this is "objective truth," and there is no use arguing about it. Under the same standard, any "pronouncements" by an "imperialist" leader like Kennedy can only be described as "permeated with good will" if the Communist premise is accepted—that is, the Communists are right about everything, and our way of life is doomed.

Given this premise, it is as impossible to communicate rationally with Khrushchev as with the psychotic who thinks he is Napoleon. This is why it is an illusion—and an ancient one, consistently disproved by events—to suppose that it is possible to work out some broad, sweeping and mutually advantageous "settlement" with the Soviets by means of charm, tough bargaining or classical diplomatic methods.

Khrushchev is not really interested in achieving a settlement with a pack of thieves, robbers, pigs, maniacs, tigers, and so on. He is interested instead in hurrying on that wave of history which will sweep away the whole pack and replace them with good Communists like himself. Khrushchev said again at the Twenty-second Congress what he has said before—that the time is soon coming when "the capitalist system itself, rotten to the core, with all its vices" would be ripe for burial. To try to reach an agreed general settlement with a man who quite genuinely holds this conviction is like a condemned man's trying to make a deal with his enthusiastic executioner.

Yet somehow we must live with the Communists, or die with them. And there is hope that we can live with them. Like the man who believes that he is Napoleon, Khrushchev believes things that are not true, because he believes in an irrational doctrine. But unlike the man who believes that he is Napoleon—and unlike the egomaniac Hitler—Khrushchev is a rational man within the limits imposed by the Communist doctrine. At the party congress Khrushchev said that a thermonuclear war would "destroy capitalism." But because he is rational he must know that such a war would destroy Communism too.

George Kennan once compared the free world and the Communist world to "two scorpions in a bottle." There is not going to be any genuine settlement between the two scorpions, because such a settlement is not possible unless we are ready to accept the Communist premise, which would mean our own abject surrender. But it is possible, it may even be probable, that the world will rock along, as it has done for a long time now, from crisis to crisis without general war—on one condition. The condition is that the sting of the Western scorpion remain at least as deadly as the sting of the scorpion of the East.

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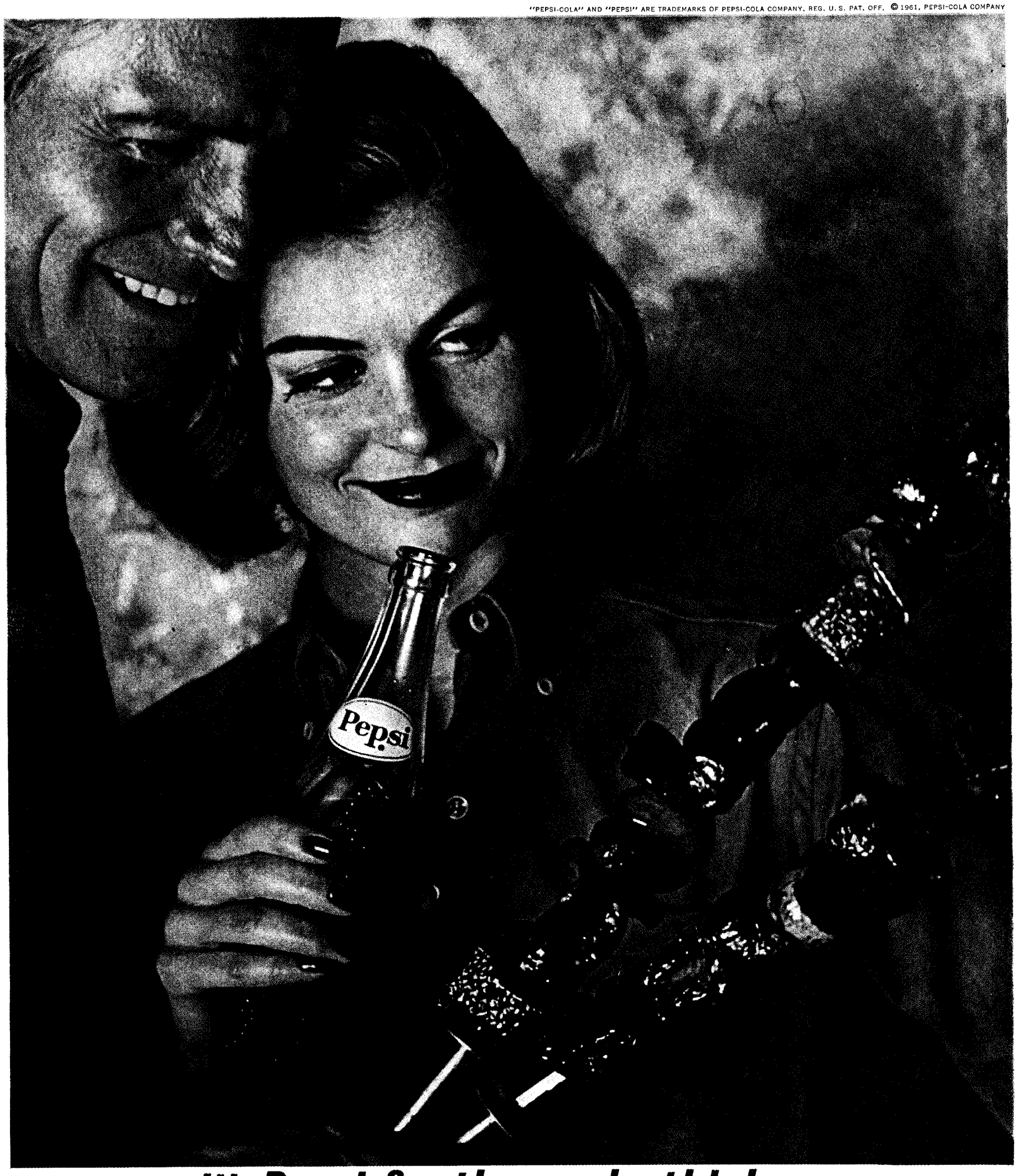

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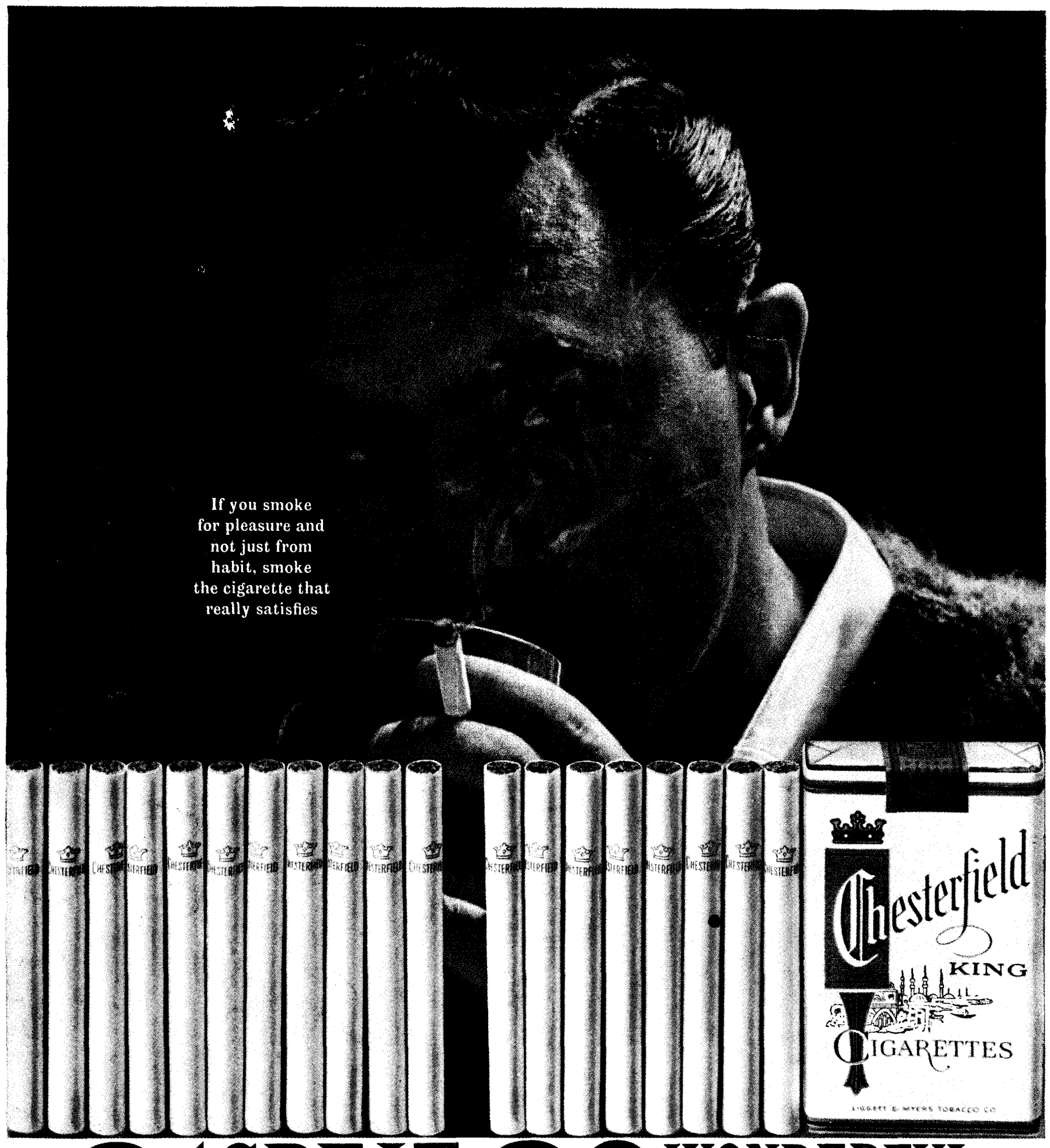

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